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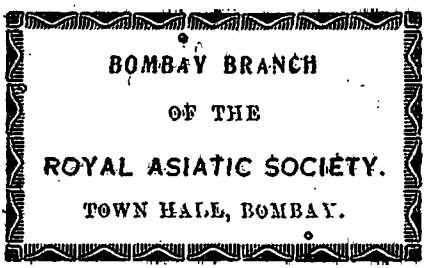

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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *WILLIAM CONGREVE.*

43780

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING,

LOVE *for* LOVE, *a Comedy.*

The WAY *of the* WORLD, *a Comedy.*

BIRMINGHAM,
Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE;
For J. and R.ᵉ TONSON, in the *Strand, London.*
MDCCLXI.

00043780

To the Right Honorable

C H A R L E S,

Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſty's Houſehold,

AND

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

A Young Poet is liable to the ſame Vanity and Indiſcretion with a Young Lover; and the Great Man who ſmiles upon one, and the Fine Woman who looks kindly upon t'other, are both of them in Danger of having the Favor publiſhed with the firſt Opportunity.

But there may be a different Motive, which will a little diſtinguiſh the Offenders. For though one ſhould have a Vanity in ruining another's Reputation, yet the other

may only have an Ambition to advance his own. And I beg Leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the Cauſe and Excuſe of this Dedication.

Whoever is King, is alſo the Father of his Country; and as no Body can diſpute Your Lordſhip's *Monarchy* in *Poetry*; ſo all that are concerned, ought to acknowledge Your Univerſal Patronage: And it is only preſuming on the Privilege of a Loyal Subject, that I have ventured to make this my Addreſs of Thanks to Your Lordſhip; which at the ſame Time includes a Prayer for Your Protection.

I am not ignorant of the common Form of Poetical Dedications, which are generally made up of Panegyrics, where the Authors endeavour to diſtinguiſh their Patrons, by the ſhining Characters they give them, above other Men. But that, my Lord, is not my Buſineſs at this Time, nor is Your Lordſhip *now* to be diſtinguiſhed. I am contented with the Honor I do myſelf in this Epiſtle; without the Vanity of

attempting

attempting to add to, or explain, Your Lordſhip's Character.

I confeſs it is not without ſome ſtruggling, that I behave myſelf in this Caſe as I ought: For it is very hard to be pleaſed with a Subject, and yet forbear it. But I chooſe rather to follow *Pliny*'s Precept, than his Example, when, in his Panegyric to the Emperor *Trajan*, he ſays,

Nec minus conſiderabo quid aures ejus pati poſſint,
Quàm quid virtutibus debeatur.

I hope I may be excuſed the Pedantry of a Quotation, when it is ſo juſtly applied. Here are ſome Lines in the Print, (and which Your Lordſhip read before this Play was acted) that were omitted on the Stage; and particularly one whole Scene in the third Act, which not only helps the Deſign forward with leſs Precipitation, but alſo heightens the ridiculous Character of *Foreſight*, which indeed ſeems to be maimed without it. But I found myſelf in great Danger of a long Play, and was glad to

help it where I could. Though notwithſtanding my Care, and the kind Reception it had from the Town, I could heartily wiſh it yet ſhorter: But the Number of different Characters repreſented in it, would have been too much crowded in leſs Room.

This Reflection on Prolixity, (a Fault, for which ſcarce any one Beauty will atone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain Your Lordſhip any longer with the Trifles of,

MY LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Moſt Obedient and

Moſt Humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New Houſe,

By Mr. BETTERTON.

THE Huſbandman in vain renews his Toil,
To cultivate each Year a hungry Soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous Fruit,
When what ſhou'd feed the Tree, devours the Root:
Th' unladen Boughs, he ſees, bode certain Dearth,
Unleſs tranſplanted to more kindly Earth.
So, the poor Huſbands of the Stage, who found
Their Labors loſt upon ungrateful Ground,
This laſt and only Remedy have prov'd;
And hope new Fruit from ancient Stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you ſo kindly aid,
Well plant a Soil which you ſo rich have made.
As Nature gave the World to Man's firſt Age,
So from your Bounty we receive this Stage;
The Freedom Man was born to, you've reſtor'd,
And to our World, ſuch Plenty you afford,
It ſeems like Eden, *fruitful of its own Accord.*

But

PROLOGUE.

But ſince in Paradiſe *frail Fleſh gave Way,*
And when but two were made, both went aſtray;
Forbear your Wonder, and the Fault forgive,
If in our larger Family we grieve
One falling Adam, *and one tempted* Eve.
We who remain, would gratefully repay
What our Endeavours can, and bring, this Day,
The Firſt-fruit Offering of a Virgin Play.
We hope there's Something that may pleaſe each Taſte,
And tho' of Homely Fare we make the Feaſt,
Yet you will find Variety at leaſt.
There's Humor, which for chearful Friends we got,
And for the thinking Party there's a Plot.
We've Something too, to gratify ill Nature,
(If there be any here) and that is Satire.
Tho' Satire ſcarce dares grin, 'tis grown ſo mild,
Or only ſhows its Teeth, as if it ſmil'd.
As Aſſes Thiſtles, Poets mumble Wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their Pens, as Swords are held by Fools,
And are afraid to uſe their own Edge-Tools.
Since the Plain Dealer's *Scenes of manly Rage,*
Not one has dar'd to laſh this crying Age.

This

PROLOGUE.

This Time, the Poet owns the bold Eſſay,
Yet hopes there's no Ill-Manners in his Play:
And he declares by me, he has deſign'd
Affront to none, but frankly ſpeaks his Mind.
And ſhou'd th' enſuing Scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one Excuſe, 'Twas writ
Before your late Encouragement of Wit.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir *Sampſon Legend*, Father to *Valentine* and *Ben*.	Mr. *Underhill*.
Valentine, fallen under his Father's Diſpleaſure by his expenſive Way of living, in Love with *Angelica*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Scandal, his Friend, a free Speaker.	Mr. *Smith*.
Tattle, a half witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himſelf for Secrecy.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Ben, Sir *Sampſon*'s younger Son, half Home-bred, and half Sea-bred, deſigned to marry Miſs *Prue*.	Mr. *Dogget*.
Foreſight, an illiterate old Fellow, peeviſh and poſitive, ſuperſtitious, and pretending to underſtand Aſtrology, Palmiſtry, Phiſiognomy, Omens, Dreams, &c. Uncle to *Angelica*.	Mr. *Sanford*.
Jeremy, Servant to *Valentine*.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Trapland, a Scrivener.	Mr. *Triffuſis*.
Buckram, a Lawyer.	Mr. *Freeman*.

W O M E N.

Angelica, Niece to *Foreſight*, of a conſiderable Fortune in her own Hands.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Mrs. *Foreſight*, Second Wife to *Foreſight*.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Mrs. *Frail*, Siſter to Mrs. *Foreſight*, a Woman of the Town.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Miſs *Prue*, Daughter to *Foreſight* by a former Wife, a ſilly, aukward Country Girl.	Mrs. *Ayliff*.
Nurſe to Miſs.	Mrs. *Leigh*.
Jenny.	Mrs. *Lawſon*.

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and ſeveral Servants.

The SCENE, *LONDON*.

LOVE

F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion Sculp.

Love for Love.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

A

COMEDY.

Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certâ ratione modoque. Hor.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VALENTINE *in his Chamber Reading.*
JEREMY *waiting.*

Several Books upon the Table.

VALENTINE.

JEREMY.

JEREMY.

Sir.

VALENTINE.

Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digeſt what I have read ——

JEREMY.

You'll grow deviliſh fat upon this Paper Diet. [*Aſide, and taking away the Books.*

VALENTINE.

And d'ye hear, go you to Breakfaſt — There's a Page doubled down in *Epictetus*, that is a Feaſt for an Emperor.

JEREMY.

Was *Epictetus* a real Cook, or did he only write Receipts?

VALENTINE.

Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your Appetite; learn to live upon Inſtruction; feaſt your Mind, and mortify your Fleſh; Read, and take your Nouriſhment in at your Eyes; ſhut up your Mouth, and chew the Cud of Underſtanding. So *Epictetus* adviſes.

JEREMY.

O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a Gentleman at *Cambridge:* Pray what was that *Epictetus?*

VALENTINE.

A very rich Man;—Not worth a Groat.

JEREMY.

Humph; and ſo he has made a very fine Feaſt, where there is Nothing to be eaten.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Yes.

JEREMY.

Sir, you're a Gentleman, and probably underſtand this fine Feeding: But if you pleaſe, I had rather be at Board-Wages. Does your *Epictetus,* or your *Seneca* here, or any of theſe poor rich Rogues, teach you how to pay your Debts without Money? Will they ſhut up the Mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be Bail for you? Or *Diogenes,* becauſe he underſtands Confinement, and liv'd in a Tub, go to Priſon for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew yourſelf up here with three or four muſty Books, in Commendation of Starving and Poverty?

VALENTINE.

Why, Sirrah, I have no Money, you know it; and therefore reſolve to rail at all that have: And in that I but follow the Examples of the wiſeſt and wittieſt Men in all Ages; theſe Poets and Philoſophers whom you naturally hate, for juſt ſuch

another Reaſon; becauſe they abound in Senſe, and you are a Fool.

JEREMY.

Ay, Sir, I am a Fool, I know it: And yet, Heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a Wit—But I was always a Fool, when I told you what your Expences would bring you to; your Coaches and your Liveries; your Treats and your Balls; your being in Love with a Lady, that did not care a Farthing for you in your Proſperity; and keeping Company with Wits, that car'd for Nothing but your Proſperity; and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

VALENTINE.

Well; and now I am poor, I have an Opportunity to be reveng'd on them all; I'll purſue *Angelica* with more Love than ever, and appear more notoriouſly her Admirer in this Reſtraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich Fops that made Court to her; ſo ſhall my Poverty be a Mortification to her Pride, and perhaps make her com-

compaſſionate the Love, which has principally reduc'd me to this Lowneſs of Fortune. And for the Wits, I'm ſure I am in a Condition to be even with them —

JEREMY.

Nay, your Condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the Truth on't.

VALENTINE.

I'll take ſome of their Trade out of their Hands.

JEREMY.

Now Heav'n of Mercy continue the Tax upon Paper! You don't mean to write?

VALENTINE.

Yes, I do; I'll write a Play.

JEREMY.

Hem!—Sir, if you pleaſe to give me a ſmall Certificate of three Lines — only to certify thoſe whom it may concern; That the Bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by Name, has for the Space of ſeven Years truly and faithfully ſerv'd *Valentine Legend*, Eſq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any Miſdemeanor; but does voluntarily diſ-

miſs his Maſter from any future Authority over him. ——

VALENTINE.

No, Sirrah, you ſhal' live with me ſtill.

JEREMY.

Sir, it's impoſſible—I may die with you, ſtarve with you, or be damn'd with your Works: But to live, even three Days, the Life of a Play, I no more expect it, than to be canonis'd for a Muſe after my Deceaſe.

VALENTINE.

You are witty, you Rogue, I ſhall want your Help; — I'll have you learn to make Couplets, to tag the Ends of Acts: D'ye hear, get the Maids to Crambo in an Evening, and learn the Knack of Rhyming; you may arrive at the Height of a Song, ſent by an unknown Hand, or a Chocolate-Houſe Lampoon.

JEREMY.

But, Sir, is this the Way to recover your Father's Favor? Why, Sir *Sampſon* will be irreconcilable. If your younger Brother ſhou'd come from Sea, he'd never look upon you

you again. You're undone, Sir; you're ruin'd; you won't have a Friend left in the World, if you turn Poet. ——Ah Pox confound that *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe, it has ruin'd more young Men than the *Royal Oak* Lottery—Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The Man of the Houſe would have been an Alderman by this Time with half the Trade, if he had ſet up in the City—For my Part, I never ſit at the Door, that I don't get double the Stomach that I do at a Horſe Race. The Air upon *Banſtead-Downs* is Nothing to it for a Whetter; yet I never ſee it, but the Spirit of Famine appears to me, ſometimes like a decay'd Porter, worn out with Pimping, and carrying *Billet-doux* and Songs; not like other Porters, for Hire, but for the Jeſt's Sake. Now like a thin Chairman, melted down to half his Proportion, with carrying a Poet upon Tick, to viſit ſome great Fortune; and his Fare to be paid him like the Wages of Sin, either at the Day of Marriage, or the Day of Death.

VALENTINE.

Very well, Sir; can you proceed?

JEREMY.

Sometimes like a bilk'd Bookſeller, with a meagre terrified Countenance, that looks as if he had written for himſelf, or were reſolv'd to turn Author, and bring the reſt of his Brethren into the ſame Condition. And laſtly, in the Form of a worn-out Punk, with Verſes in her Hand, which her Vanity had preferr'd to Settlements, without a whole Tatter to her Tail, but as ragged as one of the Muſes; or as if ſhe were carrying her Linen to the Paper-Mill, to be converted into Folio Books, of Warning to all young Maids, not to prefer Poetry to good Senſe; or lying in the Arms of a needy Wit, before the Embraces of a wealthy Fool.

SCENE

SCENE II.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

WHAT, *Jeremy* holding forth?

VALENTINE.

The Rogue has (with all the Wit he could muſter up) been declaiming againſt Wit.

SCANDAL.

Ay! Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has Wit: For wherever it is, it's always contriving its own Ruin.

JEREMY.

Why ſo I have been telling my Maſter, Sir: Mr. *Scandal,* for Heaven's Sake, Sir, try if you can diſſuade him from turning Poet.

SCANDAL.

Poet! He ſhall turn Soldier firſt, and rather depend upon the Outſide of his Head, than the Lining. Why, what the Devil, has

has not your Poverty made you Enemies enough? Muſt you needs ſhow your Wit to get more?

JEREMY.

Ay, more indeed: For who cares for any Body that has more Wit than himſelf?

SCANDAL.

Jeremy ſpeaks like an Oracle. Don't you ſee how worthleſs great Men, and dull rich Rogues, avoid a witty Man of ſmall Fortune? Why, he looks like a Writ of Enquiry into their Titles and Eſtates; and ſeems commiſſion'd by Heaven to ſeize the better Half.

VALENTINE.

Therefore I would rail in my Writings, and be reveng'd.

SCANDAL.

Rail! At whom? the whole World? Impotent and vain! Who would die a Martyr to Senſe in a Country where the Religion is Folly? You may ſtand at Bay for a while; but when the full Cry is againſt you, you ſhan't have fair Play for your Life.

Life. If you can't be fairly run down by the Hounds, you will be treacherouſly ſhot by the Huntſmen. —— No, turn Pimp, Flatterer, Quack, Lawyer, Parſon, be Chaplain to an Atheiſt, or Stallion to an old Woman, any Thing but a Poet; a modern Poet is worſe, more ſervile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have nam'd: Without you could retrieve the ancient Honors of the Name, recall the Stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the Force of open honeſt Satire.

VALENTINE.

You are as inveterate againſt our Poets, as if your Character had been lately expos'd upon the Stage. —— Nay, I am not violently bent upon the Trade. —— [*One Knocks.*] *Jeremy*, ſee who's there. [Jeremy *goes to the Door.*] But tell me what you would have me do?—What does the World ſay of me, and my forc'd Confinement?

SCANDAL.

The World behaves itſelf, as it uſes to do on ſuch Occaſions: Some pity you, and condemn your Father: Others excuſe him, and

and blame you: Only the Ladies are merciful, and wiſh you well; ſince Love and pleaſurable Expence, have been your greateſt Faults. [Jeremy *returns.*

VALENTINE.

How now?

JEREMY.

Nothing new, Sir; I have diſpatch'd ſome half a Dozen Duns with as much Dexterity, as a hungry Judge does Cauſes at Dinner-time.

VALENTINE.

What Anſwer have you giv'n 'em?

SCANDAL.

Patience, I ſuppoſe, the old Receipt.

JEREMY.

No, Faith, Sir; I have put 'em off ſo long with Patience and Forbearance, and other fair Words; that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright *Engliſh* —

VALENTINE.

What?

JEREMY.

That they ſhould be paid.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

When?

JEREMY.

To Morrow.

VALENTINE.

And how the Devil do you mean to keep your Word?

JEREMY.

Keep it! Not at all; it has been ſo very much ſtretch'd, that I reckon it will break of Courſe by to Morrow, and no Body be ſurpris'd at the Matter — [*Knocking.*] — Again! Sir, if you don't like my Negociation, will you be pleas'd to anſwer theſe yourſelf.

VALENTINE.

See who they are.

SCENE

SCENE III.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

VALENTINE.

BY this, *Scandal,* you may ſee what it is to be great; Secretaries of State, Preſidents of the Council, and Generals of an Army, lead juſt ſuch a Life as I do; have juſt ſuch Crowds of Viſitants in a Morning, all ſoliciting of paſt Promiſes; which are but a civiler Sort of Duns, that lay claim to voluntary Debts.

SCANDAL.

And you, like a true great Man, having engaged their Attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intended to perform; are more perplex'd to find Evaſions, than you would be to invent the honeſt Means of keeping your Word, and gratifying your Creditors.

VALENTINE.

Scandal, learn to ſpare your Friends,

and

and do not provoke your Enemies; this Liberty of your Tongue, will one Day bring a Confinement on your Body, my Friend.

SCENE IV.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

JEREMY.

O Sir, there's *Trapland* the Scrivener, with two ſuſpicious Fellows like lawful Pads, that would knock a Man down with Pocket Tipſtaves;—And there's your Father's Steward, and the Nurſe with one of your Children from *Twitnam*.

VALENTINE.

Pox on her, cou'd ſhe find no other Time to fling my Sins in my Face: Here, give her this, [*Gives Money*] and bid her trouble me no more; a thoughtleſs two-handed Whore, ſhe knows my Condition well enough, and might have overlaid the Child a Fortnight ago, if ſhe had had any Forecaſt in her.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my Godſon?

JEREMY.

Yes, Sir.

SCANDAL.

My Bleſſing to the Boy, with this Token [*Gives Money*] of my Love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put more Flocks in her Bed, ſhift twice a Week, and not work ſo hard, that ſhe may not ſmell ſo vigorouſly. —I ſhall take the Air ſhortly.

VALENTINE.

Scandal, don't ſpoil my Boy's Milk.— Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a Sop, I ſhall be at Reſt for one Day.

SCENE

SCENE V.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY.

VALENTINE.

O Mr. *Trapland!* my old Friend! Welcome. *Jeremy,* a Chair quickly: A Bottle of Sack and a Toaſt — fly — a Chair firſt.

TRAPLAND.

A good Morning to you, Mr. *Valentine,* and to you, Mr. *Scandal.*

SCANDAL.

The Morning's a very good Morning, if you don't ſpoil it.

VALENTINE.

Come ſit you down, you know his Way.

TRAPLAND. [*Sits.*]

There is a Debt, Mr. *Valentine,* of one thouſand five hundred Pounds, of pretty long ſtanding——

VALENTINE.

I cannot talk about Buſineſs with a thirſty Palate.—Sirrah, the Sack.

TRAPLAND.

And I deſire to know what Courſe you have taken for the Payment?

VALENTINE.

Faith and Troth, I am heartily glad to ſee you,——my Service to you,—fill, fill, to honeſt Mr. *Trapland,* fuller.

TRAPLAND.

Hold, Sweetheart.—This is not to our Buſineſs:—my Service to you, Mr. *Scandal*—[*Drinks*]—I have forborn as long—

VALENTINE.

T'other Glaſs, and then we'll talk. Fill, *Jeremy.*

TRAPLAND.

No more, in Truth.—I have forborn, I ſay—

VALENTINE.

Sirrah, fill when I bid you.——And how does your handſome Daughter?——Come, a good Huſband to her. [*Drinks.*

TRAP-

TRAPLAND.

Thank you — I have been out of this Money—

VALENTINE.

Drink firſt. *Scandal,* why do you not drink? [*They drink.*

TRAPLAND.

And in ſhort, I can be put off no longer.

VALENTINE.

I was much oblig'd to you for your Supply: It did me ſignal Service in my Neceſſity. But you delight in doing good. — *Scandal,* drink to me, my Friend *Trapland*'s Health. An honeſter Man lives not, nor one more ready to ſerve his Friend in Diſtreſs: Tho' I ſay it to his Face. Come, fill each Man his Glaſs.

SCANDAL.

What, I know *Trapland* has been a Whoremaſter, and loves a Wench ſtill. You never knew a Whoremaſter, that was not an honeſt Fellow.

TRAPLAND.

Fy, Mr. *Scandal,* you never knew —

SCANDAL.

What don't I know?——I know the buxom black Widow in the *Poultry*——Eight hundred Pounds a Year Jointure, and twenty thouſand Pounds in Money. Ahah! Old *Trap.*

VALENTINE.

Say you ſo, i'Faith? Come, we'll remember the Widow: I know whereabouts you are: Come, to the Widow—

TRAPLAND.

No more indeed.

VALENTINE.

What, the Widow's Health; give it him—off with it: [*They drink.*] A lovely Girl, i'Faith, black ſparkling Eyes, ſoft pouting Ruby Lips; better ſealing there, than a Bond for a Million, hah!

TRAPLAND.

No, no, there's no ſuch Thing; we'd better mind our Buſineſs—You're a Wag.

VALENTINE.

No, Faith, we'll mind the Widow's Buſineſs;

ſineſs; fill again——Pretty round heaving Breaſts,—a *Barbary* Shape, and a Jut with her Bum, would ſtir an *Anchoret:* And the prettieſt Foot! Oh if a Man could but faſten his Eyes to her Feet, as they ſteal in and out, and play at Bo-peep under her Petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland!*

TRAPLAND.

Very fine, give me a Glaſs,—you're a Wag, —and here's to the Widow. [*Drinks.*

SCANDAL.

He begins to chuckle; ply him cloſe, or he'll relapſe into a Dun.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] OFFICER.

OFFICER.

BY your Leave, Gentlemen.——Mr. *Trapland*, if we muſt do our Office, tell us.—We have half a Dozen Gentlemen to arreſt in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden;* and if we don't make Haſte, the

Chairmen will be abroad, and block up the Chocolate-Houſes, and then our Labor's loſt.

TRAPLAND.

Udſo, that's true. Mr. *Valentine,* I love Mirth, but Buſineſs muſt be done; are you ready to—

JEREMY.

Sir, your Father's Steward ſays he comes to make Propoſals concerning your Debts.

VALENTINE.

Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland,* ſend away your Officer, you ſhall have an Anſwer preſently

TRAPLAND.

Mr. *Snap,* ſtay within Call.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY, STEWARD, *who whiſpers* VALENTINE.

SCANDAL.

HERE's a Dog now, a Traitor in his Wine: Sirrah, refund the Sack: *Jeremy*, fetch him ſome warm Water, or I'll rip up his Stomach, and go the ſhorteſt Way to his Conſcience.

TRAPLAND.

Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your Sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

SCANDAL.

And how do you expect to have your Money again, when a Gentleman has ſpent it?

VALENTINE.

You need ſay no more, I underſtand the Conditions; they are very hard, but my

Neceſſity is very preſſing: I agree to 'em. Take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the Writing —— Mr. *Trapland*, you know this Man, he ſhall ſatisfy you.

TRAPLAND.

Sincerely, I am loath to be thus preſſing, but my Neceſſity—

VALENTINE.

No Apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you ſhall be paid.

TRAPLAND.

I hope you forgive me, my Buſineſs requires—

SCENE VIII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

HE begs Pardon like a Hangman at an Execution.

VALENTINE.

But I have got a Reprieve.

SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

I am ſurpris'd; what, does your Father relent?

VALENTINE.

No; he has ſent me the hardeſt Conditions in the World. You have heard of a Booby-Brother of mine, that was ſent to Sea three Years ago? This Brother, my Father hears is landed; whereupon he very affectionately ſends me Word, If I will make a Deed of Conveyance of my Right to his Eſtate after his Death, to my younger Brother, he will immediately furniſh me with four thouſand Pounds to pay my Debts, and make my Fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it; but the preſent Impatience of my Creditors for their Money, and my own Impatience of Confinement, and Abſence from *Angelica,* force me to conſent.

SCANDAL.

A very deſperate Demonſtration of your Love to *Angelica:* And I think ſhe has never given you any Aſſurance of hers.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

You know her Temper; ſhe never gave me any great Reaſon either for Hope or Deſpair.

SCANDAL.

Women of her airy Temper, as they ſeldom think before they act, ſo they rarely give us any Light to gueſs at what they mean: But you have little Reaſon to believe that a Woman of this Age, who has had an Indifference for you in your Proſperity, will fall in Love with your ill Fortune: Beſides *Angelica* has a great Fortune of her own; and great Fortunes either expect another great Fortune, or a Fool.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

JEREMY.

MORE Misfortunes, Sir.

VALENTINE.

What, another Dun?

JEREMY.

JEREMY.

No, Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

VALENTINE.

Well, I can't help it,—you muſt bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad.

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

POX on him, I'll be gone.

VALENTINE.

No, prithee ſtay: *Tattle* and you ſhould never be aſunder; you are Light and Shadow, and ſhow one another; he is perfectly thy Reverſe both in Humor and Underſtanding; and as you ſet up for Defamation, he is a Mender of Reputations.

SCANDAL.

A Mender of Reputations! Ay, juſt as he is a Keeper Secrets, another Virtue that he ſets up for in the ſame Manner. For the

the Rogue will ſpeak aloud in the Poſture of a Whiſper; and deny a Woman's Name, while he gives you the Marks of her Perſon: He will forſwear receiving a Letter from her, and at the ſame Time, ſhow you her Hand in the Superſcription: And yet perhaps he has counterfeited the Hand too, and ſworn to a Truth; but he hopes not to be believed; and refuſes the Reputation of a Lady's Favor, as a Doctor ſays, No, to a Biſhopric, only that it may be granted him. —— In ſhort, he is a public Profeſſor of Secrecy, and makes Proclamation that he holds private Intelligence. —He's here.

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] TATTLE.

TATTLE.

VALENTINE, good Morrow: *Scandal*, I am yours, —— That is, when you ſpeak well of me.

SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

That is, when I am yours; for while I am my own, or any Body's elſe, that will never happen.

TATTLE.

How inhuman!

VALENTINE.

Why *Tattle*, you need not be much concerned at any Thing that he ſays: For to converſe with *Scandal*, is to play at *Loſing Loadum*; you muſt loſe a good Name to him, before you can win it for yourſelf.

TATTLE.

But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the World ſhall think the better of any Perſon for his Calumniation!—I thank Heaven, it has always been a Part of my Character, to handle the Reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

SCANDAL.

Ay, ſuch rotten Reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

TATTLE.

TATTLE.

Nay, but why rotten? Why ſhould you ſay rotten, when you know not the Perſons of whom you ſpeak? How cruel that is!

SCANDAL.

Not know 'em? Why, thou never hadſt to do with any Body that did not ſtink to all the Town.

TATTLE.

Ha! ha! ha! nay, now you make a Jeſt of it indeed. For there is Nothing more known, than that no Body knows any Thing of that Nature of me. As I hope to be ſav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a Woman, ſince I knew what Woman was.

VALENTINE.

And yet you have convers'd with ſeveral.

TATTLE.

To be free with you, I have — I don't care if I own that —— Nay, more, (I'm going to ſay a bold Word now) I never could meddle with a Woman, that had to do with any Body elſe.

SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

How!

VALENTINE.

Nay, Faith, I'm apt to believe him—— Except her Huſband, *Tattle.*

TATTLE.

Oh that ——

SCANDAL.

What think you of that noble Commoner, Mrs. *Drab?*

TATTLE.

Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her Brags in three or four Places, that I ſaid this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—But, upon my Reputation, ſhe did me Wrong—Well, well, that was Malice—But I know the Bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one we all know—A Man too. Only to bring me into Diſgrace with a certain Woman of Quality ——

SCANDAL.

Whom we all know.

TAT-

TATTLE.

No Matter for that——Yes, yes, every Body knows—No doubt on't, every Body knows my Secrets — But I ſoon ſatisfied the Lady of my Innocence; for I told her—Madam, ſays I, there are ſome Perſons who make it their Buſineſs to tell Stories, and ſay this and that of one and t'other, and every Thing in the World; and, ſays I, if your Grace——

SCANDAL.

Grace!

TATTLE.

O Lord, what have I ſaid? My unlucky Tongue!

VALENTINE.

Ha! ha! ha!

SCANDAL.

Why, *Tattle,* thou haſt more Impudence than one can in Reaſon expect: I ſhall have an Eſteem for thee. Well, and, ha! ha! ha! well, go on, and what did you ſay to her Grace?

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

I confeſs this is Something extraordinary.

TATTLE.

Not a Word, as I hope to be ſav'd; an arrant *Lapſus Linguæ* — Come, let's talk of Something elſe.

VALENTINE.

Well, but how did you acquit yourſelf?

TATTLE.

Pooh, pooh, Nothing at all, I only rallied with you — a Woman of ordinary Rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her Something or other, Faith — I know not what — Come, let's talk of Something elſe. [*Hums a Song.*

SCANDAL.

Hang him, let him alone, he has a Mind we ſhould enquire.

TATTLE.

Valentine, I ſupp'd laſt Night with your Miſtreſs, and her Uncle old *Foreſight:* I think your Father lies at *Foreſight's.*

VALENTINE.

Yes.

TATTLE.

Upon my Soul *Angelica*'s a fine Woman—And ſo is Mrs. *Foreſight*, and her Siſter Mrs. *Frail*.

SCANDAL.

Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine Woman, we all know her.

TATTLE.

Oh that is not fair.

SCANDAL.

What?

TATTLE.

To tell.

SCANDAL.

To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail?*

TATTLE.

Who, I? Upon Honor I don't know whether ſhe be Man or Woman; but by the Smoothneſs of her Chin, and Roundneſs of her Hips.

SCANDAL.

No!

TATTLE.

No. SCAN-

SCANDAL.

She ſays otherwiſe.

TATTLE.

Impoſſible!

SCANDAL.

Yes, Faith. Aſk *Valentine* elſe.

TATTLE.

Why then, as I hope to be ſav'd, I believe a Woman only obliges a Man to Secrecy, that ſhe may have the Pleaſure of telling herſelf.

SCANDAL.

No doubt on't. Well, but has ſhe done you Wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

TATTLE.

Tho' I have more Honor than to tell firſt; I have more Manners than to contradict what a Lady has declar'd.

SCANDAL.

Well, you own it?

TATTLE.

I am ſtrangely ſurpris'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if ſhe taxes me with it.

SCANDAL.

She'll be here by and by, ſhe ſees *Valentine* every Morning.

TATTLE.

How!

VALENTINE.

She does me the Favor — I mean, of a Viſit ſometimes. —— I did not think ſhe had granted more to any Body.

SCANDAL.

Nor I, Faith—But *Tattle* does not uſe to belie a Lady; it is contrary to his Character — How one may be deceiv'd in a Woman, *Valentine!*

TATTLE.

Nay, what do you mean, Gentlemen?

SCANDAL.

I'm reſolv'd I'll aſk her.

TATTLE.

O barbarous! Why did you not tell me ——

SCANDAL.

No, you told us.

TAT-

TATTLE.

And bid me aſk *Valentine?*

VALENTINE.

What did I ſay? I hope you won't bring me to confeſs an Anſwer, when you never aſk'd me the Queſtion.

TATTLE.

But, Gentlemen, this is the moſt inhuman Proceeding——

VALENTINE.

Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid ſuch a palpable Decoy as this was; the Ladies have a fine Time, whoſe Reputations are in your Keeping.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

JEREMY.

SIR, Mrs *Frail* has ſent to know if you are ſtirring.

VALENTINE.

Show her up when ſhe comes

SCENE XIII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TATTLE.

TATTLE.

I'LL be gone.

VALENTINE.

You'll meet her.

TATTLE.

Is there not a back Way?

VALENTINE.

If there were, you have more Diſcretion, than to give *Scandal* ſuch an Advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

TATTLE.

Scandal, you will not be ſo ungenerous—O, I ſhall loſe my Reputation of Secrecy for ever —— I ſhall never be receiv'd but upon Public Days; and my Viſits will never be admitted beyond a Drawing-Room: I ſhall never ſee a Bed-Chamber again, never be lock'd in a Cloſet, nor

run

run behind a Screen, or under a Table; never be diſtinguiſh'd among the Waiting-Women by the Name of Truſty Mr. *Tattle* more — You will not be ſo cruel.

VALENTINE.

Scandal, have Pity on him; he'll yield to any Conditions.

TATTLE.

Any, any Terms.

SCANDAL.

Come then, ſacrifice half a Dozen Women of good Reputation to me preſently— Come, where are you familiar?—And ſee that they are Women of Quality too, the firſt Quality ——

TATTLE.

'Tis very hard —— Won't a Baronet's Lady paſs?

SCANDAL.

No, Nothing under a Right Honorable.

TATTLE.

O inhuman! You don't expect their Names?

SCANDAL.

No, their Titles ſhall ſerve.

TATTLE.

Alas, that's the ſame Thing: Pray ſpare me their Titles; I'll deſcribe their Perſons.

SCANDAL.

Well, begin then: But take Notice, if you are ſo ill a Painter, that I cannot know the Perſon by your Picture of her, you muſt be condemn'd, like other bad Painters, to write the Name at the Bottom. . .

TATTLE.

Well, firſt then ——

SCENE XIV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FRAIL.

TATTLE.

O Unfortunate! ſhe's come already; will you have Patience 'till another Time—I'll double the Number

SCANDAL.

Well, on that Condition'— Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs,

Mrs. FRAIL.

I ſhall get a fine Reputation, by coming to ſee Fellows in a Morning. *Scandal*, you Devil, are you here too? O Mr. *Tattle*, every Thing is ſafe with you, we know.

SCANDAL.

Tattle.

TATTLE.

Mum —— O Madam, you do me too much Honor.

VALENTINE.

Well, Lady Galloper, how does *Angelica?*

Mrs. FRAIL.

Angelica? Manners!

VALENTINE.

What, you will allow an abſent Lover—

Mrs. FRAIL.

No, I'll allow a Lover preſent with his Miſtreſs to be particular—But otherwiſe I think his Paſſion ought to give Place to his Manners.

VALENTINE.

But what if he has more Paſſion than Manners.

Mrs.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Then let him marry and reform.

VALENTINE.

Marriage indeed may qualify the Fury of his Paſſion, but it very rarely mends a Man's Manners.

Mrs. FRAIL.

You are the moſt miſtaken in the World; there is no Creature perfectly civil, but a Huſband. For in a little Time he grows only rude to his Wife, and that is the higheſt good Breeding, for it begets his Civility to other People. Well, I'll tell you News; but I ſuppoſe you hear your Brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my Brother *Foreſight*'s Daughter is come out of the Country — I aſſure you, there's a Match talk'd of by the old People — Well, if he be but as great a Sea-Beaſt, as ſhe is a Land-Monſter, we ſhall have a moſt amphibious Breed — The Progeny will be all Otters: He has been bred at Sea, and ſhe has never been out of the Country.

VAL. N-

VALENTINE.

Pox take 'em, their Conjunction bodes me no Good, I'm ſure.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Now you talk of Conjunction, my Brother *Foreſight* has caſt both their Nativities, and prognoſticates an Admiral and an eminent Juſtice of the Peace to be the Iſſue-Male of their two Bodies. 'Tis the moſt ſuperſtitious old Fool! He would have perſuaded me, that this was an unlucky Day, and wou'd not let me come abroad: But I invented a Dream, and ſent him to *Artemidorus* for Interpretation, and ſo ſtole out to ſee you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I muſt have Something.

VALENTINE.

Step into the next Room—and I'll give you Something.

SCANDAL.

Ay, we'll all give you Something.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Well, what will you all give me?

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Mine's a Secret.

Mrs. FRAIL.

I thought you would give me Something that would be a Trouble to you to keep.

VALENTINE.

And *Scandal* ſhall give you a good Name.

Mrs. FRAIL.

That's more than he has for himſelf. And what will you give me, Mr. *Tattle?*

TATTLE.

I? My Soul, Madam.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Pooh! No I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and ſee you one of theſe Mornings; I hear you have a great many Pictures.

TATTLE.

I have a pretty good Collection at your Service, ſome Originals.

SCANDAL.

Hang him, he has Nothing but the *Seaſons* and the *Twelve Cæſars*, paltry Copies; and

and the *Five Senſes*, as ill repreſented as they are in himſelf; and he himſelf is the only Original you will ſee there.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Ay, but I hear he has a Cloſet of Beauties.

SCANDAL.

Yes; all that have done him Favors, if you will believe him.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Ay, let me ſee thoſe, Mr. *Tattle.*

TATTLE.

Oh Madam, thoſe are ſacred to Love and Contemplation. No Man but the Painter and myſelf was ever bleſt with the Sight.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Well, but a Woman ——

TATTLE.

Nor Woman, 'till ſhe conſented to have her Picture there too—for then ſhe's oblig'd to keep the Secret.

SCANDAL.

No, no; come to me if you'd ſee Pictures.

Mrs.

Mrs. FRAIL.

You?

SCANDAL.

Yes, Faith, I can ſhow you your own Picture, and moſt of your Acquaintance, to the Life, and as like as at *Kneller*'s.

Mrs. FRAIL.

O lying Creature — *Valentine,* does not he lie?— I can't believe a Word he ſays.

VALENTINE.

No, indeed, he ſpeaks Truth now: For as *Tattle* has Pictures of all that have granted him Favors, he has the Pictures of all that have refus'd him: If Satires, Deſcriptions, Characters, and Lampoons are Pictures.

SCANDAL.

Yes, mine are moſt in black and white.— And yet there are ſome ſet out in their true Colors, both Men and Women. I can ſhow you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonneſs, Inconſtancy, Covetouſneſs, Diſſimulation, Malice and Ignorance, all in one Piece. Then I can ſhow you Lying,

Foppery,

Foppery, Vanity, Cowardice, Bragging, Lechery, Impotence and Uglineſs in another Piece; and yet one of theſe is a celebrated Beauty, and t'other a profeſs'd Beau. I have Paintings too, ſome pleaſant enough.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Come, let's hear 'em.

SCANDAL.

Why, I have a Beau in a Bagnio, Cupping for a Complexion, and Sweating for a Shape.

Mrs. FRAIL.

So.

SCANDAL.

Then I have a Lady burning Brandy in a Cellar with a Hackney Coachman.

Mrs. FRAIL.

O Devil! Well, but that Story is not true.

SCANDAL.

I have ſome Hieroglyphics too; I have a Lawyer with a hundred Hands, two Heads, and but one Face; a Divine with two Faces, and one Head; and I have a Soldier

Soldier with his Brains in his Belly, and his Heart where his Head ſhould be.

Mrs. FRAIL.

And no Head?

SCANDAL.

No Head.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Pooh, this is all Invention. Have you ne'er a Poet?

SCANDAL.

Yes, I have a Poet weighing Words, and ſelling Praiſe for Praiſe, and a Critic picking his Pocket. I have another large Piece too, repreſenting a School; where there are huge-proportion'd Critics, with long Wigs, lac'd Coats, *Steinkirk* Cravats, and terrible Faces; with Catcalls in their Hands, and Horn-Books about their Necks. I have many more of this Kind, very well painted, as you ſhall ſee.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Well, I'll come, if it be but to diſprove you.

SCENE

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

JEREMY.

SIR, here's the Steward again from your Father.

VALENTINE.

I'll come to him —— will you give me Leave, I'll wait on you again preſently.

Mrs. FRAIL.

No, I'll be gone. Come, who ſquires me to the *Exchange*? I muſt call my Siſter *Foreſight* there.

SCANDAL.

I will: I have a Mind to your Siſter.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Civil!

TATTLE.

I will; becauſe I have a Tendre for your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. FRAIL.

That's ſomewhat the better Reaſon, to my Opinion.

SCANDAL.

Well, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better Opportunity to engage your Sister.

VALENTINE.

Tell *Angelica,* I am about making hard Conditions to come abroad, and be at Liberty to see her.

SCANDAL.

I'll give an Account of you, and your Proceedings. If Indiscretion be a Sign of Love, you are the most a Lover of any Body that I know: You fancy that parting with your Estate, will help you to your Mistress—In my Mind he is a thoughtless Adventurer,

Who hopes to purchase Wealth, by selling Land;
Or win a Mistress, with a losing Hand.

End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT's *House.*

FORESIGHT, SERVANT.

FORESIGHT.

HEY Day! What, are all the Women of my Family abroad? Is not my Wife come Home? Nor my Sister, nor my Daughter?

SERVANT.

No, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

Mercy on us, what can be the Meaning of it? Sure the Moon is in all her Fortitudes: Is my Niece *Angelica* at Home?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

I believe you lie, Sir.

SERVANT.

Sir?

FORESIGHT.

I ſay you lie, Sir. It is impoſſible that any Thing ſhould be as I wou'd have it; for I was born, Sir, when the Crab was aſcending, and all my Affairs go backward.

SERVANT.

I can't tell, indeed, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

No, I know you can't, Sir: But I can tell, and foretell, Sir.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] NURSE.

FORESIGHT.

NURSE, where's your young Miſtreſs?

NURSE.

Wee'ſt Heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come Home yet: Poor Child, I warrant ſhe's fond o'ſeeing the Town—Marry, pray Heav'n they ha' given her any Dinner——Good lack-a-day, ha! ha! ha!

O ſtrange! I'll vow and ſwear now, ha! ha! ha! marry and did you ever ſee the like!

FORESIGHT.

Why how now, what's the Matter?

NURSE.

Pray Heav'n ſend your Worſhip good Luck, Marry and Amen, with all my Heart, for you have put on one Stocking with the wrong Side outward.

FORESIGHT.

Ha! how! Faith and Troth I'm glad of it, and ſo I have, that may be good Luck in Troth, in Troth it may, very good Luck: Nay, I have had ſome Omens; I got out of Bed backwards too this Morning, without Premeditation; pretty good that too; but then I ſtumbled coming down Stairs, and met a Weaſel; bad Omens thoſe: Some bad, ſome good, our Lives are chequer'd: Mirth and Sorrow, Want and Plenty, Night and Day, make up our Time—But, in Troth, I am pleas'd at my Stocking; very well pleas'd at my

Stocking—Oh, here's my Niece!—Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampſon Legend* I'll wait on him if he's at Leiſure— 'tis now three o'Clock, a very good Hour for Buſineſs, *Mercury* governs this Hour.

SCENE III.

ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, NURSE.

ANGELICA.

IS it not a good Hour for Pleaſure too, Uncle? Pray lend me your Coach, mine's out of Order.

FORESIGHT.

What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all Females are mad to Day — It is of evil Portent, and bodes Miſchief to the Maſter of a Family — I remember an old Prophecy written by *Maſſahalah* the *Arabian*, and thus tranſlated by a Reverend *Buckinghamſhire* Bard.

When Houſewifes all the Houſe forſake,
And leave good Man to brew and bake,

With-

Withouten Guile, then be it ſaid,
That Houſe doth ſtond upon its Head;
And when the Head is ſet in Grond,
Ne marl, if . be fruitful fond.

Fruitful! the Head fruitful, that bodes Horns; the Fruit of the Head is Horns —Dear Niece, ſtay at Home—For by the Head of the Houſe is meant the Huſband; the Prophecy needs no Explanation.

ANGELICA.

Well, but I can neither make you a Cuckold, Uncle, by going abroad; nor ſecure you from being one, by ſtaying at Home.

FORESIGHT.

Yes. yes; while there's one Woman left, the Prophecy is not in full Force.

ANGELICA.

But my Inclinations are in Force; I have a Mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a Hackney, or a Chair, and leave you to erect a Scheme, and find who's in Con-

junction with your Wife. Why don't you keep her at Home, if you're jealous of her when ſhe's abroad? You know my Aunt is a little Retrograde (as you call it) in her Nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Aſcendant, ha! ha! ha!

FORESIGHT.

Well, Jill-flirt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that Celeſtial Science.

ANGELICA.

Nay, Uncle, don't be angry——If you are, I'll reap up all your falſe Prophecies, ridiculous Dreams, and idle Divinations. I'll ſwear you are a Nuiſance to the Neighbourhood — What a Buſtle did you keep againſt the laſt inviſible Eclipſe, laying in Proviſion as 'twere for a Siege! What a World of Fire and Candle, Matches and Tinder-boxes did you purchaſe! One would have thought we were ever after to live under Ground, or at leaſt making a Voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark Seaſon.

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

Why, you malapert Slut—

ANGELICA.

Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on——Nay, I'll declare how you prophefy'd Popery was coming, only becauſe the Butler had miſlaid ſome of the Apoſtle Spoons, and thought they were loſt. Away went Religion and Spoon-meat together—Indeed, Uncle, I'll indict you for a Wizard.

FORESIGHT.

How, Huſſy! Was there ever ſuch a provoking Minx?

NURSE.

O merciful Father, how ſhe talks!

ANGELICA.

Yes, I can make Oath of your unlawful Midnight Practices; you and the old Nurſe there—

NURSE.

Marry Heav'n defend — I at Midnight Practices——O Lord, what's here to do? —I in unlawful Doings with my Maſter's Worſhip

Worſhip — Why, did you ever hear the like now — Sir, did ever I do any Thing of your Midnight Concerns — but warm your Bed, and tuck you up, and ſet the Candle and your Tobacco-Box, and your Urinal by you, and now and then rub the Soles of your Feet?—O Lord, I!—

ANGELICA.

Yes, I ſaw you together, thro' the Key-hole of the Cloſet, one Night, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, turning the Sieve and Sheers, and pricking your Thumbs, to write poor innocent Servants Names in Blood, about a little Nutmeg-Grater, which ſhe had forgot in the Caudle-Cup—Nay, I know Something worſe, if I would ſpeak of it—

FORESIGHT.

I defy you, Huſſy; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, Cockatrice; I'll hamper you—You have your Fortune in your own Hands—but I'll find a Way to make your Lover, your Prodigal Spend-thrift Gallant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Will you? I care not, but all ſhall out then—Look to't, Nurſe; I can bring Witneſs that you have a great unnatural Teat under your left Arm, and he another; and that you ſuckle a young Devil in the Shape of a Tabby-Cat, by Turns; I can.

NURSE.

A Teat, a Teat, I an unnatural Teat! O the falſe ſlanderous Thing; feel, feel here, if I have any Thing but like another Chriſtian. [*Crying.*

FORESIGHT.

I will have Patience, ſince it is the Will of the Stars I ſhould be thus tormented—This is the Effect of the malicious Conjunctions and Oppoſitions in the third Houſe of my Nativity; there the Curſe of Kindred was foretold—But I will have my Doors lock'd up — I'll puniſh you, not a Man ſhall enter my Houſe.

ANGELICA.

Do, Uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my Aunt comes home—You'll have a Letter

ter, for Alimony to Morrow Morning—But let me be gone firſt, and then let no Mankind come near the Houſe, but converſe with Spirits and the Celeſtial Signs, the Bull, and the Ram, and the Goat. Bleſs me! there are a great many horn'd Beaſts among the twelve Signs, Uncle. But Cuckolds go to Heav'n.

FORESIGHT.

But there's but one Virgin among the twelve Signs, Spitfire, but one Virgin.

ANGELICA.

Nor there had not been that one, if ſhe had to do with any Thing but Aſtrologers, Uncle. That makes my Aunt go abroad.

FORESIGHT.

How? How? Is that the Reaſon? Come, you know Something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good Niece—Come, you ſhall have my Coach and Horſes—Faith and Troth you ſhall—Does my Wife complain? Come, I know Women tell one another—She is young and ſanguine, has a wanton Hazle Eye, and was born under

Gemini,

Gemini, which may incline her to Society; ſhe has a Mole upon her Lip, with a moiſt Palm, and an open Liberality on the Mount of *Venus.*

ANGELICA.

Ha! ha! ha!

FORESIGHT.

Do you laugh?—Well Gentlewoman, I'll——But come, be a good Girl, don't perplex your poor Uncle, tell me—won't you ſpeak? Odd, I'll——

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] SERVANT.

SERVANT.

SIR *Sampſon* is coming down to wait upon you—

ANGELICA.

Good b'w'ye Uncle—Call me a Chair—I'll find out my Aunt, and tell her, ſhe muſt not come home.

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

I'm ſo perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive him; I ſhall ſcarce recover myſelf before the Hour be paſt: Go Nurſe, tell Sir *Sampſon* I'm ready to wait on him.

NURSE.

Yes, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

Well—Why, if I was born to be a Cuckold, there's no more to be ſaid—He's here already.

SCENE V.

FORESIGHT, *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND *with a Paper.*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

NOR no more to be done, old Boy; that's plain—here 'tis, I have it in my Hand, old *Ptolomee;* I'll make the ungracious Prodigal know who begat him; I will, old *Noſtrodamus.* What, I warrant my

my Son thought Nothing belong'd to a Father, but Forgiveneſs and Affection; no Authority, no Correction, no Arbitrary Power; Nothing to be done, but for him to offend and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd 'till Doomſday, he thought I was to pay the Piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *Signatum, Sigillatum,* and *Deliberatum;* that as ſoon as my Son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his Right of Inheritance. Where's my Daughter that is to be — hah! old *Merlin?* Body o'me, I'm ſo glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful Rogue.

FORESIGHT.

Odſo, let me ſee; let me ſee the Paper —Ay, Faith and Troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold — I wiſh Things were done, and the Conveyance made — When was this ſign'd, what Hour? Odſo, you ſhould have conſulted me for the Time. Well, but we'll make Haſte——

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Haſte! ay, ay; haſte enough; my Son *Ben* will

will be in Town to Night—I have ordered my Lawyer to draw up Writings of Settlement and Jointure—All ſhall be done to Night—No matter for the Time; prithee, Brother *Foreſight,* leave Superſtition—Pox o'th' Time; there's no Time but the Time preſent, there's no more to be ſaid of what's paſt, and all that is to come will happen. If the Sun ſhine by Day, and the Stars by Night, why, we ſhall know one another's Faces without the Help of a Candle, and that's all the Stars are good for.

FORESIGHT.

How, how, Sir *Sampſon,* that all? Give me Leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

I tell you I am wiſe; and *ſapiens dominabitur aſtris;* there's *Latin* for you to prove it, and an Argument to confound your *Ephemeris*—Ignorant!—I tell you, I have travell'd old *Circu,* and know the Globe. I have ſeen the *Antipodes,* where the Sun riſes

riſes at Midnight, and ſets at Noon-Day.

FORESIGHT.

But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the Celeſtial *Spheres*, know the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their Houſes. Can judge of Motions direct and retrograde, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppoſitions*, fiery *Trigons* and aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether Life ſhall be long or ſhort, happy or unhappy, whether Diſeaſes are curable or incurable. If Journies ſhall be proſperous, Undertakings ſucceſsful, or Goods ſtol'n recover'd, I know——

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

I know the Length of the Emperor of *China*'s Foot; have kiſs'd the *Great Mogul*'s Slipper, and rid a Hunting upon an Elephant with the Cham of *Tartary* — Body o'me, I have made a Cuckold of a King, and the preſent Majeſty of *Bantam* is the Iſſue of theſe Loins.

FORESIGHT.

I know when Travellers lie or ſpeak Truth, when they don't know it themſelves.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

I have known an Aſtrologer made a Cuckold in the Twinkling of a Star; and ſeen a Conjurer, that cou'd not keep the Devil out of his Wife's Circle.

FORESIGHT.

What, does he twit me with my Wife too? I muſt be better inform'd of this—— [*Aſide.*] ——Do you mean my Wife, Sir *Sampſon?* Tho' you made a Cuckold of the King of *Bantam,* yet by the Body of the Sun——

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

By the Horns of the Moon, you wou'd ſay, Brother *Capricorn.*

FORESIGHT.

Capricorn in your Teeth, thou modern *Mandevil; Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a Type of thee, thou Liar of the firſt Magnitude. Take back your Paper of Inheritance; ſend your Son to Sea again. I'll wed my Daughter to an *Egyptian* Mummy, ere ſhe ſhall incorporate with a Contemner of Sciences, and a Defamer of Virtue.

Sir

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Body o'me, I have gone too far; — I muſt not provoke honeſt *Albumazar*, — An *Egyptian* Mummy is an illuſtrious Creature, my truſty Hieroglyphic; and may have Significations of Futurity about him; Ods-bud, I would my Son were an *Egyptian* Mummy for thy Sake. What, thou art not angry for a Jeſt, my good *Haly*—I reverence the Sun, Moon and Stars, with all my Heart. — What, I'll make thee a Preſent of a Mummy: Now I think on't, Body o'me, I have a Shoulder of an *Egyptian* King, that I purloin'd from one of the Pyramids, powder'd with Hieroglyphics; thou ſhalt have it brought home to thy Houſe, and make an Entertainment for all the *Philomaths*, and Students in Phyſic and Aſtrology in and about *London*.

FORESIGHT.

But what do you know of my Wife, Sir *Sampſon*?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Thy Wife is a Conſtellation of Virtues;

ſhe's the Moon, and thou art the Man in the Moon: Nay, ſhe is more illuſtrious than the Moon; for ſhe has her Chaſtity without her Inconſtancy: 'Sbud I was but in Jeſt.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

HOW now, who ſent for you? Ha! What wou'd you have?

FORESIGHT.

Nay, if you were but in Jeſt — Who's that Fellow? I don't like his Phyſiognomy.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

My Son, Sir; what Son, Sir? My Son *Benjamin,* hoh?

JEREMY.

No, Sir, Mr. *Valentine,* my Maſter, —— 'tis the firſt Time he has been abroad ſince his Confinement, and he comes to pay his Duty to you.

Sir

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Well, Sir.

SCENE VII.

FORESIGHT, *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND, VALENTINE, JEREMY.

JEREMY.

HE is here, Sir.

VALENTINE.

Your Bleſſing, Sir.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

You've had it already, Sir; I think I ſent it you to Day in a Bill of four thouſand Pounds: A great Deal of Money, Brother *Foreſight.*

FORESIGHT.

Ay indeed, Sir *Sampſon,* a great Deal of Money for a young Man; I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Body o' me, ſo do I.—Hark ye, *Valentine;* if there be too much, refund the Superfluity; doſt hear, Boy?

VALENTINE.

Superfluity, Sir! It will ſcarce pay my Debts, — I hope you will have more Indulgence, than to oblige me to thoſe hard Conditions, which my Neceſſity ſign'd to.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Sir, how, I beſeech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning Indulgence?

VALENTINE.

Why, Sir, that you wou'd not go to the Extremity of the Conditions, but releaſe me at leaſt from ſome Part.——

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Oh Sir, I underſtand you — that's all, ha?

VALENTINE.

Yes, Sir, all that I preſume to aſk.—— But what you, out of fatherly Fondneſs, will be pleas'd to add, ſhall be doubly welcome.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

No Doubt of it, ſweet Sir, but your filial Piety, and my fatherly Fondneſs, wou'd

wou'd fit like two Tallies. —— Here's a Rogue, Brother *Foreſight,* makes a Bargain under Hand and Seal in the Morning, and would be releas'd from it in the Afternoon; here's a Rogue, Dog, here's Conſcience and Honeſty; this is your Wit now, this is the Morality of your Wits! You are a Wit, and have been a Beau, and may be a —— Why Sirrah, is it not here under Hand and Seal—Can you deny it?

VALENTINE.

Sir, I don't deny it.——

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I ſhall live to ſee you go up *Holborn-Hill*—Has he not a Rogue's Face?—Speak, Brother, you underſtand Phyſiognomy, a hanging Look, to me—of all my Boys the moſt unlike me; he has a damn'd *Tyburn* Face, without the Benefit o'the Clergy.

FORESIGHT.

Hum—truly I don't care to diſcourage a young Man,——he has a violent Death in his Face; but I hope no Danger of hanging. VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Sir, is this Uſage for your Son? —To that old Weather-headed Fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, Sir—

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

You, Sir; and you, Sir: Why, who are you, Sir?

VALENTINE.

Your Son, Sir.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

That's more than I know, Sir, and I believe not.

VALENTINE.

Faith, I hope not.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

What, wou'd you have your Mother a Whore? Did you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! Body o'me—

VALENTINE.

I would have an Excuſe for your Barbarity and unnatural Uſage.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Excuſe! Impudence! Why Sirrah, mayn't I do what I pleaſe? Are not you my Slave? Did

Did not I beget you? And might I not have choſen whether I would have begot you or no? 'Oons who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the World? How came you here, Sir? Here, to ſtand here, upon thoſe two Legs, and look erect with that audacious Face, hah? Anſwer me that. Did you come a Volunteer into the World? Or did I, with the lawful Authority of a Parent, preſs you to the Service?

VALENTINE.

I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I deſire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

With all my Heart: Come, uncaſe, ſtrip, and go naked out of the World, as you came into't.

VALENTINE.

My Clothes are ſoon put off;—But you muſt alſo diveſt me of Reaſon, Thought, Paſſions,

Paſſions, Inclinations, Affections, Appetites, Senſes, and the huge Train of Attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Body o'me, what a many-headed Monſter have I propagated!

VALENTINE.

I am of myſelf, a plain, eaſy, ſimple Creature, and to be kept at ſmall Expence; but the Retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are ſo many Devils that you have rais'd, and will have Employment.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

'Oons, what had I to do to get Children?—can't a private Man be born without all theſe Followers?—Why Nothing under an Emperor ſhould be born with Appetites—Why at this Rate a Fellow that has but a Groat in his Pocket, may have a Stomach capable of a Ten Shilling Ordinary.

JEREMY.

Nay, that's as clear as the Sun; I'll make

make Oath of it before any Juſtice in *Middleſex.*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Here's a Cormorant too,— 'S'heart, this Fellow was not born with you?——I did not beget him, did I? —

JEREMY.

By the Proviſion that's made for me, you might have begot me too:—Nay, and to tell your Worſhip another Truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with thoſe ſame whoreſon Appetites too, that my Maſter ſpeaks of.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Why look you there now, — I'll maintain it, that by the Rule of right Reaſon, this Fellow ought to have been born without a Palate.—'S'heart, what ſhou'd he do with a diſtinguiſhing Taſte? — I warrant now he'd rather eat a Pheaſant, than a Piece of poor *John;* and Smell, now; why I warrant he can ſmell, and loves Perfumes above a Stink.—Why there's it; and Muſic, doſn't you love Muſic, Scoundrel?

JEREMY.

JEREMY.

Yes, I have a reaſonable good Ear, Sir, as to Jigs and Country Dances; and the like: I don't much matter your *Solos* or *Sonatas*, they give me the Spleen.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

The Spleen! ha! ha! ha! a Pox confound you —— *Solos* or *Sonatas*! 'Oons whoſe Son are you? How were you engender'd, Muckworm?

JEREMY.

I am by my Father, the Son of a Chairman; my Mother ſold Oyſters in Winter, and Cucumbers in Summer; and I came up Stairs into the World; for I was born in a Cellar.

FORESIGHT.

By your Looks, you ſhou'd go up Stairs out of the World too, Friend.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

And if this Rogue were anatomis'd now, and diſſected, he has his Veſſels of Digeſtion and Concoction, and ſo forth, large enough for the Inſide of a Cardinal, this

Son

Son of a Cucumber. — Theſe Things are unaccountable and unreaſonable. — Body o'me, why 'was not I a Bear, that my Cubs might have liv'd upon ſucking their Paws? Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders; the one has its Nutriment in his own Hands; and t'other ſpins his Habitation out of his own Entrails.

VALENTINE.

Fortune was provident enough to ſupply all the Neceſſities of my Nature; if I had my Right of Inheritance.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Again! 'Oons han't you four thouſand Pounds——if I had it again, I wou'd not give thee a Groat — What, would'ſt thou have me turn Pelican, and feed thee out of my own Vitals?—'S'heart, live by your Wits, —You were always fond of the Wits,—Now let's ſee, if you have Wit enough to keep yourſelf — Your Brother will be in Town to Night, or to Morrow Morning, and then look you perform Covenants, and ſo your Friend and Servant. —— Come, Brother *Foreſight.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

JEREMY.

I Told you what your Viſit wou'd come to.

VALENTINE.

'Tis as much as I expected — I did not come to ſee him: I came to *Angelica:* But ſince ſhe was gone abroad, it was eaſily turn'd another Way; and at leaſt look'd well on my Side: What's here? Mrs. *Foreſight* and Mrs. *Frail!* they are earneſt—I'll avoid 'em—Come this Way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. FRAIL.

WHAT have you to do to watch me? 'Slife I'll do what I pleaſe.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

You will? *Mrs.*

Mrs. FRAIL.

Yes marry will I—A great Piece of Buſineſs to go to *Covent-Garden-Square* in a Hackney Coach, and take a Turn with one's Friend.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Nay, two or three Turns, I'll take my Oath.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Well, what if I took twenty—I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent Recreation—— Lord, where's the Comfort of this Life, if we can't have the Happineſs of converſing where we like?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

But can't you converſe at Home?—— I own it, I think there's no Happineſs like converſing with an agreeable Man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your Converſation was very innocent; but the Place is public, and to be ſeen with a Man in a Hackney-Coach is ſcandalous: What if any Body, elſe ſhou'd have ſeen you alight, as I did?—How can any Body be happy,

happy, while they're in perpetual Fear of being ſeen and cenſur'd?—— Beſides, it wou'd not only reflect upon you, Sifter, but me.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Pooh, here's a Clutter—Why ſhou'd it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought yourſelf happy in a Hackney-Coach before now. —— If I had gone to *Knightſbridge*, or to *Chelſea*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms*, with a Man alone—Something might have been ſaid.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Why, was I ever in any of thoſe Places? What do you mean, Sifter?

Mrs. FRAIL.

Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

You have been at a worſe Place.

Mrs. FRAIL.

I at a worſe Place, and with a Man!

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I ſuppoſe you would not go alone to the *World's End.*

Mrs.

Mrs. FRAIL.

The *World's End!* What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Poor Innocent! You don't know that there's a Place call'd the *World's End?* I'll ſwear you can keep your Countenance purely, you'd make an admirable Player.

Mrs. FRAIL.

I'll ſwear you have a great Deal of Confidence, and in my Mind too much for the Stage.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Very well, that will appear who has moſt; you never were at the *World's End?*

Mrs. FRAIL.

No.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

You deny it poſitively to my Face.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Your Face, what's your Face?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

No matter for that, it's as good a Face as yours.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Not by a Dozen Years wearing. — But I do deny it poſitively to your Face then.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I'll allow you now to find Fault with my Face;—for I'll ſwear your Impudence has put me out of Countenance:——But look you here now, —where did you loſe this Gold Bodkin?——Oh Siſter, Siſter!

Mrs. FRAIL.

My Bodkin!

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin?—Oh Siſter, Siſter!——Siſter every Way.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

O Devil on't, that I cou'd not diſcover her, without betraying myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. FRAIL.

I have heard Gentlemen ſay, Siſter, that one ſhou'd take great Care, when one makes a Thruſt in Fencing, not to lie open ones ſelf.

Mrs.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

It's very true, Sister: Well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in Duels, take care of one another, and grow better Friends than before.

Mrs. FRAIL.

With all my Heart; ours are but slight Flesh Wounds, and if we keep 'em from Air, not at all dangerous: Well, give me your Hand in Token of Sisterly Secrecy and Affection.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Here 'tis with all my Heart.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Well, as an Earnest of Friendship and Confidence, I'll acquaint you with a Design that I have: To tell Truth, and speak openly one to another, I'm afraid the World have observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another: You have a rich Husband, and are provided for; I am at a Loss, and have no great Stock either of Fortune or Reputation; and therefore must look

ſharply about me. Sir *Sampſon* has a Son that is expected to Night; and by the Account I have heard of his Education, can be no Conjurer: The Eſtate you know is to be made over to him: —— Now if I cou'd wheedle him, Siſter, ha? You underſtand me?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I do; and will help you to the utmoſt of my Power. —— And I can tell you one Thing that falls out luckily enough; my aukward Daughter-in-Law, who you know is deſigned to be his Wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle;* now if we can improve that, and make her have an Averſion for the Booby, it may go a great Way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive ſome Way or other to leave 'em together.

SCENE

SCENE X.

[*To them*] TATTLE, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs PRUE.

MOTHER, Mother, Mother, look you here.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Fy, fy, Miſs, how you baw!—Beſides, I have told you, you muſt not call me Mother.

Miſs PRUE.

What muſt I call you then? are you not my Father's Wife?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Madam; you muſt ſay Madam—By my Soul, I ſhall fancy myſelf old indeed, to have this great Girl call me Mother—Well, but Miſs, what are you ſo overjoy'd at?

Miſs PRUE.

Look you here, Madam then, what Mr. *Tattle* has giv'n me—Look you here, Couſin, here's a Snuff-Box; nay, there's Snuff in't;

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in't;—here, will you have any—Oh good! how ſweet it is —— Mr. *Tattle* is all over ſweet, his Peruke is ſweet, and his Gloves are ſweet,—and his Handkerchief is ſweet, pure ſweet, ſweeter than Roſes —— Smell him, Mother, Madam, I mean — He gave me this Ring for a Kiſs.

TATTLE.

O fy, Miſs, you muſt not kiſs and tell.

Miſs PRUE.

Yes; I may tell my Mother — And he ſays he'll give me Something to make me ſmell ſo — Oh pray lend me your Handkerchief——Smell, Couſin; he ſays, he'll give me Something that will make my Smocks ſmell this Way—Is not it pure?—It's better than Lavender, mun— I'm reſolv'd I won't let Nurſe put any more Lavender among my Smocks—ha, Couſin?

Mrs. FRAIL.

Fy, Miſs; amongſt your Linen, you muſt ſay—You muſt never ſay Smock.

Miſs PRUE.

Why, it is not Bawdy, is it, Couſin?

TAT-

TATTLE.

Oh, Madam; you are too ſevere upon Miſs; you muſt not find Fault with her pretty Simplicity, it becomes her ſtrangely——Pretty Miſs, don't let 'em perſuade you out of your Innocency.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Oh, demm you, Toad—I wiſh you don't perſuade her out of her Innocency.

TATTLE.

Who I, Madam?—Oh Lord, how can your Ladyſhip have ſuch a Thought——ſure you don't know me!

Mrs. FRAIL.

Ah Devil, ſly Devil——He's as cloſe, Siſter, as a Confeſſor——He thinks we don't obſerve him.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

A cunning Cur, how ſoon he cou'd find out a freſh harmleſs Creature; and left us, Siſter, preſently.

TATTLE.

Upon Reputation——

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

They're all ſo, Siſter, theſe Men—they love to have the ſpoiling of a young Thing, they are as fond of it, as of being firſt in the Faſhion, or of ſeeing a new Play the firſt Day——I warrant it would break Mr. *Tattle*'s Heart, to think that any Body elſe ſhou'd be beforehand with him.

TATTLE.

Oh Lord, I ſwear I wou'd not for the World——

Mrs. FRAIL.

O hang you; who'll believe you?—— You'd be hang'd before you'd confeſs — we know you—She's very pretty! Lord, what pure Red and White!—ſhe looks ſo wholeſome;——ne'er ſtir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a Man——

Miſs PRUE.

How you love to jeer one, Couſin.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Hark ye, Siſter,—by my Soul the Girl is ſpoil'd already — d'ye think ſhe'll ever endure a great lubberly Tarpawlin— Gad,

I warrant you, ſhe won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle.*

Mrs. FRAIL.

O my Soul, I'm afraid not—eh!—filthy Creature, that ſmells all of Pitch and Tar—Devil take you, you confounded Toad—why did you ſee her, before ſhe was married?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Nay, why did we let him——my Huſband will hang us—He'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Come, Faith let us be gone——If my Brother *Foreſight* ſhou'd find us with them,—he'd think ſo, ſure enough.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

So he wou'd—but then leaving 'em together is as bad—And he's ſuch a ſly Devil, he'll never miſs an Opportunity.

Mrs. FRAIL.

I don't care; I won't be ſeen in't.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Well, if you ſhould, Mr. *Tattle,* you'll have a World to anſwer for; remember

I waſh my Hands of it, I'm thoroughly innocent.

SCENE XI.

TATTLE, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs PRUE.

WHAT makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle*? What do they mean, do you know?

TATTLE.

Yes, my Dear — I think I can gueſs — But hang me if I know the Reaſon of it.

Miſs PRUE.

Come, muſt not we go too?

TATTLE.

No, no, they don't mean that.

Miſs PRUE.

No! What then? What ſhall you and I do together?

TATTLE.

I muſt make Love to you, pretty Miſs; will you let me make Love to you?

Miſs

Miſs PRUE.

Yes, if you pleaſe.

TATTLE.

Frank, i'Gad, at leaſt. What a Pox does Mrs. *Foreſight* mean by this Civility? Is it to make a Fool of me? or does ſhe leave us together out of good Morality, and do as ſhe would be done by——Gad I'll underſtand it ſo. [*Aſide.*

Miſs PRUE.

Well; and how will you make Love to me—Come, I long to have you begin—muſt I make Love too? You muſt tell me how.

TATTLE.

You muſt let me ſpeak, Miſs, you muſt not ſpeak firſt; I muſt aſk you Queſtions, and you muſt anſwer.

Miſs PRUE.

What, is it like the Catechiſm?—Come then aſk me.

TATTLE.

D'ye think you can love me?

Miſs PRUE.

Yes. TAT-

TATTLE.

Pooh, Pox, you muſt not ſay Yes already; I ſhan't care a Farthing for you then in a Twinkling.

Miſs PRUE.

What muſt I ſay then?

TATTLE.

Why you muſt ſay No, or You believe not, or You can't tell——

Miſs PRUE.

Why, muſt I tell a Lie then?

TATTLE.

Yes, if you'd be well-bred. All well-bred Perſons lie.—Beſides, you are a Woman, you muſt never ſpeak what you think: Your Words muſt contradict your Thoughts; but your Actions may contradict your Words. So, when I aſk you, if you can love me, you muſt ſay No, but you muſt love me too—If I tell you, you are handſome, you muſt deny it, and ſay I flatter you——But you muſt think yourſelf more charming than I ſpeak you:—And like me, for the Beauty which I ſay you

you have, as much as if I had it myſelf—If I aſk you to kiſs me, you muſt be angry, but you muſt not refuſe me. If I aſk you for more, you muſt be more angry,—but more complying; and as ſoon as ever I make you ſay you'll cry out, you muſt be ſure to hold your Tongue.

Miſs PRUE.

O Lord, I ſwear this is pure,—I like it better than our old faſhion'd Country Way of ſpeaking one's Mind; —and muſt not you lie too?

TATTLE.

Hum——Yes—But you muſt believe I ſpeak Truth.

Miſs PRUE.

O *Gemini!* Well, I always had a great Mind to tell Lies—but they frighted me, and ſaid it was a Sin.

TATTLE.

Well, my pretty Creature; will you make me happy by giving me a Kiſs?

Miſs

Miſs PRUE.

No, indeed; I'm angry at you.—

[*Runs and kiſſes him.*

TATTLE.

Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you ſhould not have given it me, but have ſuffer'd me to have taken it.

Miſs PRUE.

Well, we'll do it again.

TATTLE.

With all my Heart—Now then my little Angel. [*Kiſſes her.*

Miſs PRUE.

Piſh!

TATTLE.

That's right,—again, my Charmer.

[*Kiſſes again.*

Miſs PRUE.

O fy, nay, now I can't abide you.

TATTLE.

Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent-Garden*. —And won't you ſhow me, pretty Miſs, where your Bed-Chamber is?

Miſs

Miſs PRUE.

No, indeed won't I: but I'll run there, and hide myſelf from you behind the Curtains.

TATTLE.

I'll follow you.

Miſs PRUE.

Ah, but I'll hold the Door with both Hands, and be angry;——and you ſhall puſh me down before you come in.

TATTLE.

No, I'll come in firſt, and puſh you down afterwards.

Miſs PRUE.

Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

TATTLE.

Then I'll make you cry out.

Miſs PRUE.

Oh but you ſhan't, for I'll hold my Tongue—

TATTLE.

Oh my dear apt Scholar.

Miſs PRUE.

Well, now I'll run and make more Haſte than you.

TATTLE.

You ſhall not fly ſo faſt, as I'll purſue.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

NURSE *alone.*

MISS, Miſs, Miſs *Prue* — Mercy on me, marry and Amen. Why, what's become of the Child? — Why Miſs, Miſs *Foreſight* — Sure ſhe has lock'd herſelf up in her Chamber, and gone to ſleep, or to Prayers: Miſs, Miſs. I hear her—— Come to your Father, Child: Open the Door, Miſs — I hear you cry huſht — O Lord, who's there? [*Peeps*] What's here to do? — O the Father! a Man with her! — Why, Miſs I ſay; God's my Life, here's fine Doings towards — O Lord, we're all undone—O you young Harlotry [*Knocks.*] Od's my Life, won't you open the Door? I'll come in the back Way.

SCENE II.

TATTLE, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs PRUE.

O Lord, ſhe's coming — and ſhe'll tell my Father, what ſhall I do now?

TATTLE.

Pox take her; if ſhe had ſtay'd two Minutes longer, I ſhou'd have wiſh'd for her coming.

Miſs PRUE.

O Dear, what ſhall I ſay? Tell me, Mr. *Tattle,* tell me a Lie.

TATTLE.

There's no Occaſion for a Lie; I cou'd never tell a Lie to no Purpoſe — But ſince we have done Nothing, we muſt ſay Nothing, I think. I hear her—I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*Thruſts her in, and ſhuts the Door.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

TATTLE, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, *and* ANGELICA.

ANGELICA.

YOU can't accuſe me of Inconſtancy; I never told you that I lov'd you.

VALENTINE.

But I can accuſe you of Uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

ANGELICA.

You miſtake Indifference for Uncertainty; I never had Concern enough to aſk myſelf the Queſtion.

SCANDAL.

Nor good Nature enough to anſwer him that did aſk you: I'll ſay that for you, Madam.

ANGELICA.

What, are you ſetting up for good Nature?

SCANDAL.

Only for the Affectation of it, as the Women do for ill Nature.

ANGELICA.

Perſuade your Friend, that it is all Affectation.

VALENTINE.

I ſhall receive no Benefit from the Opinion: For I know no effectual Difference between continued Affectation and Reality.

TATTLE. [*Coming up.*]

Scandal, are you in private Diſcourſe, any Thing of Secrecy? [*Aſide to* Scandal.

SCANDAL.

Yes, but I dare truſt you; we were talking of *Angelica*'s Love to *Valentine;* you won't ſpeak of it.

TATTLE.

No, no, not a Syllable—I know that's a Secret, for it's whiſper'd every where.

SCANDAL.

Ha! ha! ha!

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

What is, Mr. *Tattle?* I heard you ſay Something was whiſper'd every where.

SCANDAL.

Your Love of *Valentine.*

ANGELICA.

How!

TATTLE.

No, Madam, his Love for your Ladyſhip—Gad take me, I beg your Pardon—for I never heard a Word of your Ladyſhip's Paſſion, 'till this Inſtant.

ANGELICA.

My Paſſion! And who told you of my Paſſion, pray Sir?

SCANDAL.

Why, is the Devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a Secret?

TATTLE.

Gadſo; but I thought ſhe might have been truſted with her own Affairs.

SCANDAL.

Is that your Diſcretion? Truſt a Woman with herſelf?

TATTLE.

You ſay true, I beg your Pardon;—I'll bring all off— It was impoſſible, Madam, for me to imagine, that a Perſon of your Ladyſhip's Wit and Gallantry, could have ſo long receiv'd the paſſionate Addreſſes of the accompliſh'd *Valentine*, and yet remain inſenſible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a juſt Weight of his Merit, with your Ladyſhip's good Judgment, I form'd the Balance of a reciprocal Affection.

VALENTINE.

O the Devil, what damn'd coſtive Poet has given thee this Leſſon of Fuſtian to get by Rote?

ANGELICA.

I dare ſwear you wrong him, it is his own—And Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the Succeſs of others, from the Effects of his own Merit. For certainly Mr. *Tattle* was never deny'd any Thing in his Life.

TATTLE.

O Lord! yes indeed, Madam, ſeveral Times.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

I ſwear I don't think 'tis poſſible.

TATTLE.

Yes, I vow and ſwear I have: Lord, Madam, I'm the moſt unfortunate Man in the World, and the moſt cruelly us'd by the Ladies.

ANGELICA.

Nay, now you're ungrateful.

TATTLE.

No, I hope not——'tis as much Ingratitude to own ſome Favors, as to conceal others.

VALENTINE.

There, now it's out.

ANGELICA.

I don't underſtand you now: I thought you had never aſk'd any Thing, but what a Lady might modeſtly grant, and you confeſs.

SCANDAL.

So, Faith, your Buſineſs is done here; now you may go brag ſome where elſe.

TATTLE.

Brag! O Heav'ns! Why, did I name any Body?

ANGELICA.

No; I ſuppoſe that is not in your Power, but you wou'd if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

TATTLE.

Not in my Power, Madam! What does your Ladyſhip mean, that I have no Woman's Reputation in my Power?

SCANDAL.

'Oons, why you won't own it, will you? [*Aſide.*

TATTLE.

Faith, Madam, you're in the right; no more I have, as I hope to be ſaved; I never had it in my Power to ſay any Thing to a Lady's Prejudice in my Life——For as I was telling you, Madam, I have been the moſt unſucceſsful Creature living, in Things of that Nature; and never had the good Fortune to be truſted once with a Lady's Secret, not once.

ANGELICA.

No! VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Not once, I dare anſwer for him.

SCANDAL.

And I'll anſwer for him; for I'm ſure if he had, he would have told me: I find, Madam, you don't know Mr. *Tattle*.

TATTLE.

No indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all; I find. For ſure my intimate Friends would have known ——

ANGELICA.

Then it ſeems you would have told, if you had been truſted.

TATTLE.

O Pox, *Scandal*, that was too far put—Never have told Particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talked as of a third Perſon—Or have introduced an Amour of my own, in Converſation, by Way of Novel: But never have explained Particulars.

ANGELICA.

But whence comes the Reputation of Mr. *Tattle*'s Secrecy, if he was never truſted?

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

Why thence it ariſes——The Thing is proverbially ſpoken; but may be apply'd to him——As if we ſhould ſay in general Terms, He only is ſecret who never was truſted; a Satirical Proverb upon our Sex —There's another upon yours—As ſhe is chaſte who was never aſked the Queſtion. That's all.

VALENTINE.

A Couple of very civil Proverbs, truly: 'Tis hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more obliged to you. For you found her Virtue upon the Backwardneſs of the Men; and his Secrecy upon the Miſtruſt of the Women.

TATTLE.

Gad, it's very true, Madam, I think we are obliged to acquit ourſelves— And for my Part—But your Ladyſhip is to ſpeak firſt——

ANGELICA.

Am I? Well, I freely confeſs I have reſiſted a great Deal of Temptation.

TAT-

TATTLE.

And i'Gad, I have given ſome Temptation that has not been reſiſted.

VALENTINE.

Good.

ANGELICA.

I cite *Valentine* here, to declare to the Court, how fruitleſs he has found his Endeavours, and to confeſs all his Solicitations and my Denials.

VALENTINE.

I am ready to plead, Not guilty for you; and Guilty, for myſelf.

SCANDAL.

So, why this is fair, here's Demonſtration with a Witneſs.

TATTLE.

Well, my Witneſſes are not preſent—But I confeſs I have had Favors from Perſons—But as the Favors are numberleſs, ſo the Perſons are nameleſs.

SCANDAL.

Pooh, this proves Nothing.

TAT-

TATTLE.

No! I can ſhow Letters, Lockets, Pictures, and Rings; and if there be Occaſion for Witneſſes, I can ſummon the Maids at the Chocolate-Houſes, all the Porters at *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the Door-Keepers at the Play-Houſe, the Drawers at *Locket*'s, *Pontac*'s, the *Rummer*, *Spring-Garden*, my own Landlady and *Valet de Chambre*; all who ſhall make Oath, that I receive more Letters than the Secretary's Office; and that I have more Viſor-Maſks to enquire for me, than ever went to ſee the Hermaphrodite, or the naked Prince. And it is notorious, that in a Country Church, once, an Enquiry being made, who I was, it was anſwer'd, I was the famous *Tattle*, who had ruin'd ſo many Women.

VALENTINE.

It was there, I ſuppoſe, you got the Nick-name of the *Great Turk*.

TATTLE.

True; I was call'd *Turk Tattle* all over the Pariſh—— The next *Sunday* all the old Women

Women kept their Daughters at Home, and the Parſon had not half his Congregation. He wou'd have brought me into the Spiritual Court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a handſome Daughter whom I initiated into the Science. But I repented it afterwards, for it was talk'd of in Town —— and a Lady of Quality that ſhall be nameleſs, in a raging Fit of Jealouſy, came down in her Coach and ſix Horſes, and expos'd herſelf upon my Account; Gad I was ſorry for it with all my Heart — You know whom I mean — You know where we raffled——

SCANDAL.

Mum, *Tattle.*

VALENTINE.

'Sdeath, are not you aſham'd?

ANGELICA.

O barbarous! I never heard ſo inſolent a Piece of Vanity — Fy, Mr. *Tattle;* — I'll ſwear I could not have believ'd it—Is this your Secrecy?

TATTLE.

TATTLE.

Gadſo, the Heat of my Story carry'd me beyond my Diſcretion, as the Heat of the Lady's Paſſion hurry'd her beyond her Reputation—But I hope you don't know whom I mean; for there were a great many Ladies raffled—Pox on't, now could I bite off my Tongue.

SCANDAL.

No, don't; for then you'll tell us no more — Come, I'll recommend a Song to you upon the Hint of my two Proverbs, and I ſee one in the next Room that will ſing it. [*Goes to the Door.*

TATTLE.

For Heav'n's Sake, if you do gueſs, ſay Nothing; Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

SCANDAL.

Pray ſing the firſt Song in the laſt new Play.

SONG

SONG.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

I.

A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo *once pray'd:*
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd:
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was chaſte, or a Swain that was true.

II.

Apollo *was mute, and had like t'have been pos'd,*
But ſagely at length he this Secret diſclos'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide;
And the Nymph may be chaſte that has never been try'd.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND, *Mrs.* FRAIL, *Miſs* PRUE, *and Servants.*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

IS *Ben* come? Odſo, my Son *Ben* come? Odd, I'm glad on't: Where is he? I long to ſee him. Now, Mrs. *Frail*, you ſhall ſee my Son *Ben*——Body o'me, he's the Hopes of my Family——I han't ſeen him——theſe three Years——I warrant he's grown——Call him in, bid him make Haſte——I'm ready to cry for Joy.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Now, Miſs, you ſhall ſee your Huſband.

Miſs PRUE.

Piſh, he ſhall be none of my Huſband.

[*Aſide to* Frail.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Huſh: Well he ſhan't, leave that to me——I'll beckon Mr. *Tattle* to us.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Won't you ſtay and ſee your Brother?

VALENTINE.

We are the Twin-Stars, and cannot ſhine in one Sphere; when he riſes I muſt ſet—Beſides, if I ſhou'd ſtay, I don't know but my Father in good Nature may preſs me to the immediate ſigning the Deed of Conveyance of my Eſtate; and I'll defer it as long as I can—Well, you'll come to a Reſolution.

ANGELICA.

I can't. Reſolution muſt come to me, or I ſhall never have one.

SCANDAL.

Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I've Something in my Head to communicate to you.

SCENE V.

ANGELICA, *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND, TATTLE, *Mrs.* FRAIL, *Miſs* PRUE.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

WHAT, is my Son *Valentine* gone? What, is he ſneak'd off, and would not ſee his Brother? There's an unnatural Whelp! There's an ill-natur'd Dog! What, were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him? Cou'd neither Love, nor Duty, nor natural Affection oblige him? Ods-bud, Madam, have no more to ſay to him; he is not worth your Conſideration. The Rogue has not a Drachm of generous Love about him: All Intereſt, all Intereſt; he's an undone Scoundrel, and courts your Eſtate: Body o'me, he does not care a Doit for your Perſon.

ANGELICA.

I'm pretty even with him, Sir *Sampſon;* for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any Thing in him,

him, it ſhou'd have been his Eſtate too: But ſince that's gone, the Bait's off, and the naked Hook appears.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Ods-bud, well ſpoken; and you are a wiſer Woman than I thought you were: For moſt young Women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked Hook.

ANGELICA.

If I marry, Sir *Sampſon*, I'm for a good Eſtate with any Man, and for any Man with a good Eſtate: Therefore, if I were oblig'd to make a Choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your Son.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Faith and Troth, you're a wiſe Woman, and I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo; I was afraid you were in Love with the Reprobate; Odd, I was ſorry for you with all my Heart: Hang him, Mongrel; caſt him off; you ſhall ſee the Rogue ſhow himſelf, and make Love to ſome deſponding *Cadua* of Fourſcore for Suſtenance. Odd, I love to ſee a young Spendthrift forc'd to cling

to an old Woman for Support, like Ivy round a dead Oak: Faith I do; I love to ſee 'em hug and cotten together, like Down upon a Thiſtle.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] BEN LEGEND, *and Servant.*

BEN.

WHERE's Father?

SERVANT.

There, Sir, his Back's towards you.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

My Son *Ben*! Bleſs thee, my dear Boy; Body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

BEN.

Thank you, Father, and I'm glad to ſee you.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Ods-bud, and I'm glad to ſee thee: Kiſs me, Boy, kiſs me again and again, dear *Ben*. [*Kiſſes him.*

BEN.

BEN.

So, ſo, enough Father—Meſs, I'd rather kiſs theſe Gentlewomen.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

And ſo thou ſhalt — Mrs. *Angelica*, my Son *Ben*.

BEN.

Forſooth if you pleaſe — [*Salutes her.*] Nay, Miſtreſs, I'm not for dropping Anchor here; about Ship i'Faith —, [*Kiſſes* Frail.] Nay, and you too, my little Cock-Boat—ſo— [*Kiſſes Miſs.*

TATTLE.

Sir, you're welcome aſhore.

BEN.

Thank you, thank you, Friend.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Thou haſt been many a weary League, *Ben*, ſince I ſaw thee.

BEN.

Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an that be all—Well, Father, and how do all at Home? How does Brother *Dick*, and Brother *Val*?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Dick, Body o'me, *Dick* has been dead theſe two Years; I writ you Word, when you were at *Leghorn*.

BEN.

Meſs, that's true: Marry I had forgot. *Dick*'s dead as you ſay — Well, and how? I have a many Queſtions to aſk you; well, you ben't marry'd again, Father, be you?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

No, I intend you ſhall marry, *Ben*; I would not marry for thy Sake.

BEN.

Nay, what does that ſignify?—An you marry again——Why then, I'll go to Sea again, ſo there's one for t'other, an that be all — Pray don't let me be your Hindrance; e'en marry a God's Name an the Wind ſit that Way. As for my Part, mayhap I have no Mind to marry.

Mrs. FRAIL.

That wou'd be Pity, ſuch a handſome young Gentleman.

BEN.

BEN.

Handſome! he! he! he! nay forſooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my Jeſt, an the Ship were ſinking, as we ſay'n at Sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much ſtand towards Matrimony.' I love to roam about from Port to Port, and from Land to Land: I could never abide to be Port-bound, as we call it: Now a Man that is marry'd, has as it were, d'ye ſee, his Feet in the Bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Ben's a Wag.

BEN.

A Man that is married, d'ye ſee, is no more like another Man, than a Galley-Slave is like one of us free Sailors: He is chain'd to an Oar all his Life; and mayhap forc'd to tug a leaky Veſſel into the Bargain.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

A very Wag, *Ben*'s a very Wag; only a little rough, he wants a little poliſhing.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Not at all; I like his Humor mightily, it's plain and honeſt. I ſhou'd like ſuch a Humor in a Huſband extremely.

BEN.

Say'n you ſo forſooth? Marry and I ſhou'd like ſuch a handſome Gentlewoman for a Bedfellow hugely; how ſay you, Miſtreſs, wou'd you like going to Sea? Meſs, you're a tight Veſſel, and well rigg'd, an you were but as well mann'd.

Mrs. FRAIL.

I ſhou'd not doubt that, if you were Maſter of me.

BEN.

But I'll tell you one Thing; an you come to Sea in a high Wind, or that Lady—You mayn't carry ſo much Sail o'your Head—Top and Top-gallant, by the Meſs.

Mrs. FRAIL.

No, why ſo?

BEN.

Why an you do, you may run the Riſk

to

to be overſet, and then you'll carry your Keels above Water, he! he! he!

ANGELICA.

I ſwear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the verieſt Wag in Nature; an abſolute Sea-Wit.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Nay, *Ben* has Parts, but as I told you before, they want a little poliſhing: You muſt not take any Thing ill, Madam.

BEN.

No, I hope the Gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good Part: For if I give a Jeſt, I'll take a Jeſt: And ſo forſooth you may be as free with me.

ANGELICA.

I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended;—But methinks, Sir *Sampſon*, you ſhou'd leave him alone with his Miſtreſs. Mr. *Tattle*, we muſt not hinder Lovers.

TATTLE.

Well, Miſs, I have your Promiſe.

[*Aſide to Miſs.*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Body o'me, Madam, you ſay true:——

Look

Look you, *Ben;* this is your Miſtreſs —— Come Miſs, you muſt not be ſhame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miſs PRUE.

I can't abide to be left alone, may'nt my Couſin ſtay with me?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

No, no. Come, let's away.

BEN.

Look you; Father, mayhap the young Woman mayn't take a Liking to me.—

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

I warrant thee, Boy; come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

SCENE VII.

BEN, *Miſs* PRUE.

BEN.

COME Miſtreſs, will you pleaſe to ſit down? For an you ſtand aſtern a that'n, we ſhall never grapple together — Come, I'll haul a Chair; there, an you pleaſe to ſit, I'll ſit by you.

Miſs

Miſs PRUE.

You need not ſit ſo near one. If you have any Thing to ſay, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

BEN.

Why that's true, as you ſay, nor I an't dumb, I can be heard as far as another,—I'll heave off, to pleaſe you. [*Sits farther off.* An we were a League aſunder, I'd undertake to hold Diſcourſe with you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my Teeth. Look you forſooth, I am, as it were, bound for the Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage, d'ye ſee, that was none of my ſeeking, I was commanded by Father, and if you like of it, mayhap I may ſteer into your Harbor. How ſay you, Miſtreſs? The Short of the Thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to ſwing in a Hammoc together.

Miſs PRUE.

I don't know what to ſay to you, nor I don't care to ſpeak with you at all.

BEN.

BEN.

No! I'm ſorry for that.—But pray why are you ſo ſcornful?

Miſs PRUE.

As long as one muſt not ſpeak one's Mind, one had better not ſpeak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a Lie for the Matter.

BEN.

Nay, you ſay true in that, it's but a Folly to lie: For to ſpeak one Thing, and to think juſt the contrary Way; is, as it were, to look one Way, and to row another. Now, for my Part, d'ye ſee, I'm for carrying Things above Board, I'm not for keeping any Thing under Hatches, —— ſo that if you ben't as willing as I, ſay ſo a God's Name, there's no Harm done: Mayhap you may be ſhame-fac'd; ſome Maidens, tho' they love a Man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n ſo to's Face: If that's the Caſe, why Silence gives Conſent.

Miſs

Miſs PRUE.

But I'm ſure it is not ſo, for I'll ſpeak ſooner than you ſhould believe that; and I'll ſpeak Truth, tho' one ſhould always tell a Lie to a Man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipp'd, ſo I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: So, there's your Anſwer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly Thing.

BEN.

Look you, young Woman, you may learn to give good Words however. I ſpoke you fair, d'ye ſee, and civil. —— As for your Love or your Liking, I don't value it of a Rope's End; — And mayhap I like you as little as you do me:—What I ſaid was in Obedience to Father; Gad I fear a Whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one Thing, if you ſhou'd give ſuch Language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o' Nine Tails laid croſs your Shoulders. Fleſh! who are you? You heard t' other handſome young Woman ſpeak civilly to me,

me, of her own Accord: Whatever you think of yourſelf, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Can of Small Beer to a Bowl of Punch.

Miſs PRUE.

Well, and there's a handſome Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a ſweet Gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he ſees you ſpeak to me any more, he'll, thraſh your Jacket for you, he will, you great Sea-Calf.

BEN.

What, do you mean that Fair-Weather Spark that was here juſt now? Will he thraſh my Jacket?—Let'n,—let'n,—But an he comes near me, mayhap I may giv'n a ſalt Eel for's Supper, for all that. What does Father mean, to leave me alone, as ſoon as I come home, with ſuch a dirty Dowdy. — Sea-Calf! I an't Calf enough to lick your chalk'd Face, you Cheeſe-Curd you.—Marry thee! 'Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* Witch as ſoon, and live upon ſelling contrary Winds, and wreck'd Veſſels.

Miſs

Miſs PRUE.

I won't be call'd Names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, ſo I won't. —— If I were a Man—[*Cries.*]—you durſt not talk at this Rate —— No you durſt not, you ſtinking Tar-Barrel.

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

THEY have quarrell'd, juſt as we cou'd wiſh.

BEN.

Tar-Barrel! Let your Sweetheart there call me ſo, if he'll take your Part, your *Tom Eſſence,* and I'll ſay Something to him; Gad I'll lace his Muſk Doublet for him, I'll make him ſtink; he ſhall ſmell more like a Weaſel than a Civet-Cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Bleſs me, what's the Matter, Miſs? What, does

does ſhe cry? — Mr. *Benjamin,* what have you done to her?

BEN.

Let her cry: The more ſhe cries, the leſs ſhe'll ——ſhe has been gathering foul Weather in her Mouth, and now it rains out at her Eyes.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Come, Miſs, come along with me, and tell me, poor Child.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Lord, what ſhall we do? There's my Brother *Foreſight,* and Sir *Sampſon* coming. Siſter, do you take Miſs down into the Parlor, and I'll carry Mr. *Benjamin* into my Chamber, for they muſt not know that they are fall'n out.—Come, Sir, will you venture yourſelf with me?

[*Looking kindly on him.*

BEN.

Venture! Meſs, and that I will, tho' 'twere to Sea in a Storm.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, FORESIGHT.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

I Left 'em together here; what, are they gone? *Ben*'s a briſk Boy: He has got her into a Corner. Father's own Son, Faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her: The Rogue's ſharp ſet, coming from Sea; if he ſhould not ſtay for ſaying Grace, old *Foreſight*, but fall to without the Help of a Parſon, ha? Odd if he ſhould. I could not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A Chip of the old Block.* Ha! thou'rt melancholic, old Prognoſtication; as melancholic as if thou hadſt ſpilt the Salt, or pared thy Nails on a Sunday:——Come, chear up, look about thee: Look up, old Star-Gazer. Now is he poring upon the Ground for a crooked Pin, or an old Horſe-Nail, with the Head towards him.

FORESIGHT.

Sir *Sampſon,* we'll have the Wedding to Morrow Morning.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

With all my Heart.

FORESIGHT.

At ten o' Clock, punctually at ten.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

To a Minute, to a Second; thou ſhalt ſet thy Watch, and the Bridegroom ſhall obſerve its Motions; they ſhall be married to a Minute, go to Bed to a Minute; and when the Alarm ſtrikes, they ſhall keep Time like the Figures of St. *Dunſtan*'s Clock, and *Conſummatum eſt* ſhall ring all over the Pariſh——

SCENE X.

[*To them*] SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

SIR *Sampſon,* ſad News.

FORESIGHT.

Bleſs us! *Sir*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Why, what's the Matter?

SCANDAL.

Can't you gueſs at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any Thing elſe?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Body o'me, I don't know any Univerſal Grievance, but a new Tax, or the Loſs of the *Canary* Fleet. Unleſs Popery ſhou'd be landed in the *Weſt*, or the *French* Fleet were at Anchor at *Blackwall*.

SCANDAL.

No. Undoubtedly, Mr. *Foreſight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

FORESIGHT.

'Tis no Earthquake?

SCANDAL.

No, not yet; nor Whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to — But it has had a Conſequence already that touches us all.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Why, Body o'me, out with't.

SCANDAL.

Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine* — He's gone to Bed upon't, and very ill—— He ſpeaks little, yet he ſays he has a World to ſay. Aſks for his Father and the wiſe *Foreſight;* talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the Ghoſt of *Lilly*. He has Secrets to impart, I ſuppoſe, to you two. I can get Nothing out of him but Sighs. He deſires he may ſee you in the Morning, but would not be diſturb'd to Night, becauſe he has ſome Buſineſs to do in a Dream.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Hoity toity! what have I to do with his Dreams or his Divination — Body o'me, this is a Trick to defer ſigning the Conveyance. I warrant the Devil will tell him in a Dream, that he muſt not part with his Eſtate. But I'll bring him a Parſon to tell him, that the Devil's a Liar — Or if that won't do, I'll bring a Lawyer that ſhall out-lie the Devil: And ſo I'll try whether my Black-Guard or his ſhall get the better of the Day.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT.

SCANDAL.

ALAS, Mr. *Foreſight*, I'm afraid all is not right—You are a wiſe Man, and a conſcientious Man; a Searcher into Obſcurity and Futurity; and if you commit an Error, it is with a great Deal of Conſideration, and Diſcretion, and Caution—

FORESIGHT.

Ah, good Mr. *Scandal*.—

SCANDAL.

Nay, nay, 'tis manifeſt: I do not flatter you—But Sir *Sampſon* is haſty, very haſty; I'm afraid he is not ſcrupulous enough, Mr. *Foreſight* — He has been wicked, and Heav'n grant he may mean well in his Affair with you—but my Mind gives me, theſe Things cannot be wholly inſignificant. You are wiſe, and ſhou'd not be

over-reach'd, methinks you ſhou'd not—

FORESIGHT.

Alas, Mr. *Scandal,*—*Humanum eſt errare.*

SCANDAL.

You ſay true, Man will err; mere Man will err—but you are Something more—There have been wiſe Men; but they were ſuch as you——Men who conſulted the Stars, and were Obſervers of Omens——*Solomon* was wiſe, but how? by his Judgment in Aſtrology—So ſays *Pineda* in his Third Book and Eighth Chapter—

FORESIGHT.

You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal*—

SCANDAL.

A Trifler—but a Lover of Art—And the Wiſe Men of the *Eaſt* ow'd their Inſtruction to a Star, which is rightly obſerv'd by *Gregory* the Great in Favor of Aſtrology: And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the moſt valuable Science, Becauſe, ſays he, it teaches us to conſider the Cauſation of Cauſes, in the Cauſes of Things.

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

I proteſt I honor you, Mr. *Scandal*— I did not think you had been read in theſe Matters — Few young Men are inclin'd——

SCANDAL.

I thank my Stars that have inclined me — But I fear this Marriage and making over this Eſtate, this transferring of a rightful Inheritance, will bring Judgments upon us. I propheſy it, and I wou'd not have the Fate of *Caſſandra,* not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is diſturb'd, what can be the Cauſe of that? And Sir *Sampſon* is hurry'd on by an unuſual Violence—I fear he does not act wholly from himſelf; methinks he does not look as he uſed to do.

FORESIGHT.

He was always of an impetuous Nature— But as to this Marriage, I have conſulted the Stars; and all Appearances are proſperous—

SCANDAL.

Come, come, Mr. *Foreſight,* let not the

Proſpect of worldly Lucre carry you beyond your Judgment, nor againſt your Conſcience——You are not ſatisfy'd that you act juſtly.

FORESIGHT.

How!

SCANDAL.

You are not ſatisfy'd, I ſay—I am loth to diſcourage you—But it is palpable that you are not ſatisfy'd.

FORESIGHT.

How does it appear, Mr. *Scandal?* I think I am very well ſatisfy'd.

SCANDAL.

Either you ſuffer yourſelf to deceive yourſelf; or you do not know yourſelf.

FORESIGHT.

Pray explain yourſelf.

SCANDAL.

Do you ſleep well o'Nights?

FORESIGHT.

Very well.

SCANDAL.

Are you certain? You do not look ſo.

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

I am in Health, I think.

SCANDAL.

So was *Valentine* this Morning; and look'd juſt ſo.

FORESIGHT.

How! Am I alter'd any Way? I don't perceive it.

SCANDAL.

That may be, but your Beard is longer than it was two Hours ago.

FORESIGHT.

Indeed! bleſs me.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

HUSBAND, will you go to Bed? It's ten o'Clock. Mr. *Scandal,* your Servant.

SCANDAL.

Pox on her, ſhe has interrupted my Deſign

ſign — but I muſt work her into the Project.—You keep early Hours, Madam.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Mr. *Foreſight* is punctual, we ſit up after him.

FORESIGHT.

My Dear, pray lend me your Glaſs, your little Looking-glaſs.

SCANDAL.

Pray lend it him, Madam—I'll tell you the Reaſon. [*She gives him the Glaſs.* Scandal *and ſhe whiſper.*] My Paſſion for you is grown ſo violent — that I am no longer Maſter of myſelf—I was interrupted in the Morning, when you had Charity enough to give me your Attention, and I had Hopes of finding another Opportunity of explaining myſelf to you — but was diſappointed all this Day; and the Uneaſineſs that has attended me ever ſince, brings me now hither at this unſeaſonable Hour—

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Was there ever ſuch Impudence, to make

make Love to me before my Huſband's Face? I'll ſwear I'll tell him.

SCANDAL.

Do, I'll die a Martyr, rather than diſclaim my Paſſion. But come a little farther this Way, and I'll tell you what Project I had to get him out of the Way; that I might have an Opportunity of waiting upon you. [*Whiſper.*

[Foreſight *looking in the Glaſs.*

FORESIGHT.

I do not ſee any Revolution here;—Methinks I look with a ſerene and benign Aſpect—pale, a little pale—but the Roſes of theſe Cheeks have been gather'd many Years;——ha! I do not like that ſudden Fluſhing——Gone already!—hem! hem! hem! faintiſh. My Heart is pretty good; yet it beats; and my Pulſes, ha!—I have none—Mercy on me—hum—Yes, here they are—Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! Whither will they hurry me?—Now they're gone again,—And now I'm faint again; and pale again,

and

and—hem! and my—hem!—breath, hem —grows ſhort; hem! hem!, he, he, hem!

SCANDAL.

It takes, purſue it in the Name of Love and Pleaſure.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

How do you do, Mr. *Foreſight?*

FORESIGHT.

Hum, not ſo well as I thought I was. Lend me your Hand.

SCANDAL.

Look you there now—Your Lady ſays, your Sleep has been unquiet of late.

FORESIGHT.

Very likely.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

O mighty reſtleſs, but I was afraid to tell him ſo,—He has been ſubject to talking and ſtarting.

SCANDAL.

And did not uſe to be ſo?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Never, never; 'till within theſe three Nights; I cannot ſay, that he has once broken

broken my Reſt, ſince we have been married.

FORESIGHT.

I will go to Bed.

SCANDAL.

Do ſo, Mr. *Foreſight,* and ſay your Prayers——He looks better than he did.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Nurſe! Nurſe!

FORESIGHT.

Do you think ſo, Mr. *Scandal?*

SCANDAL.

Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by Morning, taking it in Time. ——

FORESIGHT.

I hope ſo.

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] NURSE.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

NURSE, your Maſter is not well; put him to Bed.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

I hope you will be able to ſee *Valentine* in the Morning, —— you had beſt take a little Diacodion and Cowſlip-Water, and lie upon your Back, may be you may dream.

FORESIGHT.

I thank you, Mr. *Scandal,* I will—Nurſe, let me have a Watch-Light, and lay the Crumbs of Comfort by me.——

NURSE.

Yes, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

And—hem! hem! I am very faint.—

SCANDAL.

No, no, you look much better.

FORESIGHT.

Do I? And d'ye hear —— bring me, let me ſee—within a Quarter of Twelve—hem—he! hem!—juſt upon the Turning of the Tide, bring me the Urinal; — And I hope neither the Lord of my Aſcendant, nor the Moon, will be combuſt; and then I may do well.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

I hope ſo——Leave that to me; I will erect a Scheme; and I hope I ſhall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the ſixth Houſe.

FORESIGHT.

I thank you, Mr. *Scandal;* indeed that would be a great Comfort to me. Hem! hem! good Night.

SCENE XIV.

SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

SCANDAL.

GOOD Night, good Mr. *Foreſight;*—and I hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in Conjunction;—while your Wife and I are together.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Well; and what Uſe do you hope to make of this Project? You don't think, that you are ever like to ſucceed in your Deſign upon me.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

Yes, Faith I do; I have a better Opinion both of you and myſelf, than to deſpair.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Did you ever hear ſuch a Toad — hark ye, Devil; do you think any Woman honeſt?

SCANDAL.

Yes, ſeveral, very honeſt;—they'll cheat a little at Cards, ſometimes, but that's Nothing.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Pſhaw! but virtuous, I mean.

SCANDAL.

Yes, Faith, I believe ſome Women are virtuous too; but 'tis as I believe ſome Men are valiant, thro' Fear—— For why ſhou'd a Man court Danger, or a Woman ſhun Pleaſure.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

O monſtrous! What are Conſcience and Honor?

SCANDAL.

Why, Honor is a public Enemy; and Conſcience a domeſtic Thief; and he that wou'd ſecure his Pleaſure, muſt pay a Tribute to one, and go Halves with t'other. As for Honor, that you have ſecur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual Opportunity for Pleaſure.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

An Opportunity for Pleaſure?

SCANDAL.

Ay, your Huſband, a Huſband is an Opportunity for Pleaſure; ſo you have taken Care of Honor, and 'tis the leaſt I can do to take Care of Conſcience.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

And ſo you think we are free for one another?

SCANDAL.

Yes, Faith, I think ſo; I love to ſpeak my Mind.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Why then I'll ſpeak my Mind. Now as to this Affair betweeen you and me.

Here you make Love to me; why, I'll confeſs it does not diſpleaſe me. Your Perſon is well enough, and your Underſtanding is not amiſs.

SCANDAL.

I have no great Opinion of myſelf; but I think, I'm neither deform'd, nor a Fool.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

But you have a villanous Character; you are a Libertine in Speech, as well as Practice.

SCANDAL.

Come, I know what you wou'd ſay, — you think it more dangerous to be ſeen in Converſation with me, than to allow ſome other Men the laſt Favor: You miſtake; the Liberty I take in talking, is purely affected, for the Service of your Sex. He that firſt cries out Stop Thief, is often he that has ſtol'n the Treaſure. I am a Juggler, that act by Confederacy; and if you pleaſe, we'll put a Trick upon the World.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Ay; but you are ſuch an univerſal Jug-

gler,

gler,——that I'm afraid you have a great many Confederates.

SCANDAL.

Faith, I'm found.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

O, fy — I'll ſwear you're impudent.

SCANDAL.

I'll ſwear you're handſome.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Piſh, you'd tell me ſo; tho' you did not think ſo.

SCANDAL.

And you'd think ſo, tho' I ſhou'd not tell you ſo: And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

O Lord, who's here?

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FRAIL, BEN.

BEN.

MESS, I love to ſpeak my Mind — Father has Nothing to do with me—

Nay, I can't ſay that, neither; he has Something to do with me. But what does that ſignify? If ſo be that I ben't minded to be ſteer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he ſhould ſtrive againſt Wind and Tide.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Ay, but my Dear, we muſt keep it ſecret, 'till the Eſtate be ſettled; for you know, marrying without an Eſtate, is like ſailing in a Ship without Ballaſt.

BEN.

He! he! he! why that's true; juſt ſo for all the World, it is indeed, as like as two Cable Ropes.

Mrs. FRAIL.

And tho' I have a good Portion; you know one wou'd not venture all in one Bottom.

BEN.

Why that's true again; for mayhap one Bottom may ſpring a Leak. You have hit it indeed, Meſs you've nick'd the Channel.

Mrs.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Well, but if you ſhou'd forſake me after all, you'd break my Heart.

BEN.

Break your Heart! I'd rather the *Marigold* ſhou'd break her Cable in a Storm, as well as I love her. Fleſh, you don't think I'm falſe-hearted, like a Land-Man? A Sailor will be honeſt, tho'ſ mayhap he has never a Peny of Money in his Pocket — Mayhap I may not have ſo fair a Face, as a Citizen or a Courtier; but for all that, I've as good Blood in my Veins, and a Heart as ſound as a Biſcuit.

Mrs. FRAIL.

And will you love me always?

BEN.

Nay, an I love once, I'll ſtick like Pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll ſing you a Song of a Sailor.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Hold, there's my Siſter, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Well; I won't go to Bed to my Husband to Night; becauſe I'll retire to my own Chamber, and think of what you have ſaid.

SCANDAL.

Well; you'll give me Leave to wait upon you to your Chamber Door; and leave you my laſt Inſtructions?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Hold, here's my Siſter coming towards us.

Mrs. FRAIL.

If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a Song.

BEN.

The Song was made upon one of our Ship's Crew's Wife; our Boatſwain made the Song, mayhap you may know her, Sir. Before ſhe was marry'd, ſhe was call'd Buxom *Joan* of *Deptford.*

SCANDAL.

I have heard of her. [Ben ſings.

BALLAD.

BALLAD.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

I.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a Tailor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was Buxom Joan,
For now the Time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lie o' Nights alone.

II.

The Soldier ſwore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And ſhow'd her many a Scar, Sir,
That he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her Sake.
The Tailor thought to pleaſe her,
With off'ring her his Meaſure;

The Tinker too, with Mettle,
Said he could mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Sailor ſlily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhould all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his Part.
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
That won this fair Maid's Heart.

BEN.

If ſome of our Crew that came to ſee me, are not gone; you ſhall ſee, that we Sailors can dance ſometimes, as well as other Folks. [*Whiſtles.*] I warrant that brings 'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

Oh here they be —— And Fiddles along with

with 'em: Come, my Lads, let's have a Round, and I'll make one. [*Dance.*

BEN.

We're merry Folks, we Sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at Sea; eat Biſcuit, and drink Flip; put on a clean Shirt once a Quarter——Come home, and lie with our Landladies once a Year, get rid of a little Money; and then put off with the next fair Wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. FRAIL.

O, you are the happieſt, merrieſt Men alive.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

We're beholden to Mr. *Benjamin* for this Entertainment. — I believe it's late.

BEN.

Why, forſooth, an you think ſo, you had beſt go to Bed: For my Part, I mean to toſs a Can, and remember my Sweetheart, afore I turn in; mayhap I may dream of her.

Mrs.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Mr. *Scandal,* you had beſt go to Bed and dream too.

SCANDAL.

Why, Faith, I have a good lively Imagination; and can dream as much to the Purpoſe as another, if I ſet about it: But dreaming is the poor Retreat of a lazy, hopeleſs, and imperfect Lover; 'tis the laſt Glimpſe of Love to worn-out Sinners, and the faint Dawning of a Bliſs to wiſhing Girls, and growing Boys.

There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make bleſt the ripen'd Maid and finiſh'd Man.

End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VALENTINE's *Lodging.*

SCANDAL, JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

WELL, is your Maſter ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

JEREMY.

Yes, Sir; you need make no great Doubt of that; he that was ſo near turning Poet Yeſterday Morning, can't be much to ſeek in playing the Madman to Day.

SCANDAL.

Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the Reaſon of his Deſign?

JEREMY.

No, Sir, not yet; —— He has a Mind to try, whether his playing the Madman, won't make her play the Fool, and fall in Love with him; or at leaſt own, that ſhe has lov'd him all this While, and conceal'd it.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

I ſaw her take Coach juſt now with her Maid; and think I heard her bid the Coachman drive hither.

JEREMY.

Like enough, Sir, for I told her Maid this Morning, my Maſter was run ſtark mad only for Love of her Miſtreſs; I hear a Coach ſtop; if it ſhould be ſhe, Sir, I believe he would not ſee her, 'till he hears how ſhe takes it.

SCANDAL.

Well, I'll try her —— 'tis ſhe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] ANGELICA *with* JENNY.

ANGELICA.

MR. *Scandal,* I ſuppoſe you don't think it a Novelty, to ſee a Woman viſit a Man at his own Lodgings in a Morning?

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

Not upon a kind Occaſion, Madam. But when a Lady comes tyrannically to inſult a ruin'd Lover, and make manifeſt the cruel Triumphs of her Beauty; the Barbarity of it Something ſurpriſes me.

ANGELICA.

I don't like Rallery from a ſerious Face—pray tell me what is the Matter?

JEREMY.

No ſtrange Matter, Madam; my Maſter's mad, that's all: I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip has thought him ſo a great While.

ANGELICA.

How d'ye mean, mad?

JEREMY.

Why Faith, Madam, he's mad for want of his Wits, juſt as he was poor for want of Money; his Head is e'en as light as his Pockets; and any Body that has a Mind to a bad Bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his Eſtate.

ANGELICA.

If you ſpeak Truth, your endeavouring at Wit is very unſeaſonable— SCAN-

SCANDAL.

She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aſide.*

ANGELICA.

Mr. *Scandal,* you can't think me guilty of ſo much Inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a Man I muſt own myſelf oblig'd to—pray tell me the Truth.

SCANDAL.

Faith, Madam, I wiſh telling a Lie would mend the Matter. But this is no new Effect of an unſucceſsful Paſſion.

ANGELICA. [*Aſide.*]

I know not what to think—Yet I ſhou'd be vext to have a Trick put upon me—May I not ſee him?

SCANDAL.

I'm afraid the Phyſician is not willing you ſhou'd ſee him yet—*Jeremy,* go in and enquire.

SCENE

SCENE III.

SCANDAL, ANGELICA, JENNY.

ANGELICA.

HA! I ſaw him wink and ſmile — I fancy 'tis a Trick—I'll try—I would diſguiſe to all the World a Failing, which I muſt own to you—I fear my Happineſs depends upon the Recovery of *Valentine*. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his Friend, and as you have Compaſſion upon one fearful of Affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for—I cannot ſpeak—But you may tell me, for you know what I wou'd aſk?

SCANDAL.

So, this is pretty plain —— Be not too much concerned, Madam; I hope his Condition is not deſperate: An Acknowledgment of Love from you, perhaps, may work a Cure; as the Fear of your Averſion occaſion'd his Diſtemper.

ANGE-

ANGELICA. [*Aſide.*]

Say you ſo, nay then I'm convinc'd: And if I don't play Trick for Trick, may I never taſte the Pleaſure of Revenge——— Acknowledgment of Love! I find you have miſtaken my Compaſſion, and think me guilty of a Weakneſs I am a Stranger to. But I have too much Sincerity to deceive you, and too much Charity to ſuffer him to be deluded with vain Hopes. Good Nature and Humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my Power nor Inclination; and if he can't be cur'd without I ſuck the Poiſon from his Wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his Senſes 'till I loſe mine.

SCANDAL.

Hey, brave Women, i'Faith—Won't you ſee him then, if he deſire it?

ANGELICA.

What ſignify a Madman's Deſires! Beſides, 'twou'd make me uneaſy—If I don't ſee him, perhaps my Concern for him may leſſen—If I forget him, 'tis no more than

than he has done by himſelf; and now the Surpriſe is over, methinks I am not half ſo ſorry as I was—

SCANDAL.

So, Faith good Nature works apace; you were confeſſing juſt now an Obligation to his Love.

ANGELICA.

But I have conſider'd that Paſſions are unreaſonable and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a Man, or I my being a Woman; or no more than I can help my Want of Inclination to ſtay longer here—Come, *Jenny*.

SCENE IV.

SCANDAL, JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

HUMPH!—An admirable Compoſition, Faith, this ſame Womankind.

JEREMY.

What, is ſhe gone, Sir?

SCANDAL.

Gone! Why ſhe was never here, nor any where elſe; nor I don't know her if I ſee her; nor you neither.

JEREMY.

Good lack! What's the Matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, Sir, my Maſter longs to ſee her; and is almoſt mad in good Earneſt, with the joyful News of her being here.

SCANDAL.

We are all under a Miſtake—— Aſk no Queſtions, for I can't reſolve you; but I'll inform your Maſter. In the mean Time, if our Project ſucceeds no better with his Father, than it does with his Miſtreſs, he may deſcend from his Exaltation of Madneſs into the Road of Common Senſe, and be content only to be made a Fool with other reaſonable People. I hear Sir *Sampſon*. You know your Cue; I'll to your Maſter.

SCENE

SCENE V.

JEREMY, *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND, *with a* LAWYER.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

D'YE ſee, Mr. *Buckram,* here's the Paper ſign'd with his own Hand.

BUCKRAM.

Good, Sir. And the Conveyance is ready drawn in this Box, if he be ready to ſign and ſeal.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Ready! Body o'me, he muſt be ready: His Sham-Sickneſs ſhan't excuſe him—O, here's his Scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your Maſter?

JEREMY.

Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Gone! What, he is not dead?

JEREMY.

No, Sir, not dead.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

What, is he gone out of Town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? Speak, Varlet.

JEREMY.

No, no, Sir, he's ſafe enough, Sir, an he were but as ſound, poor Gentleman. He is, indeed, here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Hey-day, Raſcal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me? — Speak, Sirrah, where is he? for I will find him.

JEREMY.

Would you could, Sir; for he has loſt himſelf. Indeed, Sir, I have almoſt broke my Heart about him — I can't refrain Tears when I think of him, Sir: I'm as melancholy for him as a Paſſing-Bell, Sir; or a Horſe in a Pound.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

A Pox confound your Similitudes, Sir —Speak to be underſtood, and tell me in plain Terms what the Matter is with him, or I'll crack your Fool's Scull.

JEREMY.

JEREMY.

Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the Matter with him, Sir; his Scull's crack'd, poor Gentleman; he's ſtark mad, Sir.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Mad!

BUCKRAM.

What, is he *Non Compos?*

JEREMY.

Quite *Non Compos,* Sir.

BUCKRAM.

Why then all's obliterated, Sir, *Sampſon,* if he be *Non Compos mentis,* his Act and Deed will be of no Effect, it is not good in Law.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Oons, I won't believe it; let me ſee him, Sir — Mad! I'll make him find his Senſes.

JEREMY.

Mr. *Scandal* is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the Door.

Goes to the Scene, which opens.

SCENE VI.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY, *and* LAWYER.

(Valentine *upon a Couch diſorderly dreſs'd.*)

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

HOW now, what's here to do?

VALENTINE.

Ha! Who's that? [*Starting.*

SCANDAL.

For Heav'n's Sake, ſoftly, Sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

VALENTINE.

Anſwer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Gads-bobs, does he not know me? Is he miſchievous? I'll ſpeak gently — *Val, Val,* doſt thou not know me, Boy? Not know thy own Father, *Val!* I am thy own Father, and this is honeſt *Brief Buckram* the Lawyer.

VALENTINE.

It may be ſo — I did not know you — the

the World is full—There are People that we do know, and People that we do not know; and yet the Sun ſhines upon all alike—There are Fathers that have many Children; and there are Children that have many Fathers—'Tis ſtrange! But I am Truth, and come to give the World the Lie.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Body o'me, I know not what to ſay to him.

VALENTINE.

Why does that Lawyer wear black?—Does he carry his Conſcience without-ſide?—Lawyer, what art thou? Doſt thou know me?

BUCKRAM.

O Lord, what muſt I ſay?—Yes, Sir.

VALENTINE.

Thou lieſt, for I am Truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a Livelihood amongſt you. I have been ſworn out of *Weſtminſter-Hall* the firſt Day of every Term—Let me ſee—No Matter how long—But I'll tell you one

Thing; it's a Queſtion that would puzzle an Arithmetician, if you ſhould aſk him, Whether the Bible ſaves more Souls in *Weſtminſter-Abbey,* or damns more in *Weſtminſter-Hall:* For my Part, I am Truth, and can't tell; I have very few Acquaintance.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Body o'me, he talks ſenſibly in his Madneſs—Has he no Intervals?

JEREMY.

Very ſhort, Sir.

BUCKRAM.

Sir, I can do you no Service while he's in this Condition: Here's your Paper, Sir—He may do me a Miſchief if I ſtay—The Conveyance is ready, Sir, if he recover his Senſes.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

HOLD, hold, don't you go yet.

SCANDAL.

You'd better let him go, Sir; and ſend for him if there be Occaſion; for I fancy his Preſence provokes him more.

VALENTINE.

Is the Lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the Ears—Heigh-ho! What o'Clock is't? My Father here! Your Bleſſing, Sir?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

He recovers—bleſs thee, *Val.*—How doſt thou do, Boy?

VALENTINE.

Thank you, Sir, pretty well — I have been a little out of Order; won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

Sir

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Ay, Boy, — Come, thou ſhalt ſit down by me.

VALENTINE.

Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

No, no, come, come, ſit thee down, honeſt *Val:* How doſt thou do? Let me feel thy Pulſe—Oh, pretty well now, *Val:* Body o'me, I was ſorry to ſee thee indiſpoſed: But I'm glad thou art better, honeſt *Val.*

VALENTINE.

I thank you, Sir.

SCANDAL.

Miracle! The Monſter grows loving.

[*Aſide.*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Let me feel thy Hand again, *Val?* It does not ſhake—I believe thou canſt write, *Val:* Ha, Boy? thou canſt write thy Name, *Val?* — *Jeremy,* ſtep and overtake Mr. *Buckram,* bid him make Haſte back with the Conveyance—quick—quick.

[*In Whiſper to* Jeremy.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, VALENTINE, *and* SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

THAT, ever I ſhou'd ſuſpect ſuch a Heathen of any Remorſe! [*Aſide.*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Doſt thou know this Paper, *Val?* I know thou'rt honeſt, and wilt perform Articles.

[*Shows him the Paper, but holds it out of his Reach.*

VALENTINE.

Pray let me ſee it, Sir? You hold it ſo far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

See it, Boy? Ay, ay, why thou doſt ſee it — 'tis thy own Hand, *Vally.* Why, let me ſee, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*Reads.*] *The Condition of this Obligation*

Obligation —— Look you, as plain as can be, ſo it begins—And then at the Bottom —*As witneſs my Hand,* VALENTINE LEGEND, in great Letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the Noſe in one's Face: What, are my Eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet — let me ſee. [*Stretches his Arm as far as he can.*

VALENTINE.

Will you pleaſe to let me hold it, Sir?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Let thee hold it, ſay'ſt thou?—Ay, with all my Heart —— What Matter is it who holds it? What need any Body hold it? —I'll put it up in my Pocket, *Val,* and then no Body need hold it. [*Puts the Paper in his Pocket.*] There, *Val,* it's ſafe enough, Boy — But thou ſhalt have it as ſoon as thou haſt ſet thy Hand to another Paper, little *Val.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] JEREMY *with* BUCKRAM.

VALENTINE.

WHAT, is my bad Genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the Lawyer with an itching Palm; and he's come to be ſcratch'd —— My Nails are not long enough — Let me have a Pair of red-hot Tongs, quickly, quickly, and you ſhall ſee me act St. *Dunſtan,* and lead the Devil by the Noſe.

BUCKRAM.

O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture myſelf with a Madman.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

VALENTINE.

HA! ha! ha! you need not run ſo faſt, Honeſty will not overtake you—Ha! ha! ha! the Rogue found me out to be *in Forma Pauperis* preſently.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Oons! What a Vexation is here! I know not what to do, or ſay, nor which Way to go.

VALENTINE.

Who's that, that's out of his Way?—I am Truth, and can ſet him right——Harkee, Friend, the ſtraight Road is the worſt Way you can go—He that follows his Noſe always, will very often be led into a Stink. *Probatum eſt.* But what are you for? Religion or Politics? There's a couple of Topics for you, no more like one another

ther than Oil and Vinegar; and yet thoſe two beaten together by a State-Cook, make Sauce for the whole Nation.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

What the Devil had I to do, ever to beget Sons? Why did I ever marry?

VALENTINE.

Becauſe thou wert a Monſter, old Boy. The two greateſt Monſters in the World, are a Man and a Woman. What's thy Opinion?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Why, my Opinion is, that thoſe two Monſters join'd together, make yet a greater; that's a Man and his Wife.

VALENTINE.

A ha! Old True-penny; ſay'ſt thou ſo? Thou haſt nick'd it — But it's wonderful ſtrange, *Jeremy*.

JEREMY.

What is, Sir?

VALENTINE.

That gray Hairs ſhou'd cover a green Head — and I make a Fool of my Father.

What's

What's here? *Erra Pater,* or a bearded Sybil? If Prophecy comes, Truth muſt give Place.

SCENE XI.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

FORESIGHT.

WHAT ſays he? What, did he prophesy? Ha, Sir *Sampſon,* bleſs us! How are we?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Are we! A Pox o'your Prognoſtication—Why, we are Fools as we uſe to be —— Oons, that you cou'd not foreſee, that the Moon wou'd predominate, and my Son be mad—Where's your Oppoſitions, your Trines, and your Quadrates?—What did your *Cardan* and your *Ptolome* tell you? Your *Meſſahalah* and your *Longomontanus,* your Harmony of Chiromancy with Aſtrology? Ah! Pox on't, that I, that know the World, and Men and Manners, that don't believe

believe a Syllable in the Sky and Stars, and Sun and Almanacs, and Traſh, ſhould be directed by a Dreamer, an Omen-hunter, and defer Buſineſs in Expectation of a lucky Hour: When, Body o'me, there never was a lucky Hour after the firſt Opportunity.

SCENE XII.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

FORESIGHT.

AH, Sir *Sampſon,* Heav'n help your Head — This is none of your lucky Hour: *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.* What, is he gone, and in Contempt of Science? Ill Stars, and unconvertible Ignorance attend him.

SCANDAL.

You muſt excuſe his Paſſion, Mr. *Foreſight*; for he has been heartily vex'd —— His Son is *Non compos mentis,* and thereby incapable of making any Conveyance in Law; ſo that all his Meaſures are diſappointed.

FORESIGHT.

Ha! ſay you ſo?

Mrs. FRAIL.

What, has my Sea-Lover loſt his Anchor of Hope then?

[*Aſide to Mrs.* Foreſight.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Oh Siſter, what will you do with him?

Mrs. FRAIL.

Do with him! Send him to Sea again in the next foul Weather——He's us'd to an inconſtant Element, and won't be ſurpris'd to ſee the Tide turn'd.

FORESIGHT.

Wherein was I miſtaken, not to foreſee this? [*Conſiders.*

SCANDAL.

Madam, you and I can tell him Something elſe, that he did not foreſee, and more particularly relating to his own Fortune. [*Aſide to Mrs.* Foreſight.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

What do you mean? I don't underſtand you.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

Huſh, ſoftly——the Pleaſures of laſt Night, my Dear, too conſiderable to be forgot ſo ſoon.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Laſt Night! And what wou'd your Impudence infer from laſt Night? Laſt Night was like the Night before, I think.

SCANDAL.

'Sdeath, do you make no Difference between me and your Huſband?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Not much, —— he's ſuperſtitious; and you are mad, in my Opinion.

SCANDAL.

You make me mad — You are not ſerious—Pray recollect yourſelf.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent, — and would have come to Bed to me.

SCANDAL.

And did not?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Did not! With what Face can you aſk the Queſtion?

SCANDAL.

This I have heard of before, but never believ'd. I have been told, ſhe had that admirable Quality of forgetting to a Man's Face in the Morning; that ſhe had lain with him all Night, and denying that ſhe had done Favors, with more Impudence than ſhe cou'd grant 'em——Madam, I'm your humble Servant, and honor you.—You look pretty well, Mr. *Foreſight.*—How did you reſt laſt Night?

FORESIGHT.

Truly, Mr. *Scandal,* I was ſo taken up with broken Dreams and diſtracted Viſions, that I remember little.

SCANDAL.

'Twas a very forgetting Night.——But would you not talk with *Valentine?* Perhaps you may underſtand him; I'm apt to believe, there is Something myſterious in his Diſcourſes, and ſometimes rather think him inſpir'd than mad.

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

You ſpeak with ſingular good Judgment, Mr. *Scandal,* truly, —— I am inclining to your *Turkiſh* Opinion in this Matter, and do reverence a Man whom the Vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Siſter, do you ſtay with them; I'll find out my Lover, and give him his Diſcharge, and come to you. O'my Conſcience here he comes.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. FRAIL, BEN.

BEN.

ALL mad, I think—Fleſh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the Sea are come aſhore, for my Part.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Mr. *Benjamin* in Choler!

BEN.

No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I

have found you,—Meſs, I have had ſuch a Hurricane upon your Account yonder.—

Mrs. FRAIL.

My Account! Pray what's the Matter?

BEN.

Why, Father came and found me ſquabbling with yon chitty-fac'd Thing, as he would have me marry,——ſo he aſk'd me what was the Matter.—He aſk'd in a ſurly Sort of a Way — (It ſeems Brother *Val* is gone mad, and ſo that put'n into a Paſſion; but what did I know that, what's that to me?)—So he aſk'd in a ſurly Sort of Manner, — and Gad I anſwered 'en as ſurlily. What, tho'f he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en:—So, Faith, I told'n in plain Terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to pleaſe myſelf, not him: And for the young Woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her Sampler, and make Dirt-Pies, than to look after a Huſband; for my Part, I was none of her Man — I had another Voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs.

Mrs. FRAIL.

So then, you intend to go to Sea again?

BEN.

Nay, nay, my Mind run upon you, — but I would not tell him ſo much—So he ſaid he'd make my Heart ache; and if ſo be that he cou'd get a Woman to his Mind, he'd marry himſelf. Gad, ſays I, an you play the Fool and marry at theſe Years, there's more Danger of your Head's aching than my Heart.—He was woundy angry when I gav'n that Wipe.——He had'nt a Word to ſay, and ſo I left'n and the green Girl together; mayhap the Bee may bite, and he'll marry her himſelf; with all my Heart.

Mrs. FRAIL.

And were you this undutiful and graceleſs Wretch to your Father?

BEN.

Then why was he graceleſs firſt?—— If I am undutiful and graceleſs, why did he beget me ſo? I did not get myſelf.

Mrs. FRAIL.

O Impiety! How have I been miſtaken! What an inhuman mercileſs Creature have I ſet my Heart upon! O I am happy to have diſcover'd the Shelves and Quickſands that lurk beneath that faithleſs ſmiling Face.

BEN.

Hey toſs! What's the Matter now? Why you ben't angry, be you?

Mrs. FRAIL.

O ſee me no more,—for thou wert born amongſt Rocks, ſuckled by Whales, cradled in a Tempeſt, and whiſtled to by Winds; and thou art come forth with Fins and Scales, and three Rows of Teeth, a moſt outrageous Fiſh of Prey.

BEN.

O Lord, O Lord, ſhe's mad, poor young Woman, Love has turn'd her Senſes, her Brain is quite overſet! Well-a-day, how ſhall I do to ſet her to Rights!

Mrs. FRAIL.

No, no, I am not mad, Monſter, I am wife

wife enough to find you out.—Hadſt thou the Impudence to aſpire at being a Huſband with that ſtubborn and diſobedient Temper?——You, that know not how to ſubmit to a Father, preſume to have a ſufficient Stock of Duty to undergo a Wife? I ſhould have been finely fobb'd indeed, very finely fobb'd.

BEN.

Hark ye, forſooth; if ſo be that you are in your right Senſes, d'ye ſee; for aught as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobb'd,—if I have got Anger here upon your Account, and you are tack'd about already.——What d'ye mean, after all your fair Speeches, and ſtroking my Cheeks, and kiſſing and hugging, what wou'd you ſheer off ſo? Wou'd you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. FRAIL.

No, I'll leave you adrift, and go which Way you will.

BEN.

What, are you falſe-hearted then?

Mrs.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Only the Wind's chang'd.

BEN.

More Shame for you —— The Wind's chang'd!——It's an ill Wind that blows no Body good,——mayhap I have a good Riddance on you, if theſe be your Tricks. — What did you mean all this While, to make a Fool of me?

Mrs. FRAIL.

Any Fool, but a Huſband.

BEN.

Huſband! Gad I wou'd not be your Huſband, if you wou'd have me, now I know your Mind, tho'f you had your Weight in Gold and Jewels, and tho'f I lov'd you never ſo well.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Why, canſt thou love, *Porpus?*

BEN.

No matter what I can do; don't call Names,——I don't love you ſo well as to bear that, whatever I did, — I'm glad you ſhow yourſelf, Miſtreſs:—Let them marry you

you, as don't know you: — Gad, I know you too well, by ſad Experience; I believe he that marries you will go to Sea in a Hen-peck'd Frigate —— I believe that, young Woman — and mayhap may come to an Anchor at *Cuckold's-Point;* ſo there's a Daſh for you, take it as you will, mayhap you may holla after me when I won't come to.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Ha! ha! ha! no Doubt on't ——

My true Love is gone to Sea—— [*Sings.*

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. FRAIL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Mrs. FRAIL.

O Siſter, had you come a Minute ſooner, you would have ſeen the Reſolution of a Lover, —— Honeſt *Tar* and I are parted; — and with the ſame Indifference that we met: —— O my Life I am half vex'd at the Inſenſibility of a Brute that I deſpis'd.

Mrs.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

What then, he bore it moſt heroically?

Mrs. FRAIL.

Moſt tyrannically, —— for you ſee he has got the Start of me; and I the poor forſaken Maid am left complaining on the Shore. But I'll tell you a Hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampſon* is enraged, and talks deſperately of committing Matrimony himſelf.—If he has a Mind to throw himſelf away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Oh hang him, old Fox, he's too cunning, beſides, he hates both you and me.—But I have a Project in my Head for you, and I have gone a good Way towards it. I have almoſt made a Bargain with *Jeremy*, *Valentine*'s Man, to ſell his Maſter to us.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Sell him! how?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Valentine raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her, and *Jeremy* ſays will take any Body

Body for her that he impoſes on him — Now I have promiſed him Mountains, if in one of his mad Fits he will bring you to him in her Stead, and get you marry'd together, and put to Bed together; and after Conſummation, Girl, there's no revoking. And if he ſhould recover his Senſes, he'll be glad at leaſt to make you a good Settlement—Here they come; ſtand aſide a little, and tell me how you like the Deſign.

SCENE XV.

Mrs. FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL, SCANDAL, VALENTINE, FORESIGHT, JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

AND have you given your Maſter a Hint of their Plot upon him?

[*To* Jeremy.

JEREMY.

Yes, Sir; he ſays he'll favor it, and miſtake her for *Angelica*.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

It may make us Sport.

FORESIGHT.

Mercy on us!

VALENTINE.

Huſht—Interrupt me not—I'll whiſper Prediction to thee, and thou ſhalt propheſy; —I am Truth, and can teach thy Tongue a new Trick, —— I have told thee what's paſt, — Now I'll tell what's to come;—— Doſt thou know what will happen to Morrow? — Anſwer me not — for I will tell thee. To Morrow, Knaves will thrive thro' Craft, and Fools thro' Fortune; and Honeſty will go as it did, Froſt-nipt in a Summer Suit. Aſk me Queſtions concerning to Morrow?

SCANDAL.

Aſk him, Mr. *Foreſight.*

FORESIGHT.

Pray what will be done at Court?

VALENTINE.

Scandal will tell you; — I am Truth, I never come there.

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

In the City?

VALENTINE.

Oh, Prayers will be ſaid in empty Churches, at the uſual Hours. Yet you will ſee ſuch zealous Faces behind Counters, as if Religion were to be ſold in every Shop. Oh, Things will go methodically in the City, the Clocks will ſtrike Twelve at Noon, and the horn'd Herd buzz in the Exchange at two. Huſbands and Wives will drive diſtinct Trades, and Care and Pleaſure ſeparately occupy the Family. Coffee-Houſes will be full of Smoke and Stratagem. And the cropt Prentice, that ſweeps his Maſter's Shop in the Morning, may ten to one dirty his Sheets before Night. But there are two Things that you will ſee very ſtrange; which are, wanton Wives, with their Legs at Liberty, and tame Cuckolds, with Chains about their Necks. But hold, I muſt examine you before I go further; you look ſuſpiciouſly. Are you a Huſband?

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

I am married.

VALENTINE.

Poor Creature! Is your Wife of *Covent-Garden* Pariſh?

FORESIGHT.

No; St. *Martin*'s in the Fields.

VALENTINE.

Alas, poor Man! his Eyes are ſunk, and his Hands ſhrivell'd; his Legs dwindled, and his Back bow'd: Pray, pray, for a Metamorphoſis —— Change thy Shape, and ſhake off Age; get thee *Medea*'s Kettle, and be boil'd anew; come forth with lab'ring callous Hands, a Chine of Steel, and *Atlas*'s Shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the Calves of twenty Chairmen, and make thee Pedeſtals to ſtand erect upon, and look Matrimony in the Face. Ha! ha! ha! That a Man ſhou'd have a Stomach to a Wedding Supper, when the Pigeons ought rather to be laid to his Feet! ha! ha! ha!

FORESIGHT.

His Phrenſy is very high now, Mr. *Scandal*.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

I believe it is a Spring Tide.

FORESIGHT.

Very likely, truly; you underſtand theſe Matters—Mr. *Scandal,* I ſhall be very glad to confer with you about theſe Things which he has utter'd.—His Sayings are very myſterious and hieroglyphical.

VALENTINE.

Oh, why would *Angelica* be abſent from my Eyes ſo long?

JEREMY.

She's here, Sir.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Now, Siſter.

Mrs. FRAIL.

O Lord, what muſt I ſay?

SCANDAL.

Humor him, Madam, by all Means.

VALENTINE.

Where is ſhe? Oh I ſee her—ſhe comes, like Riches, Health, and Liberty at once, to a deſpairing, ſtarving, and abandon'd Wretch.—Oh welcome, welcome.

Mrs. FRAIL.

How d'ye, Sir? Can I ſerve you?

VALENTINE.

Hark ye;—I have a Secret to tell you—*Endymion* and the Moon ſhall meet us upon Mount *Latmos,* and we'll be marry'd in the Dead of Night — But ſay not a Word. *Hymen* ſhall put his Torch into a dark Lantern, that it may be ſecret; and *Juno* ſhall give her *Peacock* Poppy-Water, that he may fold his ogling Tail, and *Argus*'s hundred Eyes be ſhut, ha? No Body ſhall know, but *Jeremy.*

Mrs. FRAIL.

No, no, we'll keep it ſecret, it ſhall be done preſently.

VALENTINE.

The ſooner the better — *Jeremy,* come hither—cloſer — that none may over-hear us; — *Jeremy,* I can tell you News; *Angelica* is turn'd Nun; and I am turning Friar, and yet we'll marry one another in Spite of the Pope—Get me a Cowl and Beads, that I may play my Part — For ſhe'll meet me

me two Hours hence in Black and White, and a long Veil to cover the Project, and we won't ſee one another's Faces, 'till we have done Something to be aſham'd of; and then we'll bluſh once for all.

SCENE XVI.

[*To them*] TATTLE, ANGELICA.

JEREMY.

I'LL take Care, and——

VALENTINE.

Whiſper.

ANGELICA.

Nay, Mr. *Tattle,* if you make Love to me, you ſpoil my Deſign, for I intend to make you my Confident.

TATTLE.

But, Madam, to throw away your Perſon, ſuch a Perſon, and ſuch a Fortune, on a Madman!

ANGELICA.

I never lov'd him 'till he was mad; but don't tell any Body ſo.

SCANDAL.

How's this! *Tattle* making Love to *Angelica!*

TATTLE.

Tell, Madam! alas you don't know me —I have much ado to tell your Ladyſhip, how long I have been in Love with you— but encourag'd by the Impoſſibility of *Valentine*'s making any more Addreſſes to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmoſt Paſſion of my Heart. Oh, Madam, look upon us both. There you ſee the Ruins of a poor decay'd Creature—Here, a complete and lively Figure, with Youth and Health, and all his five Senſes in Perfection, Madam; and to all this, the moſt paſſionate Lover——

ANGELICA.

O fy for Shame, hold your Tongue: A paſſionate Lover, and five Senſes in Perfection! When you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddeſt ſhall take me.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

It is enough. Ha! Who's here?

Mrs. FRAIL.

O Lord, her coming will ſpoil all.

[*To* Jeremy.

JEREMY.

No, no, Madam, he won't know her; if he ſhou'd, I can perſuade him.

VALENTINE.

Scandal, who are theſe? Forcigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think—get away all the Company but *Angelica,* that I may diſcover my Deſign to her. [*Whiſper.*

SCANDAL.

I will—I have diſcover'd Something of *Tattle,* that is of a Piece with Mrs. *Frail.* He courts *Angelica;* if we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together—Hark ye— [*Whiſper.*

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

He won't know you, Couſin, he knows no Body.

FORESIGHT.

But he knows more than any Body—Oh Niece, he knows Things paſt and to come,

come, and all the profound Secrets of Time.

TATTLE.

Look you, Mr. *Foreſight,* it is not my Way to make many Words of Matters, and ſo I ſhan't ſay much, — But in ſhort, d'ye ſee, I will hold you a hundred Pound now, that I know more Secrets than he.

FORESIGHT.

How! I cannot read that Knowledge in your Face, Mr. *Tattle* —— Pray, what do you know?

TATTLE.

Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, Sir? Read it in my Face! No, Sir, 'tis written in my Heart; and ſafer there, Sir, than Letters writ in Juice of Lemon, for no Fire can fetch it out. I am no Blab, Sir.

VALENTINE.

Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may eaſily bring it about. — They are welcome, and I'll tell 'em ſo myſelf. [*To* Scandal.] What, do you look ſtrange upon me? — Then I muſt be plain. [*Coming up to them*]

I am Truth, and hate an old Acquaintance with a new Face.

[Scandal *goes aſide with* Jeremy.

TATTLE.

Do you know me, *Valentine?*

VALENTINE.

You! Who are you? No, I hope not.

TATTLE.

I am *Jack Tattle,* your Friend.

VALENTINE.

My Friend! What to do? I am no married Man, and thou canſt not lie with my Wife: I am very poor, and thou canſt not borrow Money of me: Then what Employment have I for a Friend?

TATTLE.

Hah! A good open Speaker, and not to be truſted with a Secret.

ANGELICA.

Do you know me, *Valentine?*

VALENTINE.

Oh very well.

ANGELICA.

Who am I?

VALENTINE.

You're a Woman, —— One to whom Heav'n gave Beauty, when it grafted Roſes on a Brier. You are the Reflection of Heav'n in a Pond, and he that leaps at you is ſunk. You are all white, a Sheet of lovely ſpotleſs Paper, when you firſt are born; but you are to be ſcrawl'd and blotted by every Gooſe's Quill. I know you; for I lov'd a Woman, and lov'd her ſo long, that I found out a ſtrange Thing: I found out what a Woman was good for.

TATTLE.

Ay, prithee, what's that?

VALENTINE.

Why, to keep a Secret.

TATTLE.

O Lord!

VALENTINE.

O exceeding good to keep a Secret: For tho' ſhe ſhould tell, yet ſhe is not to be believ'd.

TATTLE.

Hah! good again, Faith.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

I would have Muſic—Sing me the Song that I like——

SONG.

Set by Mr. *Finger.*

I.

I Tell thee, Charmion, *could I Time retrieve,*
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I ſhould my earlieſt Off'ring give;
I know, my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I ſhould all my Vows and Oaths renew;
But, to be plain, I never would be true.

II.

For by our weak and weary Truth, I find,
Love hates to centre in a Point aſſign'd;
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.
Then never let us chain what ſhou'd be free,
But form Relief of either Sex agree:
Since Women love to change, and ſo do we.

No more, for I am melancholy.

[*Walks muſing.*

JEREMY.

JEREMY.

I'll do't, Sir. [*To* Scandal.

SCANDAL.

Mr. *Foreſight,* we had beſt leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do Miſchief.

FORESIGHT.

I will be directed by you.

JEREMY. [*To Mrs.* Frail.]

You'll meet, Madam; — I'll take Care every Thing ſhall be ready.

Mrs. FRAIL.

Thou ſhalt do what thou wilt; in ſhort, I will deny thee Nothing.

TATTLE.

Madam, ſhall I wait upon you?

[*To* Angelica.

ANGELICA.

No, I'll ſtay with him—Mr. *Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* deſires you would give him Leave to wait on you.

TATTLE.

Pox on't, there's no coming off, now ſhe has ſaid that—Madam, will you do me the Honor?

Mrs.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Mr. *Tattle* might have us'd leſs Ceremony.

SCENE XVII.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

JEREMY, follow *Tattle*.

ANGELICA.

Mr. *Scandal*, I only ſtay 'till my Maid comes, and becauſe I had a Mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle*.

SCANDAL.

Madam, I am very glad that I overheard a better Reaſon, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*; for his Impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a Kindneſs for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his Sufferings and my Solicitations. So I'll leave him to make Uſe of the Diſcovery; and your Ladyſhip to the free Confeſſion of your Inclinations.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Oh Heav'ns! You won't leave me alone with a Madman?

SCANDAL.

No, Madam; I only leave a Madman to his Remedy.

SCENE XVIII.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

MADAM, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to myſelf.

ANGELICA.

Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [*Aſide.*

VALENTINE.

You ſee what Diſguiſes Love makes us put on; Gods have been in counterfeited Shapes for the ſame Reaſon; and the divine Part of me, my Mind, has worn this Maſque of Madneſs, and this motley Livery,

ry, only as the Slave of Love, and menial Creature of your Beauty.

ANGELICA.

Mercy on me, how he talks! Poor *Valentine!*

VALENTINE.

Nay Faith, now let us underſtand one another, Hypocriſy apart — The Comedy draws toward an End, and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourſelves; and ſince you have lov'd me, you muſt own, I have at length deſerv'd you ſhou'd confeſs it.

ANGELICA. [*Sighs.*]

I would I had lov'd you — for Heav'n knows I pity you; and could I have foreſeen the bad Effects, I wou'd have ſtriven; but that's too late. [*Sighs.*

VALENTINE.

What bad Effects?—What's too late? My ſeeming Madneſs has deceiv'd my Father, and procur'd me Time to think of Means to reconcile me to him, and preſerve the Right of my Inheritance to his Eſtate; which otherwiſe, by Articles, I muſt this Morning

Morning have reſign'd: And this I had inform'd you of to Day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

ANGELICA.

How! I thought your Love of me had caus'd this Tranſport in your Soul; which, it ſeems, you only counterfeited, for mercenary Ends, and ſordid Intereſt.

VALENTINE.

Nay, now you do me Wrong; for if any Intereſt was conſider'd, it was yours; ſince I thought I wanted more than Love, to make me worthy of you.

ANGELICA.

Then you thought me mercenary—— But how am I deluded by this Interval of Senſe, to reaſon with a Madman?

VALENTINE.

Oh, 'tis barbarous to miſunderſtand me longer.

SCENE

SCENE XIX.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

ANGELICA.

OH, here's a reaſonable Creature—— ſure he will not have the Impudence to perſevere.—Come, *Jeremy*, acknowledge your Trick, and confeſs your Maſter's Madneſs counterfeit.

JEREMY.

Counterfeit, Madam! I'll maintain him to be as abſolutely and ſubſtantially mad, as any Freeholder in *Bethlehem:* Nay, he's as mad as any Projector, Fanatic, Chymiſt, Lover, or Poet in *Europe*.

VALENTINE.

Sirrah, you lie; I am not mad.

ANGELICA.

Ha! ha! ha! you ſee he denies it.

JEREMY.

O Lord, Madam, did you ever know any Madman mad enough to own it?

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Sot, can't you apprehend?

ANGELICA.

Why he talk'd very ſenſibly juſt now.

JEREMY.

Yes, Madam; he has Intervals: But you ſee he begins to look wild again now.

VALENTINE.

Why you thick-ſcull'd Raſcal, I tell you the Farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*

ANGELICA.

Ha! ha! ha! Is he mad, or no, *Jeremy?*

JEREMY.

Partly, I think — for he does not know his own Mind two Hours—I'm ſure I left him juſt now, in the Humor to be mad: And I think I have not found him very quiet at this preſent. Who's there?

[*One knocks.*

VALENTINE.

Go ſee, you Sot. I'm very glad that I can move your Mirth, tho' not your Compaſſion.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

I did not think you had Apprehenſion enough to be exceptious: But Madmen ſhow themſelves moſt, by over-pretending to a ſound Underſtanding; as drunken Men do by over-acting Sobriety. I was half inclining to believe you, 'till I accidentally touch'd upon your tender Part: But now you have reſtor'd me to my former Opinion and Compaſſion.

JEREMY.

Sir, your Father has ſent to know if you are any better yet——Will you pleaſe to be mad, Sir, or how?

VALENTINE.

Stupidity! You know the Penalty of all I'm worth muſt pay for the Confeſſion of my Senſes; I'm mad, and will be mad to every Body but this Lady.

JEREMY.

So—Juſt the very Backſide of Truth,—But Lying is a Figure in Speech, that interlards the greateſt Part of my Converſation—Madam, your Ladyſhip's Woman.

SCENE XX.

VALENTINE, ANGELICA, JENNY.

ANGELICA.

WELL, have you been there?—— Come hither.

JENNY.

Yes, Madam, Sir *Sampſon* will wait upon you preſently. [*Aſide to* Angelica.

VALENTINE.

You are not leaving me in this Uncertainty?

ANGELICA.

Wou'd any Thing but a Madman complain of Uncertainty? Uncertainty and Expectation are the Joys of Life. Security is an inſipid Thing, and the overtaking and poſſeſſing of a Wiſh, diſcovers the Folly of the Chaſe. Never let us know one another better; for the Pleaſure of a Maſquerade is done, when we come to ſhow our Faces. But I'll tell you two Things

Things before I leave you; I am not the Fool you take me for; and you are mad, and don't know it.

SCENE XXI.

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

VALENTINE.

FROM a Riddle, you can expect Nothing but a Riddle. There's my Inſtruction, and the Moral of my Leſſon.

JEREMY.

What, is the Lady gone again, Sir? I hope you underſtood one another before ſhe went?

VALENTINE.

Underſtood! She is harder to be underſtood than a Piece of *Egyptian* Antiquity, or an *Iriſh* Manuſcript; you may pore 'till you ſpoil your Eyes, and not improve your Knowledge.

JEREMY.

I have heard 'em ſay, Sir, they read

hard *Hebrew* Books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong End.

VALENTINE.

They ſay ſo of a Witch's Prayer, and Dreams and *Dutch* Almanacs are to be underſtood by Contraries. But there's Regularity and Method in that; ſhe is a Medal without a Reverſe or Inſcription, for Indifference has both Sides alike. Yet while ſhe does not ſeem to hate me, I will purſue her, and know her if it be poſſible, in ſpite of the Opinion of my Satirical Friend, *Scandal,* who ſays,

That Women are like Tricks by Slight of Hand,
Which, to admire, we ſhould not underſtand.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT's *Houſe.*

ANGELICA, JENNY.

ANGELICA.

WHERE is Sir *Sampſon?* Did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

JENNY.

He's at the great Glaſs in the Dining-Room, Madam, ſetting his Cravat and Wig.

ANGELICA.

How! I'm glad on't—If he has a Mind I ſhould like him, it's a Sign he likes me; and that's more than half my Deſign.

JENNY.

I hear him, Madam.

ANGELICA.

Leave me; and d'ye hear, if *Valentine*

ſhou'd come, or ſend, I am not to be ſpoken with.

SCENE II.

ANGELICA, *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

I Have not been honor'd with the Commands of a fair Lady, a great While—Odd, Madam, you have reviv'd me—Not ſince I was five and thirty.

ANGELICA.

Why, you have no great Reaſon to complain, Sir *Sampſon,* that is not long ago.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Zooks, but it is, Madam, a very great While; to a Man that admires a fine Woman, as much as I do.

ANGELICA.

You're an abſolute Courtier, Sir *Sampſon.*

Sir

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Not at all, Madam: Ods-bud you wrong me; I am not ſo old neither, to be a bare Courtier, only a Man of Words: Odd, I have warm Blood about me yet, and can ſerve a Lady any Way — Come, come, let me tell you, you Women think a Man old too ſoon, Faith and Troth you do—Come, don't deſpiſe fifty; Odd, fifty, in a hale Conſtitution, is no ſuch contemptible Age.

ANGELICA.

Fifty a contemptible Age! Not at all, a very faſhionable Age, I think——I aſſure you, I know very conſiderable Beaus, that ſet a good Face upon Fifty. Fifty! I have ſeen Fifty in a Side Box by Candle-Light, out-bloſſom Five and Twenty.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Outſides, Outſides; a Pize take 'em, mere Outſides: Hang your Side-Box Beaus; no, I'm none of thoſe, none of your forc'd Trees, that pretend to bloſſom in the Fall, and bud when they ſhould bring forth

Fruit: I am of a long liv'd Race, and inherit Vigor; none of my Anceſtors marry'd 'till Fifty; yet they begot Sons and Daughters 'till Fourſcore: I am of your Patriarchs, I, a Branch of one of your *Antediluvian* Families, Fellows that the Flood could not waſh away. Well, Madam, what are your Commands? Has any young Rogue affronted you, and ſhall I cut his Throat? or——

ANGELICA.

No, Sir *Sampſon*, I have no Quarrel upon my Hands—I have more Occaſion for your Conduct than your Courage at this Time. To tell you the Truth, I'm weary of living ſingle, and want a Huſband.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Ods-bud, and 'tis pity you ſhould—Odd, wou'd ſhe wou'd like me, then I ſhou'd hamper my young Rogues: Odd, wou'd ſhe wou'd; Faith and Troth ſhe's deviliſh handſome. [*Aſide.*] Madam, you deſerve a good Huſband, and 'twere pity you ſhou'd be thrown away upon any of theſe

theſe young idle Rogues about the Town. Odd, there's ne'er a young Fellow worth hanging,—that is, a very young Fellow—Pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any Thing;—And if they commit Matrimony, 'tis as they commit Murder, out of a Frolic; and are ready to hang themſelves, or to be hang'd by the Law, the next Morning:——Odſo, have a Care, Madam.

ANGELICA.

Therefore I aſk your Advice, Sir *Sampſon:* I have Fortune enough to make any Man eaſy that I can like; if there were ſuch a Thing as a young agreeable Man, with a reaſonable Stock of good Nature and Senſe —— For I would neither have an abſolute Wit, nor a Fool.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Odd, you are hard to pleaſe, Madam; to find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own Eye, nor a Fool in the Eye of the World, is a very hard Taſk. But,

Faith

Faith and Troth, you ſpeak very diſcreetly; for I hate both a Wit and a Fool.

ANGELICA.

She that marries a Fool, Sir *Sampſon*, forfeits the Reputation of her Honeſty or Underſtanding: And ſhe that marries a very witty Man, is a Slave to the Severity and inſolent Conduct of her Huſband. I ſhould like a Man of Wit for a Lover, becauſe I would have ſuch an one in my Power; but I would no more be his Wife, than his Enemy. For his Malice is not a more terrible Conſequence of his Averſion, than his Jealouſy is of his Love.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

None of old *Foreſight*'s Sibyls ever utter'd ſuch a Truth. Ods-bud, you have won my Heart: I hate a Wit; I had a Son that was ſpoil'd among 'em; a good hopeful Lad, 'till he learn'd to be a Wit——And might have riſen in the State—But, a Pox on't, his Wit run him out of his Money, and now his Poverty has run him out of his Wits.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Sir *Sampſon,* as your Friend, I muſt tell you, you are very much abus'd in that Matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

How, Madam! Wou'd I cou'd prove it.

ANGELICA.

I can tell you how that may be done—But it is a Thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your Affairs.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Ods-bud, I believe ſhe likes me——[*Aſide.*]—Ah, Madam, all my Affairs are ſcarce worthy to be laid at your Feet; and I wiſh, Madam, they were in a better Poſture, that I might make a more becoming Offer to a Lady of your incomparable Beauty and Merit.—If I had *Peru* in one Hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eaſtern* Empire under my Feet; it would make me only a more glorious Victim to be offer'd at the Shrine of your Beauty.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Bleſs me, Sir *Sampſon*, what's the Matter?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Odd, Madam, I love you—And if you wou'd take my Advice in a Huſband—

ANGELICA.

Hold, hold, Sir *Sampſon*. I aſk'd your Advice for a Huſband, and you are giving me your Conſent—I was indeed thinking to propoſe Something like it in Jeſt, to ſatisfy you about *Valentine:* For if a Match were ſeemingly carried on, between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his Diſguiſe of Madneſs, in Apprehenſion of loſing me: For you know he has long pretended a Paſſion for me.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Gadzooks, a moſt ingenious Contrivance—If we were to go through with it. But why muſt the Match only be ſeemingly carry'd on?—Odd, let it be a real Contract.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

O fy, Sir *Sampſon,* what would the World ſay?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Say! They would ſay, you were a wiſe Woman, and I a happy Man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good Jointure when I die.

ANGELICA.

Ay; but that is not in your Power, Sir *Sampſon;* for when *Valentine* confeſſes himſelf in his Senſes, he muſt make over his Inheritance to his younger Brother.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Odd, you're cunning, a wary Baggage! Faith and Troth I like you the better— But, I warrant you, I have a Proviſo in the Obligation in Favor of myſelf— Body o'me, I have a Trick to turn the Settlement upon the Iſſue Male of our two Bodies begotten. Ods-bud, let us find Children, and I'll find an Eſtate.

ANGELICA.

Will you? Well, do you find the Eſtate, and leave the other to me— *Sir*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

O Rogue! But I'll truſt you. And will you conſent? Is it a Match then?

ANGELICA.

Let me conſult my Lawyer concerning this Obligation; and if I find what you propoſe practicable, I'll give you my Anſwer.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

With all my Heart;—Come in with me, and I'll lend you the Bond——You ſhall conſult your Lawyer, and I'll conſult a Parſon: Odzooks I'm a young Man; Odzooks I'm a young Man, and I'll make it appear—Odd, you're deviliſh handſome: Faith and Troth, you're very handſome, and I'm very young, and very luſty—Ods-bud, Huſſy, you know how to chooſe, and ſo do I;—Odd, I think we are very well met;—Give me your Hand, Odd, let me kiſs it; 'tis as warm and as ſoft—as what?—Odd, as t'other Hand—give me t'other Hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kiſs 'em, 'till they melt in my Mouth.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Hold, Sir *Sampſon*——You're profuſe of your Vigor before your Time: You'll ſpend your Eſtate before you come to it.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

No, no, only give you a Rent-Roll of my Poſſeſſions—Ah! Baggage—I warrant you for little *Sampſon*. Odd, *Sampſon*'s a very good Name for an able Fellow: Your *Sampſons* were ſtrong Dogs from the Beginning.

ANGELICA.

Have a Care, and don't over-act your Part——If you remember, *Sampſon*, the ſtrongeſt of the Name, pull'd an old Houſe over his Head at laſt.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Say you ſo, Huſſy?——Come, let's go then; Odd, I long to be pulling too, come away—Odſo, here's ſome Body coming.

SCENE

SCENE III.

TATTLE, JEREMY.

TATTLE.

IS not that ſhe, gone out juſt now?

JEREMY.

Ay, Sir, ſhe's juſt going to the Place of Appointment. Ah, Sir, if you are not very faithful and cloſe in this Buſineſs, you'll certainly be the Death of a Perſon that has a moſt extraordinary Paſſion for your Honor's Service.

TATTLE.

Ay, who's that?

JEREMY.

Even my unworthy Self, Sir—— Sir, I have had an Appetite to be fed with your Commands a great While; — And now, Sir, my former Maſter, having much troubled the Fountain of his Underſtanding, it is a very plauſible Occaſion for me to quench my Thirſt at the Spring of your Bounty

Bounty — I thought I could not recommend myſelf better to you, Sir, than by the Delivery of a great Beauty and Fortune into your Arms, whom I have heard you ſigh for.

TATTLE.

I'll make thy Fortune; ſay no more— Thou art a pretty Fellow, and canſt carry a Meſſage to a Lady, in a pretty ſoft Kind of Phraſe, and with a good perſuading Accent.

JEREMY.

Sir, I have the Seeds of Rhetoric and Oratory in my Head —— I have been at *Cambridge*.

TATTLE.

Ay; 'tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an Univerſity: But the Education is a little too pedantic for a Gentleman. I hope you are ſecret in your Nature, private, cloſe, ha?

JEREMY.

O Sir, for that, Sir, 'tis my chief Talent; I'm as ſecret as the Head of *Nilus*.

TATTLE.

Ay? Who's he, tho'? A Privy Counſellor?

JEREMY.

O Ignorance! [*Aſide.*] A cunning *Egyptian,* Sir, that with his Arms would overrun the Country, yet no Body could ever find out his Head-Quarters.

TATTLE.

Cloſe Dog! A good Whoremaſter, I warrant him—The Time draws nigh, *Jeremy. Angelica* will be veil'd like a Nun; and I muſt be hooded like a Friar; ha, *Jeremy?*

JEREMY.

Ay, Sir, hooded like a Hawk, to ſeize at firſt Sight upon the Quarry. It is the Whim of my Maſter's Madneſs to be ſo dreſs'd; and ſhe is ſo in Love with him, ſhe'll comply with any Thing to pleaſe him. Poor Lady, I'm ſure ſhe'll have Reaſon to pray for me, when ſhe finds what a happy Exchange ſhe has made, between a Madman and ſo accompliſh'd a Gentleman.

TATTLE.

TATTLE.

Ay, Faith, ſo ſhe will, *Jeremy:* You're a good Friend to her, poor Creature— I ſwear I do it hardly ſo much in Conſideration of myſelf, as Compaſſion to her.

JEREMY.

'Tis an Act of Charity, Sir, to ſave a fine Woman with thirty thouſand Pound, from throwing herſelf away.

TATTLE.

So 'tis, Faith—I might have ſav'd ſeveral others in my Time; but i'Gad I could never find in my Heart to marry any Body before.

JEREMY.

Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my Maſter's coming; and meet you in half a Quarter of an Hour, with your Diſguiſe, at your own Lodgings. You muſt talk a little madly, ſhe won't diſtinguiſh the Tone of your Voice.

TATTLE.

No, no, let me alone for a Counterfeit; —I'll be ready for you.

SCENE IV.

TATTLE, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs PRUE.

O Mr. *Tattle,* are you here? I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any Thing, 'till I'm as tired as any Thing in the World.

TATTLE.

O Pox, how ſhall I get rid of this fooliſh Girl? [*Aſide.*

Miſs PRUE.

O I have pure News, I can tell you pure News—I muſt not marry the Seaman now—my Father ſays ſo. Why won't you be my Huſband? You ſay you love me, and you won't be my Huſband. And I know you may be my Huſband now, if you pleaſe.

TATTLE.

O fy, Miſs: Who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs PRUE.

Why, my Father—I told him that you lov'd me.

TAT-

TATTLE.

O fy, Miſs, why did you do ſo? And who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs PRUE.

Who? Why you did; did not you?

TATTLE.

O Pox, that was Yeſterday, Miſs, that was a great While ago, Child. I have been aſleep ſince; ſlept a whole Night, and did not ſo much as dream of the Matter.

Miſs PRUE.

Pſhaw! O but I dreamt that it was ſo tho'.

TATTLE.

Ay, but your Father will tell you that Dreams come by Contraries, Child — O fy; what, we muſt not love one another now —— Pſhaw, that would be a fooliſh Thing indeed — Fy, fy, you're a Woman now, and muſt think of a new Man every Morning, and forget him every Night—— No, no, to marry is to be a Child again, and play with the ſame Rattle always: O fy, marrying is a paw Thing.

Miſs PRUE.

Well, but don't you love me as well as you did laſt Night, then?

TATTLE.

No, no, Child, you would not have me.

Miſs PRUE.

No! Yes, but I would tho'.

TATTLE.

Pſhaw, but I tell you, you would not— You forget you're a Woman, and don't know your own Mind.

Miſs PRUE.

But here's my Father, and he knows my Mind.

SCENE V.

[*To them*] FORESIGHT.

FORESIGHT.

O Mr. *Tattle*, your Servant, you are a cloſe Man; but methinks your Love to my Daughter was a Secret I might have been truſted with, — Or had you a Mind to try if I could diſcover it by my Art— hum,

hum, ha! I think there is Something in your Phyſiognomy, that has a Reſemblance of her; and the Girl is like me.

TATTLE.

And ſo you wou'd infer, that you and I are alike —— What does the old Prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aſide.*] I fancy you have a wrong Notion of Faces.

FORESIGHT.

How? What? A wrong Notion! How ſo?

TATTLE.

In the Way of Art: I have ſome taking Features, not obvious to vulgar Eyes; that are Indications of a ſudden Turn of good Fortune, in the Lottery of Wives; and promiſe a great Beauty and great Fortune reſerved alone for me, by a private Intrigue of Deſtiny, kept ſecret from the piercing Eye of Perſpicuity; from all Aſtrologers, and the Stars themſelves.

FORESIGHT.

How! I will make it appear, that what you ſay is impoſſible.

TATTLE.

Sir, I beg your Pardon, I'm in Haſte—

FORESIGHT.

For what?

TATTLE.

To be marry'd, Sir, marry'd.

FORESIGHT.

Ay, but pray take me along with you, Sir——

TATTLE.

No, Sir; 'tis to be done privately—— I never make Confidents.

FORESIGHT.

Well; but my Conſent, I mean—You won't marry my Daughter without my Conſent?

TATTLE.

Who, I, Sir? I'm an abſolute Stranger to you and your Daughter, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

Hey day! What Time of the Moon is this? TAT-

TATTLE.

Very true, Sir, and deſire to continue ſo. I have no more Love for your Daughter, than I have Likeneſs of you; and I have a Secret in my Heart, which you wou'd be glad to know, and ſhan't know; and yet you ſhall know it too, and be ſorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the Stars, and as ſecret as the Night. And I'm going to be married juſt now, yet did not know of it half an Hour ago; and the Lady ſtays for me, and does not know of it yet—There's a Myſtery for you, —I know you love to untie Difficulties—Or if you can't ſolve this, ſtay here a Quarter of an Hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

SCENE VI.

FORESIGHT, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs PRUE.

O Father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my Huſband?

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

Mercy on us, what do theſe Lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, Child, ſtark wild.

Miſs PRUE.

What, and muſt not I have e'er a Huſband then? What, muſt I go to Bed to Nurſe again, and be a Child as long as ſhe's an old Woman? Indeed but I won't. For now my Mind is ſet upon a Man, I will have a Man ſome Way or other. Oh! methinks I'm ſick when I think of a Man; and if I can't have one, I wou'd go to ſleep all my Life: For when I'm awake it makes me wiſh and long, and I don't know for what——And I'd rather be always aſleep, than ſick with thinking.

FORESIGHT.

O fearful! I think the Girl's influenc'd too—Huſſy, you ſhall have a Rod.

Miſs PRUE.

A Fiddle of a Rod, I'll have a Huſband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for myſelf: I'll marry our *Robin* the Butler;

ler; he ſays he loves me, and he's a handſome Man, and ſhall be my Huſband: I warrant he'll be my Huſband, and thank me too, for he told me ſo.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, NURSE.

FORESIGHT.

DID he ſo——I'll diſpatch him for't preſently; Rogue! Oh, Nurſe, come hither.

NURSE.

What is your Worſhip's Pleaſure?

FORESIGHT.

Here, take your young Miſtreſs, and lock her up preſently, 'till farther Orders from me—not a Word, Huſſy—Do what I bid you: No Reply; away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an Account of his Plate and Linen, d'ye hear. Be gone when I bid you.

Mrs.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

What's the Matter, Huſband?

FORESIGHT.

'Tis not convenient to tell you now — Mr. *Scandal*, Heav'n keep us all in our Senſes —— I fear there is a contagious Phrenſy abroad. How does *Valentine?*

SCANDAL.

O I hope he will do well again —— I have a Meſſage from him to your Niece *Angelica.*

FORESIGHT.

I think ſhe has not return'd, ſince ſhe went abroad with Sir *Sampſon.* Nurſe, why are you not gone?

SCENE VIII.

FORESIGHT, SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, BEN.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

HERE's Mr. *Benjamin,* he can tell us if his Father be come home.

BEN.

BEN.

Who, Father? Ay, he's come home with a Vengeance.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Why, what's the Matter?

BEN.

Matter! Why he's mad.

FORESIGHT.

Mercy on us! I was afraid of this.

BEN.

And there's the handſome young Woman, ſhe, as they ſay Brother *Val* went mad for, ſhe's mad too, I think.

FORESIGHT.

O my poor Niece, my poor Niece, is ſhe gone too? Well, I ſhall run mad next.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Well, but how mad? How d'ye mean?

BEN.

Nay, I'll give you Leave to gueſs—I'll undertake to make a Voyage to *Antegoa*—No, hold, I mayn't ſay ſo neither—But I'll ſail as far as *Leghorn,* and back again, before you ſhall gueſs at the Matter, and

do

do Nothing elſe; Meſs, you may take in all the Points of the Compaſs, and not hit right.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Your Experiment will take up a little too much Time.

BEN.

Why then I'll tell you: There's a new Wedding upon the Stocks, and they two are a going to be married to Night.

SCANDAL.

Who?

BEN.

Why Father, and—the young Woman. I can't hit of her Name.

SCANDAL.

Angelica?

BEN.

Ay, the ſame.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Sir *Sampſon* and *Angelica?* Impoſſible!

BEN.

That may be——but I'm ſure it is as I tell you.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

'Sdeath, it's a Jeſt. I can't believe it.

BEN.

Look you, Friend, it's Nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I ſay is true; d'ye ſee, they are married, or juſt going to be married, I know not which.

FORESIGHT.

Well, but they are not mad, that is, not lunatic?

BEN.

I don't know what you may call Madneſs — But ſhe's mad for a Huſband, and he's horn mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a Match together—Here they come.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND, ANGELICA, BUCKRAM.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

WHERE is this old Soothſayer, this Uncle of mine elect? A-ha, old *Foreſight,* Uncle *Foreſight,* wiſh me Joy, Uncle *Foreſight,* double Joy, both as Uncle and Aſtrologer; here's a Conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris* — The brighteſt Star in the blue Firmament — is *ſhot from above, in a Jelly of Love,* and ſo forth; and I'm Lord of the Aſcendant. Odd, you're an old Fellow, *Foreſight;* Uncle, I mean, a very old Fellow, Uncle *Foreſight;* and yet you ſhall live to dance at my Wedding; Faith and Troth you ſhall. Odd, we'll have the Muſic of the Spheres for thee, old *Lilly,* that we will, and thou ſhalt lead up a Dance in *Via Lactea.*

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

I'm Thunder-ſtruck! You are not married to my Niece?

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Not abſolutely married, Uncle; but very near it, within a Kiſs of the Matter, as you ſee. [*Kiſſes* Angelica.

ANGELICA.

'Tis very true, indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my Father, and give me.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

That he ſhall, or I'll burn his Globes—Body o'me, he ſhall be thy Father, I'll make him thy Father, and thou ſhalt make me a Father, and I'll make thee a Mother, and we'll beget Sons and Daughters enough to put the weekly Bills out of Countenance.

SCANDAL.

Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine?*

SCENE X.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, BEN, BUCKRAM.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

THIS is ſo ſurpriſing——

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

How! What does my Aunt ſay? Surpriſing, Aunt! Not at all, for a young Couple to make a Match in Winter. Not at all—It's a Plot to undermine cold Weather, and deſtroy that Uſurper of a Bed call'd a Warming-Pan.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I'm glad to hear you have ſo much Fire in you, Sir *Sampſon.*

BEN.

Meſs, I fear his Fire's little better than Tinder; mayhap it will only ſerve to light up a Match for ſome Body elſe. The young Woman's a handſome young Woman,

man, I can't deny it: But Father, if I might be your Pilot in this Caſe, you ſhould not marry her. It's juſt the ſame Thing, as if ſo be you ſhould ſail ſo far as the *Straits* without Proviſion.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Who gave you Authority to ſpeak, Sirrah? To your Element, Fiſh; be mute, Fiſh, and to Sea; rule your Helm, Sirrah, don't direct me.

BEN.

Well, well, take you Care of your own Helm, or you mayn't keep your new Veſſel ſteady.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Why, you impudent Tarpawlin! Sirrah, do you bring your Forecaſtle Jeſts upon your Father? But I ſhall be even with you, I won't give you a Groat. Mr. *Buckram,* is the Conveyance ſo worded, that Nothing can poſſibly deſcend to this Scóundrel? I would not ſo much as have him have the Proſpect of an Eſtate; tho' there

were no Way to come to it, but by the *North-Eaſt* Paſſage.

BUCKRAM.

Sir, it is drawn according to your Directions; there is not the leaſt Cranny of the Law unſtopt.

BEN.

Lawyer, I believe there's many a Cranny and Leak unſtopt in your Conſcience —If ſo be that one had a Pump to your Boſom, I believe we ſhou'd diſcover a foul Hold. They ſay a Witch will ſail in a Sieve —— But I believe the Devil wou'd not venture aboard o'your Conſcience. And that's for you.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Hold your Tongue, Sirrah. How now, who's here?

SCENE

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] TATTLE, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. FRAIL.

O Sister, the moſt unlucky Accident!

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

What's the Matter?

TATTLE.

O, the two moſt unfortunate poor Creatures in the World we are!

FORESIGHT.

Bleſs us! How ſo?

Mrs. FRAIL.

Ah, Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I, are——I can't ſpeak it out.

TATTLE.

Nor I——But poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are——

Mrs. FRAIL.

Married.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Married! How?

TATTLE.

Suddenly — before we knew where we were—that Villain *Jeremy*, by the Help of Diſguiſes, trick'd us into one another.

FORESIGHT.

Why, you told me juſt now, you went hence in Haſte to be married.

ANGELICA.

But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the Favor to me, I thank him.

TATTLE.

I did, as I hope to be ſav'd, Madam, my Intentions were good—But this is the moſt cruel Thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore.—— The Devil take me if ever I was ſo much concern'd at any Thing in my Life.

ANGELICA.

'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

TATTLE.

The leaſt in the World — That is, for my Part, I ſpeak for myſelf. Gad, I never had the leaſt Thought of ſerious Kindneſs

neſs — I never lik'd any Body leſs in my Life. Poor Woman! Gad, I'm ſorry for her too; for I have no Reaſon to hate her neither; but I believe I ſhall lead her a damn'd Sort of a Life.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

He's better than no Huſband at all — tho' he's a Coxcomb. [*To* Frail.

Mrs. FRAIL. [*To her.*]

Ay, ay, it's well it's no worſe — Nay, for my Part, I always deſpiſed Mr. *Tattle* of all Things; Nothing but his being my Huſband could have made me like him leſs.

TATTLE.

Look you there, I thought as much — Pox on't, I wiſh we could keep it ſecret; why I don't believe any of this Company wou'd ſpeak of it.

Mrs. FRAIL.

But, my Dear, that's impoſſible; the Parſon and that Rogue *Jeremy* will publiſh it.

TATTLE.

Ay, my Dear, ſo they will, as you ſay.

ANGELICA.

O you'll agree very well in a little Time; Cuſtom will make it eaſy to you.

TATTLE.

Eaſy! Pox on't, I don't believe I ſhall ſleep to Night.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Sleep, Quotha! No, why you would not ſleep o' your Wedding Night? I'm an older Fellow than you, and don't mean to ſleep.

BEN.

Why there's another Match now, as tho'f a Couple of Privateers were looking for a Prize, and ſhould fall foul of one another. I'm ſorry for the young Man, with all my Heart. Look you, Friend, if I may adviſe you, when ſhe's going; for that you muſt expect, I have Experience of her; when ſhe's going, let her go. For no Matrimony is tough enough to hold her; and if ſhe can't drag her Anchor along

along with her, ſhe'll break her Cable, I can tell you that. — Who's here? the Madman?

SCENE *The Laſt.*

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND, ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, TATTLE, *Mrs.* FRAIL, BEN, JEREMY, BUCKRAM.

VALENTINE.

NO; here's the Fool; and if Occaſion be I'll give it under my Hand.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

How now?

VALENTINE.

Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my Errors, and aſk your Pardon.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

What, have you found your Senſes at laſt then? In good Time, Sir.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

You were abus'd, Sir, I never was diſtracted.

FORESIGHT.

How! Not mad, Mr. *Scandal?*

SCANDAL.

No really, Sir; I'm his Witneſs, it was all counterfeit.

VALENTINE.

I thought I had Reaſons—But it was a poor Contrivance, the Effect has ſhown it ſuch.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Contrivance! what, to cheat me? to cheat your Father? Sirrah, could you hope to proſper?

VALENTINE.

Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the Father endeavoured to undo the Son, it was a reaſonable Return of Nature.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Very good, Sir—Mr. *Buckram,* are you ready?—Come, Sir, will you ſign and ſeal?

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

If you pleaſe, Sir; but firſt I would aſk this Lady one Queſtion.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Sir, you muſt aſk me Leave firſt: That Lady? No, Sir; you ſhall aſk that Lady no Queſtions, 'till you have aſk'd her Bleſſing, Sir; that Lady is to be my Wife.

VALENTINE.

I have heard as much, Sir; but I wou'd have it from her own Mouth.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

That's as much as to ſay, I lie, Sir, and you don't believe what I ſay.

VALENTINE.

Pardon me, Sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited Madneſs; I don't know but the Frolic may go round.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Come, Chuck, ſatisfy him, anſwer him; —Come, come, Mr. *Buckram,* the Pen and Ink.

BUCKRAM.

Here it is, Sir, with the Deed; all is ready [Val. *goes to* Ang.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

'Tis true, you have a great While pretended Love to me; nay, what if you were ſincere? Still you muſt pardon me, if I think my own Inclinations have a better Right to diſpoſe of my Perſon, than yours.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Are you anſwer'd now, Sir?

VALENTINE.

Yes, Sir.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Where's your Plot, Sir, and your Contrivance, now, Sir? Will you ſign, Sir? Come, will you ſign and ſeal?

VALENTINE.

With all my Heart, Sir.

SCANDAL.

'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin yourſelf?

VALENTINE.

I have been diſappointed of my only Hope; and he that loſes Hope may part with any Thing. I never valued Fortune, but

but as it was ſubſervient to my Pleaſure; and my only Pleaſure was to pleaſe this Lady: I have made many vain Attempts, and find at laſt that Nothing but my Ruin can effect it: Which, for that Reaſon, I will ſign to——Give me the Paper.

ANGELICA.

Generous *Valentine!* [*Aſide.*

BUCKRAM.

Here is the Deed, Sir.

VALENTINE.

But where is the Bond, by which I am obliged to ſign this?

BUCKRAM.

Sir *Sampſon,* you have it.

ANGELICA.

No, I have it; and I'll uſe it, as I wou'd every Thing that is an Enemy to *Valentine.*

[*Tears the Paper.*

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

How now?

VALENTINE.

Ha!

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Had I the World to give you, it cou'd not make me worthy of ſo generous and faithful a Paſſion: Here's my Hand, my Heart was always yours, and ſtruggled very hard to make this utmoſt Trial of your Virtue. [*To* Valentine.

VALENTINE.

Between Pleaſure and Amazement, I am loſt—But on my Knees I take the Bleſſing.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Oons, what is the Meaning of this?

BEN.

Meſs, here's the Wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may take a Voyage together now.

ANGELICA.

Well, Sir *Sampſon*, ſince I have play'd you a Trick, I'll adviſe you how you may avoid ſuch another. Learn to be a good Father, or you'll never get a ſecond Wife. I always lov'd your Son, and hated your unforgiving Nature. I was reſolv'd to try him to the utmoſt; I have try'd you too, and

and know you both. You have not more Faults than he has Virtues; and 'tis hardly more Pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

VALENTINE.

If my Happiness cou'd receive Addition, this kind Surprise wou'd make it double.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

Oons, you're a *Crocodile*.

FORESIGHT.

Really, Sir *Sampson*, this is a sudden Eclipse.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND.

You're an illiterate old Fool, and I'm another.

TATTLE.

If the Gentleman is in Disorder for Want of a Wife, I can spare him mine. Oh, are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my Happiness. [*To* Jeremy.

JEREMY.

Sir, I ask you ten thousand Pardons, 'twas an errant Mistake——You see, Sir, my

my Maſter was never mad, nor any Thing like it—Then how cou'd it be otherwiſe?

VALENTINE.

Tattle, I thank you; you would have interpoſed between me and Heav'n; but Providence laid Purgatory in your Way—You have but Juſtice.

SCANDAL.

I hear the Fiddles that Sir *Sampſon* provided for his own Wedding; methinks 'tis pity they ſhou'd not be employ'd when the Match is ſo much mended. *Valentine,* tho' it be Morning, we may have a Dance.

VALENTINE.

Any Thing, my Friend, every Thing that looks like Joy and Tranſport.

SCANDAL.

Call 'em, *Jeremy.*

ANGELICA.

I have done diſſembling now, *Valentine;* and if that Coldneſs which I have always worn before you, ſhould turn to an extreme Fondneſs, you muſt not ſuſpect it.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

I'll prevent that Suſpicion — For I intend to dote to that immoderate Degree, that your Fondneſs ſhall never diſtinguiſh itſelf enough to be taken Notice of. If ever you ſeem to love too much, it muſt be only when I can't love enough.

ANGELICA.

Have a Care of Promiſes; you know you are apt to run more in Debt than you are able to pay.

VALENTINE.

Therefore I yield my Body as your Priſoner, and make your beſt on't.

SCANDAL.

The Muſic ſtays for you. [*Dance.*

SCANDAL.

Well, Madam, you have done exemplary Juſtice, in puniſhing an inhuman Father, and rewarding a faithful Lover: But there is a third good Work, which I, in particular, muſt thank you for; I was an Infidel to your Sex, and you have converted me—For now I am convinc'd that

all Women are not like Fortune, blind in beſtowing Favors, either on thoſe who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

ANGELICA.

'Tis an unreaſonable Accuſation, that you lay upon our Sex: You tax us with Injuſtice, only to cover your own Want of Merit. You would all have the Reward of Love; but few have the Conſtancy to ſtay 'till it becomes your due. Men are generally Hypocrites and Infidels, they pretend to worſhip, but have neither Zeal nor Faith: How few, like *Valentine*, would perſevere even to Martyrdom, and ſacrifice their Intereſt to their Conſtancy! In admiring me you miſplace the Novelty.

The Miracle to Day is, that we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's kind.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New-Houſe,

By Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

SURE Providence at firſt deſign'd this Place
To be the Player's Refuge in Diſtreſs;
For ſtill in every Storm, they all run hither,
As to a Shed, that ſhields 'em from the Weather.
But thinking of this Change which laſt befel us,
It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us:
For when behind our Scenes their Suits are pleading,
To help their Love, ſometimes they ſhow their Reading;
And wanting ready Caſh to pay for Hearts,
They top their Learning on us, and their Parts.
Once of Philoſophers they told us Stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagories;
I'm ſure 'tis ſome ſuch Latin *Name they give 'em,*
And we, who know no better, muſt believe 'em.

EPILOGUE.

Now to theſe Men (ſay they) ſuch Souls were giv'n,
That, after Death, ne'er went to Hell, nor Heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, as Beaſts; and then,
When many Years were paſt, as Men again.
Methinks, we Players *reſemble ſuch a Soul;*
That does from Bodies, we from Houſes ſtroll.
Thus Ariſtotle's *Soul, of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Aſs;
Or in this very Houſe, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in ſome Beau:
And thus, our Audience, which did once reſort
To ſhining Theatres to ſee our Sport,
Now find us toſs'd into a Tennis-Court.
Theſe Walls but t'other Day were fill'd with Noiſe
Of roaring Gameſters, and your Damme Boys;
Then bounding Balls and Rackets they encompaſs'd,
And now they're fill'd with Jeſts, and Flights,
and Bombaſt!
I vow, I don't much like this Tranſmigration,
Strolling from Place to Place, by Circulation;
Grant Heav'n, we don't return to our firſt
Station.
I know not what theſe think, but for my Part,
I can't reflect without an aching Heart,
How we ſhou'd end in our Original, a Cart.

But

EPILOGUE.

But we can't fear, ſince you're ſo good to ſave us.
That you have only ſet us up, to leave us.
Thus from the paſt, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it ——
And ſome here know I have a begging Face.
Then pray continue this your kind Behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do, without your Favor.

F. Hayman inv. et del. I. Grignion sculp

The Way of the World.

This Reflection moved me to deſign ſome Characters, which ſhould appear ridiculous, not ſo much through a natural Folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the Stage) as thro' an affected Wit; a Wit, which at the ſame Time that it is affected, is alſo falſe. As there is ſome Difficulty in the Formation of a Character of this Nature, ſo there is ſome Hazard which attends the Progreſs of its Succeſs upon the Stage: For many come to a Play, ſo overcharged with Criticiſm, that they very often let fly their Cenſure, when thro' their Raſhneſs they have miſtaken their Aim. This I had Occaſion lately to obſerve: For this Play had been acted two or three Days, before ſome of theſe haſty Judges could find the Leiſure to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Character of a *Witwoud* and a *Truewit*.

I muſt beg Your Lordſhip's Pardon for this Digreſſion from the true Courſe of this Epiſtle; but that it may not ſeem altogether

together impertinent, I beg, that I may plead the Occaſion of it, in Part of that Excuſe of which I ſtand in Need, for recommending this Comedy to Your Protection. It is only by the Countenance of Your Lordſhip, and the *Few* ſo qualified, that ſuch who write with Care and Pains can hope to be diſtinguiſhed: For the proſtituted Name of *Poet* promiſcuouſly levels all that bear it.

Terence, the moſt correct Writer in the World, had a *Scipio* and a *Lelius*, if not to aſſiſt him, at leaſt to ſupport him in his Reputation: And notwithſtanding his extraordinary Merit, it may be, their Countenance was not more than neceſſary.

The Purity of his Style, the Delicacy of his Turns, and the Juſtneſs of his Characters, were all of them Beauties, which the greater Part of his Audience were incapable of Taſting: Some of the coarſeſt Strokes of *Plautus*, ſo ſeverely cenſured by *Horace*, were

were more likely to affect the Multitude; ſuch, who come with Expectation to laugh at the laſt Act of a Play, and are better entertained with two or three unſeaſonable Jeſts, than with the artful Solution of the *Fable.*

As *Terence* excelled in his Performances, ſo had he great Advantages to encourage his Undertakings; for he built moſt on the Foundations of *Menander:* His Plots were generally modelled, and his Characters ready drawn to his Hand. He copied *Menander;* and *Menander* had no leſs Light in the Formation of his Characters, from the Obſervations of *Theophraſtus,* of whom he was a Diſciple; and *Theophraſtus,* it is known, was not only the Diſciple, but the immediate Succeſſor of *Ariſtotle,* the firſt and greateſt Judge of Poetry. Theſe were great Models to deſign by; and the further Advantage which *Terence* poſſeſſed, towards giving his Plays the due Ornaments of Purity of Style, and Juſtneſs of Manners,

was

was not leſs conſiderable, from the Freedom of Converſation, which was permitted him with *Lelius* and *Scipio*, two of the greateſt and moſt polite Men of his Age. And indeed, the Privilege of ſuch a Converſation, is the only certain Means of attaining to the Perfection of Dialogue.

If it has happened in any Part of this Comedy, that I have gained a Turn of Style or Expreſſion more correct, or at leaſt more corrigible, than in thoſe which I have formerly written, I muſt, with equal Pride and Gratitude, aſcribe it to the Honor of Your Lordſhip's admitting me into Your Converſation, and that of a Society where every Body elſe was ſo well worthy of You, in Your Retirement laſt Summer from the Town: For it was immediately after, that this Comedy was written. If I have failed in my Performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were ſo many, not inferior either to a *Scipio* or a *Lelius*, that there ſhould be one wanting, equal in Capacity to a *Terence*.

If

DEDICATION.

If I am not miſtaken, Poetry is almoſt the only Art, which has not yet laid Claim to Your Lordſhip's Patronage. Architecture, and Painting, to the great Honor of our Country, have floriſhed under Your Influence and Protection. In the mean Time, Poetry, the eldeſt Siſter of all Arts, and Parent of moſt, ſeems to have reſigned her Birthright, by having neglected to pay her Duty to Your Lordſhip; and by permitting others of a later Extraction, to prepoſſeſs that Place in Your Eſteem, to which none can pretend a better Title. Poetry, in its Nature, is ſacred to the Good and Great; the Relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the Privilege of Poetry to addreſs to them, and it is their Prerogative alone to give it Protection.

This received Maxim is a general Apology for all Writers who conſecrate their Labors to great Men: But I could wiſh, at this Time, that this Addreſs were exempted

empted from the common Pretence of all Dedications; and that as I can diſtinguiſh Your Lordſhip even among the moſt Deſerving, ſo this Offering might become remarkable by ſome particular Inſtance of Reſpect, which ſhould aſſure Your Lordſhip, that I am, with all due Senſe of Your extreme Worthineſs and Humanity,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient

And moſt Obliged

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

TO

Mr. *CONGREVE*,

Occaſioned by his COMEDY, called,

The WAY of the WORLD.

WHEN Pleaſure's falling to the low Delight,
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight;
No Senſe of Wit when rude Spectators know,
But in diſtorted Geſture, Farce and Show:
How could, Great Author, your aſpiring Mind
Dare to write only to the Few refin'd!
Yet tho' that nice Ambition you purſue,
'Tis not in Congreve's *Power to pleaſe but few.*
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,
Well-dreſs'd Barbarians know his awful Name;
Tho' ſenſeleſs they're of Mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel Wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.
On you, from Fate, a laviſh Portion fell
In every Way of Writing to excel.

To Mr. *CONGREVE.*

Your Muſe Applauſe to Arabella *brings,*
In Notes as ſweet as Arabella *ſings.*
Whene'er you draw an undiſſembled Woe,
With ſweet Diſtreſs your rural Numbers flow:
Paſtora*'s the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,*
Paſtora *ſtill the Echo of the Plain!*
Or if your Muſe deſcribe, with warming Force,
The wounded Frenchman *falling from his Horſe;*
And her own William *glorious in the Strife,*
Beſtowing on the proſtrate Foe his Life:
You the great Act as gen'rouſly rehearſe,
And all the Engliſh *Fury's in your Verſe.*
By your ſelected Scenes, and handſome Choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice;
You check unjuſt Eſteem and fond Deſire,
And teach to ſcorn, what elſe we ſhould admire;
The juſt Impreſſion taught by you we bear,
The Player acts the World, the World the Player;
Whom ſtill that World unjuſtly diſeſteems,
Tho' he, alone, profeſſes what he ſeems.
But when your Muſe aſſumes her Tragic Part,
She conquers and ſhe reigns in ev'ry Heart;
To mourn with her, Men cheat their private Woe,
And gen'rous Pity's all the Grief they know:

The

To Mr. *CONGREVE.*

The Widow, who, impatient of Delay
From the Town Joys, muſt maſk it to the Play,
Joins with your Mourning Bride's *reſtleſs Moan,*
And weeps a Loſs ſhe ſlighted when her own.
You give us Torment, and you give us Eaſe,
And vary our Afflictions, as you pleaſe.
Is not a Heart ſo kind as yours in Pain,
To load your Friends with Cares you only feign;
Your Friends in Grief, compos'd yourſelf, to leave?
But 'tis the only Way you'll e'er deceive.
Then ſtill, great Sir, your moving Pow'r employ,
To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.

R. STEELE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

OF thoſe few Fools, who with ill Stars are curs'd,
Sure ſcribbling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the worſt:
For they're a Sort of Fools which Fortune *makes,*
And after ſhe has made 'em Fools, forſakes.
With Nature's *Oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent Caſe,*
For Fortune *favors all her* Idiot Race:
In her own Neſt the Cuckow Eggs *we find,*
O'er which ſhe broods to hatch the Changeling-Kind.
No Portion for her own ſhe has to ſpare,
So much ſhe dotes on her adopted Care.
Poets are Bubbles, by the Town drawn in,
Suffer'd at firſt ſome trifling Stakes to win:
But what unequal Hazards do they run!
Each Time they write they venture all they've won:
The Squire that's butter'd ſtill, is ſure to be undone.
This Author, heretofore, has found your Favor,
But pleads no Merit from his paſt Behaviour.

To

PROLOGUE.

To build on that might prove a vain Preſumption,
Shou'd Grants to Poets made, admit Reſumption:
And in Parnaſſus *he muſt loſe his Seat,*
If that be found a forfeited Eſtate.
He owns, with Toil he wrote the following Scenes,
But if they're naught, ne'er ſpare him for his Pains:
Damn him the more; have no Commiſeration
For Dulneſs on mature Deliberation.
He ſwears he'll not reſent one hiſs'd-off Scene,
Nor, like thoſe peeviſh Wits, his Play maintain,
Who, to aſſert their Senſe, your Taſte arraign.
Some Plot we think he has, and ſome new Thought;
Some Humor too, no Farce; but that's a Fault.
Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect;
For ſo Reform'd a Town who dares Correct?
To pleaſe, this Time, has been his ſole Pretence,
He'll not inſtruct, leſt it ſhou'd give Offence.
Shou'd he by Chance a Knave or Fool expoſe,
That hurts none here, ſure here are none of thoſe.
In ſhort, our Play ſhall (with your Leave to ſhow it)
Give you one Inſtance of a Paſſive Poet,
Who to your Judgments yields all Reſignation;
So Save or Damn after your own Diſcretion.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Fainall, in Love with Mrs. *Marwood*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Mirabell, in Love with Mrs. *Millamant*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Witwoud, *Petulant*, Followers of Mrs. *Millamant*.	Mr. *Bowen*. Mr. *Bowman*.
Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, Half Brother to *Witwoud*, and Nephew to Lady *Wiſhfort*.	Mr. *Underhill*.
Waitwell, Servant to *Mirabell*.	Mr. *Bright*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Wiſhfort*, Enemy to *Mirabell*, for having falſely pretended Love to her.	Mrs. *Leigh*.
Mrs. *Millamant*, a fine Lady, Niece to Lady *Wiſhfort*, and loves *Mirabell*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Mrs. *Marwood*, Friend to Mr. *Fainall*, and likes *Mirabell*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Mrs. *Fainall*, Daughter to Lady *Wiſhfort*, and Wife to *Fainall*, formerly Friend to *Mirabell*.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Foible, Woman to Lady *Wiſhfort*.	Mrs. *Willis*.
Mincing, Woman to Mrs. *Millamant*.	Mrs. *Prince*.

Dancers, Footmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, *LONDON*.

The Time equal to that of the Preſentation.

THE

THE WAY of the WORLD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chocolate-Houſe.

MIRABELL *and* FAINALL, *riſing from Cards.* BETTY *waiting.*

MIRABELL.

YOU are a fortunate Man, Mr. *Fainall.*

FAINALL.

Have we done?

MIRABELL.

What you pleaſe. I'll play on to entertain you.

FAINALL.

No, I'll give you your Revenge another Time, when you are not ſo indifferent; you are thinking of Something elſe now, and play too negligently; the Coldneſs of a loſing Gameſter leſſens the Pleaſure of the Winner. I'd no more play with a Man that ſlighted his ill Fortune, than I'd make Love to a Woman who undervalued the Loſs of her Reputation.

MIRABELL.

You have a Taſte extremely delicate, and are for refining on your Pleaſures.

FAINALL.

Prithee, why ſo reſerv'd? Something has put you out of Humor.

MIRABELL.

Not at all: I happen to be grave to Day; and you are gay; that's all.

FAINALL.

Confeſs, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd laſt Night, after I left you; my fair Couſin has ſome Humors that wou'd tempt the Patience of a Stoic. What, ſome Coxcomb

Coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by?

MIRABELL.

Witwoud and *Petulant;* and, what was worſe, her Aunt, your Wife's Mother, my evil Genius; or to ſum up all in her own Name, my old Lady *Wiſhfort* came in.—

FAINALL.

O there it is then——She has a laſting Paſſion for you, and with Reaſon.—— What, then my Wife was there?

MIRABELL.

Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood,* and three or four more, whom I never ſaw before; ſeeing me, they all put on their grave Faces, whiſper'd one another; then complain'd aloud of the Vapors, and after fell into a profound Silence.

FAINALL.

They had a Mind to be rid of you.

MIRABELL.

For which Reaſon I reſolv'd not to ſtir. At laſt the good old Lady broke thro' her painful Taciturnity, with an Invective againſt

gainſt long Viſits. I would not have underſtood her, but *Millamant* joining in the Argument, I roſe, and with a conſtrain'd Smile told her, I thought Nothing was ſo eaſy as to know when a Viſit began to be troubleſome; ſhe redden'd, and I withdrew, without expecting her Reply.

FAINALL.

You were to blame to reſent what ſhe ſpoke only in Compliance with her Aunt.

MIRABELL.

She is more Miſtreſs of herſelf, than to be under the Neceſſity of ſuch a Reſignation.

FAINALL.

What, tho' half her Fortune depends upon her marrying with my Lady's Approbation?

MIRABELL.

I was then in ſuch a Humor, that I ſhou'd have been better pleas'd if ſhe had been leſs diſcreet.

FAINALL.

Now I remember, I wonder not they were

were weary of you; laſt Night was one of their Cabal-Nights; they have 'em three Times a Week, and meet by Turns, at one another's Apartments, where they come together like the Coroner's Inqueſt, to ſit upon the murder'd Reputations of the Week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the Male Sex ſhould be excepted; but ſome Body mov'd, that to avoid Scandal there might be one Man of the Community; upon which Motion *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enroll'd Members.

MIRABELL.

And who may have been the Foundreſs of this Sect? My Lady *Wiſhfort*, I warrant, who publiſhes her Deteſtation of Mankind; and full of the Vigor of Fifty five, declares for a Friend and *Ratafia;* and let Poſterity ſhift for itſelf, ſhe'll breed no more.

FAINALL.

The Diſcovery of your ſham Addreſſes to her, to conceal your Love to her Niece, has

has provok'd this Separation: Had you diſſembled better, Things might have continu'd in the State of Nature.

MIRABELL.

I did as much as Man cou'd, with any reaſonable Conſcience; I proceeded to the very laſt Act of Flattery with her, and was guilty of a Song in her Commendation. Nay, I got a Friend to put her into a Lampoon, and compliment her with the Imputation of an Affair with a young Fellow, which I carry'd ſo far, that I told her the malicious Town took Notice that ſhe was grown fat of a ſudden; and when ſhe lay in of a Dropſy, perſuaded her ſhe was reported to be in Labor. The Devil's in't, if an old Woman is to be flatter'd further, unleſs a Man ſhou'd endeavour downright perſonally to debauch her; and that my Virtue forbad me. But for the Diſcovery of this Amour, I am indebted to your Friend, or your Wife's Friend, Mrs. *Marwood*.

FAIN-

FAINALL.

What ſhou'd provoke her to be your Enemy, unleſs ſhe has made you Advances, which you have ſlighted? Women do not eaſily forgive Omiſſions of that Nature.

MIRABELL.

She was always civil to me, 'till of late: I confeſs I am not one of thoſe Coxcombs who are apt to interpret a Woman's good Manners to her Prejudice; and think that ſhe who does not refuſe 'em every Thing, can refuſe 'em Nothing.

FAINALL.

You are a gallant Man, *Mirabell;* and tho' you may have Cruelty enough, not to ſatisfy a Lady's Longing; you have too much Generoſity, not to be tender of her Honor. Yet you ſpeak with an Indifference which ſeems to be affected; and confeſſes you are conſcious of a Negligence.

MIRABELL.

You purſue the Argument with a Diſtruſt

truſt that ſeems to be unaffected, and confeſſes that you are conſcious of a Concern, for which the Lady is more indebted to you, than is your Wife.

FAINALL.

Fy, fy, Friend, if you grow cenſorious I muſt leave you;——I'll look upon the Gameſters in the next Room.

MIRABELL.

Who are they?

FAINALL.

Petulant and *Witwoud*—Bring me ſome Chocolate.

MIRABELL.

Betty, what ſays your Clock?

BETTY.

Turn'd of the laſt Canonical Hour, Sir.

MIRABELL.

How pertinently the Jade anſwers me! Ha! almoſt one o'Clock! [*Looking on his Watch.*] O, y'are come.——

SCENE

SCENE II.

MIRABELL, FOOTMAN.

MIRABELL.

WELL; is the grand Affair over? You have been ſomething tedious.

SERVANT.

Sir, there's ſuch Coupling at *Pancras*, that they ſtand behind one another, as 'twere in a Country Dance. Ours was the laſt Couple to lead up; and no Hopes appearing of Diſpatch, beſides, the Parſon growing hoarſe, we were afraid his Lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our Turn; ſo we drove round to *Duke's-Place*; and there they were rivetted in a Trice.

MIRABELL.

So, ſo, you are ſure they're married?

SERVANT.

Married and bedded, Sir: I am Witneſs.

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

Have you the Certificate?

SERVANT.

Here it is, Sir.

MIRABELL.

Has the Tailor brought *Waitwell*'s Cloaths home, and the new Liveries?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

MIRABELL.

That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the Conſummation 'till farther Order; bid *Waitwell* ſhake his Ears, and Dame *Partlet* ruſtle up her Feathers, and meet me at One o'Clock by *Roſamond*'s Pond; that I may ſee her before ſhe returns to her Lady: And as you tender your Ears be Secret.

SCENE

SCENE III.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

FAINALL.

JOY of your Succeſs, *Mirabell;* you look pleas'd.

MIRABELL.

Ay; I have been engag'd in a Matter of ſome Sort of Mirth, which is not yet ripe for Diſcovery. I am glad this is not a Cabal-Night. I wonder, *Fainall,* that you who are married, and of Conſequence ſhould be diſcreet, will ſuffer your Wife to be of ſuch a Party.

FAINALL.

Faith, I am not jealous. Beſides, moſt who are engag'd are Women and Relations; and for the Men, they are of a Kind too contemptible to give Scandal.

MIRABELL.

I am of another Opinion. The greater the Coxcomb, always the more the Scandal:

dal: For a Woman who is not a Fool, can have but one Reaſon for aſſociating with a Man who is one.

FAINALL.

Are you jealous as often as you ſee *Witwoud* entertain'd by *Millamant*?

MIRABELL.

Of her Underſtanding I am, if not of her Perſon.

FAINALL.

You do her Wrong; for to give her her Due, ſhe has Wit.

MIRABELL.

She has Beauty enough to make any Man think ſo; and Complaiſance enough not to contradict him who ſhall tell her ſo.

FAINALL.

For a paſſionate Lover, methinks you are a Man ſomewhat too diſcerning in the Failings of your Miſtreſs.

MIRABELL.

And for a diſcerning Man, ſomewhat too paſſionate a Lover; for I like her with all

all her Faults; nay, like her for her Faults. Her Follies are ſo natural, or ſo artful, that they become her; and thoſe Affectations which in another Woman wou'd be odious, ſerve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall,* ſhe once us'd me with that Inſolence, that in Revenge I took her to Pieces, ſifted her, and ſeparated her Failings; I ſtudy'd 'em, and got 'em by Rote. The Catalogue was ſo large, that I was not without Hopes, one Day or other, to hate her heartily: To which End I ſo us'd myſelf to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my Deſign and Expectation, they gave me ev'ry Hour leſs and leſs Diſturbance; 'till in a few Days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being diſpleas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own Frailties; and in all Probability, in a little Time longer, I ſhall like 'em as well.

FAINALL.

Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her Charms, as you are

with her Defects, and my Life on't, you are your own Man again.

MIRABELL.

Say you ſo?

FAINALL.

I, I, I have Experience: I have a Wife, and ſo forth.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

IS one Squire *Witwoud* here?

BETTY.

Yes: What's your Buſineſs?

MESSENGER.

I have a Letter for him, from his Brother Sir *Wilfull,* which I am charg'd to deliver into his own Hands.

BETTY.

He's in the next Room, Friend—That Way.

SCENE

SCENE V.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

MIRABELL.

WHAT, is the Chief of that noble Family in Town, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud?*

FAINALL.

He is expected to Day. Do you know him?

MIRABELL.

I have ſeen him, he promiſes to be an extraordinary Perſon; I think you have the Honor to be related to him.

FAINALL.

Yes; he is half Brother to this *Witwoud* by a former Wife, who was Siſter to my Lady *Wiſhfort*, my Wife's Mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you muſt call Couſins too.

MIRABELL.

I had rather be his Relation than his Acquaintance.

FAINALL.

He comes to Town in order to equip himſelf for Travel.

MIRABELL.

For Travel! Why the Man that I mean is above Forty.

FAINALL.

No Matter for that; 'tis for the Honour of *England*, that all *Europe* ſhould know we have Blockheads of all Ages.

MIRABELL.

I wonder there is not an Act of Parliament, to ſave the Credit of the Nation, and prohibit the Exportation of Fools.

FAINALL.

By no Means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little Loſs, than to be quite eaten up, with being overſtock'd.

MIRABELL.

Pray, are the Follies of this Knight-Errant, and thoſe of the Squire his Brother, any Thing related?

FAINALL.

Not at all; *Witwoud* grows by the Knight, like

like a Medlar grafted on a Crab. One will melt in your Mouth, and t'other ſet your Teeth on Edge; one is all Pulp, and the other all Core.

MIRABELL.

So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

FAINALL.

Sir *Wilfull* is an odd Mixture of Baſhfulneſs and Obſtinacy.——But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the Monſter in the *Tempeſt*: and much after the ſame Manner. To give t'other his Due; he has Something of good Nature, and does not always want Wit.

MIRABELL.

Not always; but as often as his Memory fails him, and his Common Place of Compariſons. He is a Fool with a good Memory, and ſome few Scraps of other Folks Wit. He is one whoſe Converſation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed

one good Quality, he is not exceptious; for he ſo paſſionately affects the Reputation of underſtanding Rallery, that he will conſtrue an Affront into a Jeſt; and call downright Rudeneſs and ill Language Satire and Fire.

FAINALL.

If you have a Mind to finiſh his Picture, you have an Opportunity to do it at full Length. Behold the Original.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] WITWOUD.

WITWOUD.

AFFORD me your Compaſſion, my Dears; pity me, *Fainall, Mirabell,* pity me.

MIRABELL.

I do from my Soul.

FAINALL.

Why, what's the Matter?

WIT-

WITWOUD.

No Letters for me, *Betty?*

BETTY.

Did not a Meſſenger bring you one but now, Sir?

WITWOUD.

Ay; but no other?

BETTY.

No, Sir.

WITWOUD.

That's hard, that's very hard;—A Meſſenger, a Mule, a Beaſt of Burden, he has brought me a Letter from the Fool my Brother, as heavy as a Panegyric in a Funeral Sermon, or a Copy of Commendatory Verſes from one Poet to another. And what's worſe, 'tis as ſure a Forerunner of the Author, as an Epiſtle Dedicatory.

MIRABELL.

A Fool, and your Brother, *Witwoud!*

WITWOUD.

Ay, ay, my half Brother. My half Brother he is; no nearer, upon Honor.

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

Then 'tis poſſible he may be but half a Fool.

WITWOUD.

Good, good, *Mirabell, le Drole!* Good, good; hang him, don't let's talk of him; —*Fainall,* how does your Lady? Gad, I ſay any Thing in the World to get this Fellow out of my Head. I beg Pardon that I ſhou'd aſk a Man of Pleaſure and the Town, a Queſtion at once ſo foreign and domeſtic. But I talk like an old Maid at a Marriage, I don't know what I ſay: But ſhe's the beſt Woman in the World.

FAINALL.

'Tis well you don't know what you ſay, or elſe your Commendation wou'd go near to make me either vain or jealous.

WITWOUD.

No Man in Town lives well with a Wife but *Fainall.* Your Judgment, *Mirabell?*

MIRABELL.

You had better ſtep and aſk his Wife; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

WIT-

WITWOUD.

Mirabell.

MIRABELL.

Ay.

WITWOUD.

My Dear, I aſk ten thouſand Pardons; —Gad, I have forgot what I was going to ſay to you.

MIRABELL.

I thank you heartily, heartily.

WITWOUD.

No, but prithee excuſe me, — my Memory is ſuch a Memory.

MIRABELL.

Have a Care of ſuch Apologies, *Witwoud*; — for I never knew a Fool but he affected to complain, either of the Spleen or his Memory.

FAINALL.

What have you done with *Petulant*?

WITWOUD.

He's reckoning his Money,—my Money it was—I have no Luck to Day.

FAINALL.

FAINALL.

You may allow him to win of you at Play;—for you are ſure to be too hard for him at Repartee: Since you monopoliſe the Wit that is between you, the Fortune muſt be his of Courſe.

MIRABELL.

I don't find that *Petulant* confeſſes the Superiority of Wit to be your Talent, *Witwoud.*

WITWOUD.

Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed Debates — *Petulant*'s my Friend, and a very honeſt Fellow, and a very pretty Fellow, and has a Smattering —Faith and Troth, a pretty Deal of an odd Sort of a ſmall Wit: Nay, I'll do him Juſtice. I'm his Friend, I won't wrong him—And if he had any Judgment in the World,—he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the Merits of my Friend.

FAINALL.

You don't take your Friend to be overnicely bred?

WIT-

WITWOUD.

No, no, hang him, the Rogue has no Manners at all, that I muſt own——No more Breeding than a Bum-bailiff, that I grant you — 'Tis pity; the Fellow has Fire and Life.

MIRABELL.

What, Courage?

WITWOUD.

Hum, Faith I don't know as to that, —I can't ſay as to that. — Yes, Faith, in a Controverſy he'll contradict any Body.

MIRABELL.

Tho' 'twere a Man whom he fear'd, or a Woman whom he lov'd.

WITWOUD.

Well, well, he does not always think before he ſpeaks;—We have all our Failings; you are too hard upon him, you are, Faith. Let me excuſe him,——I can defend moſt of his Faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the Truth on't, if he were my Brother, I cou'd not acquit him——That, indeed, I cou'd wiſh were otherwiſe.

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

Ay marry, what's that, *Witwoud?*

WITWOUD.

O pardon me — Expoſe the Infirmities of my Friend! — No, my Dear, excuſe me there.

FAINALL.

What, I warrant he's unſincere, or 'tis ſome ſuch Trifle.

WITWOUD.

No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no Matter for that, his Wit will excuſe that: A Wit ſhou'd no more be ſincere, than a Woman conſtant; one argues a Decay of Parts, as t'other of Beauty.

MIRABELL.

May be you think him too poſitive?

WITWOUD.

No, no, his being poſitive is an Incentive to Argument, and keeps up Converſation.

FAINALL.

Too illiterate?

WIT-

WITWOUD.

That! that's his Happineſs—His Want of Learning gives him the more Opportunities to ſhow his natural Parts.

MIRABELL.

He wants Words?

WITWOUD.

Ay; but I like him for that now; for his Want of Words gives me the Pleaſure very often to explain his Meaning.

FAINALL.

He's impudent?

WITWOUD.

No, that's not it.

MIRABELL.

Vain?

WITWOUD.

No.

MIRABELL.

What, he ſpeaks unſeaſonable Truths ſometimes, becauſe he has not Wit enough to invent an Evaſion?

WITWOUD.

Truths! Ha! ha! ha! No, no; ſince you will

will have it,——I mean, he never ſpeaks Truth at all,—That's all. He will lie like a Chambermaid, or a Woman of Quality's Porter. Now that is a Fault.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] COACHMAN.

COACHMAN.

IS Maſter *Petulant* here, Miſtreſs?

BETTY.

Yes.

COACHMAN.

Three Gentlewomen in a Coach would ſpeak with him.

FAINALL.

O brave *Petulant,* Three!

BETTY.

I'll tell him.

COACHMAN.

You muſt bring two Diſhes of Chocolate and a Glaſs of Cinnamon-water.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD.

WITWOUD.

THAT ſhould be for two faſting Strumpets, and a Bawd troubled with the Wind. Now you may know what the three are.

MIRABELL.

You are very free with your Friend's Acquaintance.

WITWOUD.

Ay, ay, Friendſhip without Freedom is as dull as Love without Enjoyment, or Wine without Toaſting; but to tell you a Secret, theſe are Trulls whom he allows Coach-hire, and Something more by the Week, to call on him once a Day at public Places.

MIRABELL.

How!

WITWOUD.

You ſhall ſee he won't go to 'em, becauſe there's no more Company here to take Notice of him—Why this is Nothing to what he us'd to do;—Before he found out this Way, I have known him call for himſelf——

FAINALL.

Call for himſelf? What doſt thou mean?

WITWOUD.

Mean! Why he would ſlip you out of this Chocolate-houſe, juſt when you had been talking to him——As ſoon as your Back was turned—Whip he was gone;—Then trip to his Lodging, clap on a Hood and Scarf, and a Maſk, ſlap into a Hackney-Coach, and drive hither to the Door again in a Trice; where he would ſend in for himſelf, that I mean, call for himſelf, wait for himſelf, nay, and what's more, not finding himſelf, ſometimes leave a Letter for himſelf.

MIRABELL.

I confeſs this is Something extraordinary

nary—I believe he waits for himſelf now, he is ſo long a coming; O, I aſk his Pardon.

SCENE IX.

PETULANT, MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD, BETTY.

BETTY.

SIR, the Coach ſtays.

PETULANT.

Well, well, I come—'Sbud, a Man had as good be a profeſſed Midwife, as a profeſſed Whoremaſter, at this Rate; to be knocked up and raiſed at all Hours, and in all Places. Pox on 'em, I won't come—D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come.——Let 'em ſnivel and cry their Hearts out.

FAINALL.

You are very cruel, *Petulant.*

PETULANT.

All's one, let it paſs—I have a Humor to be cruel.

MIRABELL.

I hope they are not Perſons of Condition that you uſe at this Rate.

PETULANT.

Condition! Condition's a dry'd Fig, if I am not in Humor——By this Hand, if they were your—a—a—your What-d'ye-call-'ems themſelves, they muſt wait or rub off, if I want Appetite.

MIRABELL.

What-d'ye-call-'ems! What are they, *Witwoud?*

WITWOUD.

Empreſſes, my Dear—By your What-d'ye-call-'ems he means Sultana Queens.

PETULANT.

Ay, *Roxolanas.*

MIRABELL.

Cry you Mercy.

FAINALL.

Witwoud ſays they are——

PETULANT.

What does he ſay th'are?

WIT-

WITWOUD.

I? Fine Ladies, I ſay.

PETULANT.

Paſs on, *Witwoud*——Hark ye; by this Night, his Relations——Two Co-heireſſes his Couſins, and an old Aunt, who loves Caterwauling better than a Conventicle.

WITWOUD.

Ha! ha! ha! I had a Mind to ſee how the Rogue would come off—Ha! ha! ha! Gad, I can't be angry with him, if he had ſaid they were my Mother and my Siſters.

MIRABELL.

No!

WITWOUD.

No; the Rogue's Wit and Readineſs of Invention charm me. Dear *Petulant!*

BETTY.

They are gone, Sir, in great Anger.

PETULANT.

Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps Complexion, ſaves Paint.

FAINALL.

This Continence is all diſſembled; this

is in order to have Something to brag of the next Time he makes Court to *Millamant,* and ſwear he has abandoned the whole Sex for her Sake.

MIRABELL.

Have you not left off your impudent Pretenſions there yet? I ſhall cut your Throat ſome Time or other, *Petulant,* about that Buſineſs.

PETULANT.

Ay, ay, let that paſs—There are other Throats to be cut.——

MIRABELL.

Meaning mine, Sir?

PETULANT.

Not I——I mean no Body——I know Nothing——But there are Uncles and Nephews in the World——And they may be Rivals—What then? All's one for that—

MIRABELL.

How? Hark ye, *Petulant,* come hither—Explain, or I ſhall call your Interpreter.

PETULANT.

Explain! I know Nothing—Why you have

have an Uncle, have you not, lately come to Town, and lodges by my Lady *Wiſh-fort*'s?

MIRABELL.

True.

PETULANT.

Why that's enough—You and he are not Friends; and if he ſhou'd marry and have a Child, you may be diſinherited, ha?

MIRABELL.

Where haſt thou ſtumbled upon all this Truth?

PETULANT.

All's one for that; why then ſay I know Something.

MIRABELL.

Come, thou art an honeſt Fellow, *Petulant,* and ſhalt make Love to my Miſtreſs, thou ſha't, Faith. What haſt thou heard of my Uncle?

PETULANT.

I, Nothing, I. If Throats are to be cut,

let Swords claſh; Snug's the Word, I ſhrug and am ſilent.

MIRABELL.

O Rallery, Rallery. Come, I know thou art in the Women's Secrets—What, you're a Cabaliſt, I know you ſtay'd at *Millamant*'s laſt Night, after I went. Was there any Mention made of my Uncle, or me? Tell me. If thou hadſt but good Nature equal to thy Wit, *Petulant, Tony Witwoud,* who is now thy Competitor in Fame, would ſhow as dim by thee as a dead Whiting's Eye by a Pearl of Orient; he wou'd no more be ſeen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the Sun: Come, I'm ſure thou wo't tell me.

PETULANT.

If I do, will you grant me Common Senſe then, for the future?

MIRABELL.

Faith, I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that Heav'n may grant it thee in the mean Time.

PETULANT.

Well, hark ye.

FAIN-

FAINALL.

Petulant and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a Rival as a Lover.

WITWOUD.

Pſhaw, pſhaw, that ſhe laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my Part—But that it is almoſt a Faſhion to admire her, I ſhould—Hark ye,—To tell you a Secret, but let it go no further—Between Friends, I ſhall never break my Heart for her.

FAINALL.

How!

WITWOUD.

She's handſome; but ſhe's a Sort of an uncertain Woman.

FAINALL.

I thought you had dy'd for her.

WITWOUD.

Umh—No—

FAINALL.

She has Wit.

WITWOUD.

'Tis what ſhe will hardly allow any Body elſe—Now, Demme, I ſhou'd hate that, if ſhe

ſhe were as handſome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not ſo ſure of her as he thinks for.

FAINALL.

Why do you think ſo?

WITWOUD.

We ſtay'd pretty late there laſt Night; and heard Something of an Uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to Town,—and is between him and the beſt Part of his Eſtate; *Mirabell* and he are at ſome Diſtance, as my Lady *Wiſhfort* has been told; and you know ſhe hates *Mirabell*, worſe than a Quaker hates a Parrot, or than a Fiſhmonger hates a hard Froſt. Whether this Uncle has ſeen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot ſay; but there were Items of ſuch a Treaty being in Embrio; and if it ſhou'd come to Life, poor *Mirabell* wou'd be in ſome Sort unfortunately fobb'd, i'Faith.

FAINALL.

'Tis impoſſible *Millamant* ſhou'd hearken to it.

WITWOUD.

Faith, my Dear, I can't tell; ſhe's a Woman and a Kind of a Humoriſt.

MIRABELL.

And this is the Sum of what you cou'd collect laſt Night?

PETULANT.

The Quinteſſence. May be *Witwoud* knows more, he ſtay'd longer—Beſides, they never mind him; they ſay any Thing before him.

MIRABELL.

I thought you had been the greateſt Favorite.

PETULANT.

Ay, *tête à tête;* but not in public, becauſe I make Remarks.

MIRABELL.

You do?

PETULANT.

Ay; ay, Pox, I'm malicious, Man. Now he's ſoft, you know, they are not in Awe of him—The Fellow's well bred, he's what you

you call a——What-d'ye-call-'em—a fine Gentleman, but he's ſilly withal.

MIRABELL.

I thank you. I know as much as my Curioſity requires. *Fainall,* are you for the *Mall?*

FAINALL.

Ay, I'll take a Turn before Dinner.

WITWOUD.

Ay, we'll all walk in the Park; the Ladies talk'd of being there.

MIRABELL.

I thought you were obliged to watch for your Brother Sir *Wilfull*'s Arrival.

WITWOUD.

No, no, he comes to his Aunt's, my Lady *Wiſhfort;* Pox on him, I ſhall be troubled with him too; what ſhall I do with the Fool?

PETULANT.

Beg him for his Eſtate; that I may beg you afterwards; and ſo have but one Trouble with you both.

WIT-

WITWOUD.

O rare *Petulant!* thou art as quick as Fire in a frosty Morning; thou shalt to the *Mall* with us; and we'll be very severe.

PETULANT.

Enough, I'm in a Humor to be severe.

MIRABELL.

Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves, —Let not us be accessary to your putting the Ladies out of Countenance, with your senseless Ribaldry; which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome Woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

PETULANT.

What, what? Then let 'em either show their Innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else show their Discretion by not hearing what they wou'd not be thought to understand.

MIRABELL.

But hast not thou then Sense enough to know, that thou ought'st to be most asham'd thyself,

thyſelf, when thou haſt put another out of Countenance.

PETULANT.

Not I, by this Hand——I always take Bluſhing either for a Sign of Guilt or ill Breeding.

MIRABELL.

I confeſs you ought to think ſo. You are in the right, that you may plead the Error of your Judgment in Defence of your Practice.

Where Modeſty's ill Manners, 'tis but fit
That Impudence and Malice paſs for Wit.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. JAMES's *PARK.*

Mrs. FAINALL, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Mrs. FAINALL.

AY, ay, dear *Marwood,* if we will be happy, we muſt find the Means in ourſelves, and among ourſelves. Men are ever in Extremes; either doting, or averſe. While they are Lovers, if they have Fire and Senſe, their Jealouſies are inſupportable: And when they ceaſe to love, (we ought to think at leaſt) they loathe; they look upon us with Horror and Diſtaſte; they meet us like the Ghoſts of what we were, and, as from ſuch, fly from us.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

True, 'tis an unhappy Circumſtance of Life, that Love ſhou'd ever die before us; and that the Man ſo often ſhou'd outlive the Lover. But ſay what you will, 'tis better

better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To paſs our Youth in dull Indifference, to refuſe the Sweets of Life becauſe they once muſt leave us, is as prepoſterous, as to wiſh to have been born Old, becauſe we one Day muſt be Old. For my Part, my Youth may wear and waſte, but it ſhall never ruſt in my Poſſeſſion.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Then it ſeems you diſſemble an Averſion to Mankind, only in Compliance to my Mother's Humor.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Certainly. To be free; I have no Taſte of thoſe inſipid dry Diſcourſes, with which our Sex of Force muſt entertain themſelves, apart from Men. We may affect Endearments to each other, profeſs eternal Friendſhips, and ſeem to dote like Lovers; but 'tis not in our Natures long to perſevere. Love will reſume his Empire in our Breaſts, and every Heart, or ſoon or late, receive and re-admit him as its lawful Tyrant. *Mrs.*

Mrs. FAINALL.

Bleſs me, how have I been deceiv'd! Why you profeſs a Libertine.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

You ſee my Friendſhip by my Freedom. Come, be as ſincere, acknowledge that your Sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Never.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

You hate Mankind?

Mrs. FAINALL.

Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Your Huſband?

Mrs. FAINALL.

Moſt tranſcendently; ay, tho' I ſay it, meritoriouſly.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Give me your Hand upon it.

Mrs. FAINALL.

There.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I join with you; what I have ſaid has been to try you.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Is it poſſible? Doſt thou hate thoſe Vipers Men?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I have done hating 'em, and am now come to deſpiſe 'em; the next Thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. FAINALL.

There ſpoke the Spirit of an *Amazon*, a *Pentheſilea.*

Mrs. MARWOOD.

And yet I am thinking ſometimes to carry my Averſion further.

Mrs. FAINALL.

How?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Faith, by marrying; if I cou'd but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be throughly ſenſible of ill Uſage, I think I ſhould do myſelf the Violence of undergoing the Ceremony.

Mrs.

Mrs. FAINALL.

You would not make him a Cuckold?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Why had you not as good do it?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

O if he ſhou'd ever diſcover it, he wou'd then know the worſt, and be out of his Pain; but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the Rack of Fear and Jealouſy.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Ingenious Miſchief! Wou'd thou wert married to *Mirabell.*

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Wou'd I were.

Mrs. FAINALL.

You change Color.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Becauſe I hate him.

Mrs. FAINALL.

So do I; but I can hear him nam'd.

But what Reaſon have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I never lov'd him; he is, and always was, inſufferably proud.

Mrs. FAINALL.

By the Reaſon you give for your Averſion, one wou'd think it diſſembled; for you have laid a Fault to his Charge, of which his Enemies muſt acquit him.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

O then it ſeems you are one of his favorable Enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you fluſh again.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Do I? I think I am a little ſick o'the ſudden.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

What ails you?

Mrs. FAINALL.

My Huſband. Don't you ſee him? He turn'd ſhort upon me unawares, and has almoſt overcome me.

SCENE

SCENE II.

[*To them*] FAINALL, MIRABELL.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

HA! ha! ha! he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. FAINALL.

For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

FAINALL.

My Dear!

Mrs. FAINALL.

My Soul!

FAINALL.

You don't look well to Day, Child.

Mrs. FAINALL.

D'ye think ſo?

MIRABELL.

He is the only Man that does, Madam.

Mrs. FAINALL.

The only Man that wou'd tell me ſo, at

leaſt; and the only Man from whom I cou'd hear it without Mortification.

FAINALL.

O my Dear, I am ſatisfy'd of your Tenderneſs; I know you cannot reſent any Thing from me; eſpecially what is an Effect of my Concern.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Mr. *Mirabell,* my Mother interrupted you in a pleaſant Relation laſt Night: I I wou'd fain hear it out.

MIRABELL.

The Perſons concern'd in that Affair, have yet a tolerable Reputation——I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be cenſorious.

Mrs. FAINALL.

He has a Humor more prevailing than his Curioſity, and will willingly diſpenſe with the hearing of one ſcandalous Story, to avoid giving an Occaſion to make another by being ſeen to walk with his Wife. This Way, Mr. *Mirabell,* and I dare promiſe you will oblige us both.

SCENE

SCENE III.

FAINALL, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

FAINALL.

EXCELLENT Creature! Well, ſure if I ſhou'd live to be rid of my Wife, I ſhou'd be a miſerable Man.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Ay!

FAINALL.

For having only that one Hope, the Accompliſhment of it of Conſequence muſt put an End to all my Hopes; and what a Wretch is he who muſt ſurvive his Hopes! Nothing remains when that Day comes, but to ſit down and weep, like *Alexander*, when he wanted other Worlds to conquer.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Will you not follow 'em?

FAINALL.

Faith, I think not.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Pray let us; I have a Reaſon.

FAINALL.

You are not jealous?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Of whom?

FAINALL.

Of *Mirabell.*

Mrs. MARWOOD.

If I am, is it inconſiſtent with my Love to you that I am tender of your Honor?

FAINALL.

You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my Wife and him.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I think ſhe does not hate him to that Degree ſhe wou'd be thought.

FAINALL.

But he, I fear, is too inſenſible.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

It may be you are deceiv'd.

FAINALL.

It may be ſo. I do not now begin to apprehend it. *Mrs.*

Mrs. MARWOOD.

What?

FAINALL.

That I have been deceiv'd, Madam, and you are falſe.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

That I am falſe! What mean you?

FAINALL.

To let you know I ſee through all your little Arts——Come, you both love him; and both have equally diſſembled your Averſion. Your mutual Jealouſies of one another, have made you claſh 'till you have both ſtruck Fire. I have ſeen the warm Confeſſion reddening on your Cheeks, and ſparkling from your Eyes.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

You do me Wrong.

FAINALL.

I do not—'Twas for my Eaſe to overſee and wilfully neglect the groſs Advances made him by my Wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unſuſpected in my Pleaſures; and take you oftener

oftener to my Arms in full Security. But cou'd you think, becauſe the nodding Huſband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful Lover ſlept?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

And wherewithal can you reproach me?

FAINALL.

With Infidelity, with loving another, with Love of *Mirabell.*

Mrs. MARWOOD.

'Tis falſe. I challenge you to ſhow an Inſtance that can confirm your groundleſs Accuſation. I hate him.

FAINALL.

And wherefore do you hate him? He is inſenſible, and your Reſentment follows his Neglect. An Inſtance! The Injuries you have done him are a Proof: Your interpoſing in his Love. What Cauſe had you to make Diſcoveries of his pretended Paſſion? To undeceive the credulous Aunt, and be the officious Obſtacle of his Match with *Millamant?*

Mrs.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

My Obligations to my Lady urg'd me: I had profeſs'd a Friendſhip to her; and cou'd not ſee her eaſy Nature ſo abus'd by that Diſſembler.

FAINALL.

What, was it Conſcience then? Profeſs'd a Friendſhip! O the pious Friendſhips of the Female Sex!

Mrs. MARWOOD.

More tender, more ſincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty Vows of Men, whether profeſſing Love to us, or mutual Faith to one another.

FAINALL.

Ha! ha! ha! you are my Wife's Friend too.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Shame and Ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me? Have I been falſe to her, thro' ſtrict Fidelity to you, and ſacrific'd my Friendſhip to keep my Love inviolate? And have you the Baſeneſs to charge me with the Guilt, unmindful

mindful of the Merit? To you it ſhou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: And do you reflect that Guilt upon me, which ſhou'd lie buried in your Boſom?

FAINALL.

You miſinterpret my Reproof. I meant but to remind you of the ſlight Account you once cou'd make of ſtricteſt Ties, when ſet in Competition with your Love to me.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

'Tis falſe, you urg'd it with deliberate Malice—'Twas ſpoke in Scorn, and I never will forgive it.

FAINALL.

Your Guilt, not your Reſentment, begets your Rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a Jealouſy: But you are ſtung to find you are diſcover'd.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

It ſhall be all diſcover'd. You too ſhall be diſcover'd; be ſure you ſhall. I can but be expos'd—If I do it myſelf, I ſhall prevent your Baſeneſs.

FAIN-

FAINALL.

Why, what will you do?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Diſcloſe it to your Wife; own what has paſt between us.

FAINALL.

Phrenſy!

Mrs. MARWOOD.

By all my Wrongs I'll do't — I'll publiſh to the World the Injuries you have done me, both in my Fame and Fortune: With both I truſted you, you Bankrupt in Honor, as indigent of Wealth.

FAINALL.

Your Fame I have preſerv'd. Your Fortune has been beſtow'd as the Prodigality of your Love would have it, in Pleaſures which we both have ſhar'd. Yet, had not you been falſe, I had ere this repaid it — 'Tis true — Had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have ſtol'n their Marriage, my Lady had been incens'd beyond all Means of Reconcilement: *Millamant* had forfeited the Moiety of her Fortune;

tune; which then wou'd have deſcended to my Wife;—And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful Prize of a rich Widow's Wealth, and ſquander it on Love and you?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Deceit, and frivolous Pretence!

FAINALL.

Death, am I not married? What's Pretence? Am I not impriſon'd, fetter'd? Have I not a Wife? Nay, a Wife that was a Widow, a young Widow, a handſome Widow; and wou'd be again a Widow, but that I have a Heart of Proof, and Something of a Conſtitution to buſtle thro' the Ways of Wedlock and this World. Will you yet be reconcil'd to Truth and me?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Impoſſible. Truth and you are inconſiſtent—I hate you, and ſhall for ever.

FAINALL.

For loving you?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I loathe the Name of Love after ſuch Uſage;

Uſage; and next to the Guilt with which you wou'd aſperſe me, I ſcorn you moſt. Farewel.

FAINALL.

Nay, we muſt not part thus.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Let me go.

FAINALL.

Come, I'm ſorry.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I care not——Let me go—Break my Hands, do——I'd leave 'em to get looſe.

FAINALL.

I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Have I no other Hold to keep you here?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Well, I have deſerv'd it all.

FAINALL.

You know I love you.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Poor diſſembling!—O that—Well, it is not yet—

FAINALL.

What? What is it not? What is it not yet? Is it not yet too late—— *Mrs.*

Mrs. MARWOOD.

No, it is not yet too late — I have that Comfort.

FAINALL.

It is, to love another.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

But not to loathe, deteſt, abhor Mankind, myſelf, and the whole treacherous World.

FAINALL.

Nay, this is Extravagance——Come, I aſk your Pardon — No Tears — I was to blame, I cou'd not love you and be eaſy in my Doubts — Pray forbear — I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you Wrong; and any Way, ev'ry Way, will make Amends; — I'll hate my Wife yet more. Damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all ſhe's worth, and we'll retire ſomewhere, any where, to another World. I'll marry thee—Be pacify'd — 'Sdeath! they come, hide your Face, your Tears — You have a Maſk, wear it a Moment. This Way, this Way; be perſuaded.

SCENE

SCENE III.

MIRABELL, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mrs. FAINALL.

THEY are here yet.

MIRABELL.

They are turning into the other Walk.

Mrs. FAINALL.

While I only hated my Huſband, I cou'd bear to ſee him; but ſince I have deſpis'd him, he's too offenſive.

MIRABELL.

O you ſhou'd hate with Prudence.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Yes, for I have lov'd with Indiſcretion.

MIRABELL.

You ſhou'd have juſt ſo much Diſguſt for your Huſband, as may be ſufficient to make you reliſh your Lover.

Mrs. FAINALL.

You have been the Cauſe that I have lov'd without Bounds, and wou'd you ſet

Limits to that Averſion of which you have been the Occaſion? Why did you make me marry this Man?

MIRABELL.

Why do we daily commit diſagreeable and dangerous Actions? To ſave that Idol Reputation. If the Familiarities of our Loves had produc'd that Conſequence of which you were apprehenſive, where cou'd you have fix'd a Father's Name with Credit, but on a Huſband? I knew *Fainall* to be a Man laviſh of his Morals, an intereſted and profeſſing Friend, a falſe and a deſigning Lover; yet, one whoſe Wit and outward fair Behaviour, have gain'd a Reputation with the Town, enough to make that Woman ſtand excus'd, who has ſuffer'd herſelf to be won by his Addreſſes. A better Man ought not to have been ſacrific'd to the Occaſion; a worſe had not anſwer'd to the Purpoſe. When you are weary of him, you know your Remedy.

Mrs. FAINALL.

I ought to ſtand in ſome Degree of Credit with you, *Mirabell.*

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

In Juſtice to you, I have made you privy to my whole Deſign, and put it in your Power to ruin or advance my Fortune.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Whom have you inſtructed to repreſent your pretended Uncle?

MIRABELL.

Waitwell, my Servant.

Mrs. FAINALL.

He is an humble Servant to *Foible,* my Mother's Woman, and may win her to your Intereſt.

MIRABELL.

Care is taken for that—She is won and worn, by this Time. They were married this Morning.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Who?

MIRABELL.

Waitwell and *Foible.* I would not tempt my Servant to betray me by truſting him too far. If your Mother, in Hopes to ruin

me; ſhou'd conſent to marry my pretended Uncle, he might, like *Moſca* in the *Fox*, ſtand upon Terms; ſo I made him ſure beforehand.

Mrs. FAINALL.

So, if my poor Mother is caught in a Contract, you will diſcover the Impoſture betimes; and releaſe her by producing a Certificate of her Gallant's former Marriage.

MIRABELL.

Yes, upon Condition that ſhe conſent to my Marriage with her Niece, and ſurrender the Moiety of her Fortune in her Poſſeſſion.

Mrs. FAINALL.

She talk'd laſt Night of endeavouring at a Match between *Millamant* and your Uncle.

MIRABELL.

That was by *Foible*'s Direction, and my Inſtruction, that ſhe might ſeem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Well, I have an Opinion of your Succeſs;

ceſs; for I believe my Lady will do any Thing to get an Huſband; and when ſhe has this, which you have provided for her, I ſuppoſe ſhe will ſubmit to any Thing to get rid of him.

MIRABELL.

Yes, I think the good Lady wou'd marry any Thing that reſembled a Man, though 'twere no more than what a Butler could pinch out of a Napkin.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Female Frailty! We muſt all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a falſe Appetite when the true is decay'd.

MIRABELL.

An old Woman's Appetite is deprav'd like that of a Girl—'Tis the Green-Sickneſs of a ſecond Childhood; and, like the faint Offer of a latter Spring, ſerves but to uſher in the Fall; and withers in an affected Bloom.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Here's your Miſtreſs.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* MILLAMANT, WITWOUD, MINCING.

MIRABELL.

HERE ſhe comes, i'Faith, full Sail, with her Fan ſpread and Streamers out, and a Shoal of Fools for Tenders——Ha! no, I cry her Mercy.

Mrs. FAINALL.

I ſee but one poor empty Sculler; and he tows her Woman after him.

MIRABELL.

You ſeem to be unattended, Madam,—— You us'd to have the *beau Monde* throng after you; and a Flock of gay fine Perukes hovering round you.

WITWOUD.

Like Moths about a Candle —— I had like to have loſt my Compariſon for Want of Breath.

MILLA-

MILLAMANT.

O I have deny'd myſelf Airs to Day. I have walk'd as faſt through the Crowd—

WITWOUD.

As a Favorite juſt diſgraced; and with as few Followers.

MILLAMANT.

Dear Mr. *Witwoud*, Truce with your Similitudes: For I am as ſick of 'em—

WITWOUD.

As a Phyſician of a good Air—I cannot help it, Madam, tho' 'tis againſt myſelf.

MILLAMANT.

Yet again! *Mincing*, ſtand between me and his Wit.

WITWOUD.

Do, Mrs. *Mincing*, like a Screen before a great Fire. I confeſs I do blaze to Day, I am too bright.

Mrs. FAINALL.

But, dear *Millamant*, why were you ſo long?

MILLAMANT.

Long! Lord, have I not made violent

Haſte? I have aſk'd every living Thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new Faſhion.

WITWOUD.

Madam, Truce with your Similitudes —No, you met her Huſband, and did not aſk him for her.

MIRABELL.

By your Leave, *Witwoud*, that were like enquiring after an old Faſhion, to aſk a Huſband for his Wife.

WITWOUD.

Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confeſs it.

Mrs. FAINALL.

You were dreſs'd before I came abroad.

MILLAMANT.

Ay, that's true — O but then I had — *Mincing*, what had I? Why was I ſo long?

MINCING.

O Mem, your La'ſhip ſtay'd to peruſe a Packquet of Letters.

MILLAMANT.

O ay, Letters —— I had Letters —— I am

am perſecuted with Letters — I hate Letters — No Body knows how to write Letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why — They ſerve one to pin up one's Hair.

WITWOUD.

Is that the Way? Pray, Madam, do you pin up your Hair with all your Letters? I find I muſt keep Copies.

MILLAMANT.

Only with thoſe in Verſe, Mr. *Witwoud*. I never pin up my Hair with Proſe. I think I try'd once, *Mincing*.

MINCING.

O Mem, I ſhall never forget it.

MILLAMANT.

Ay, poor *Mincing* tift and tift all the Morning.

MINCING.

'Till I had the Cramp in my Fingers, I'll vow, Mem. And all to no Purpoſe. But when your La'ſhip pins it up with Poetry, it ſits ſo pleaſant the next Day as any Thing, and is ſo pure and ſo crips.

WITWOUD.

Indeed, ſo crips?

MINCING.

MINCING.

You're ſuch a Critic, Mr. *Witwoud.*

MILLAMANT.

Mirabell, did you take Exceptions laſt Night? O ay, and went away——Now I think on't, I'm angry——No, now I think on't, I'm pleas'd——For I believe I gave you ſome Pain.

MIRABELL.

Does that pleaſe you?

MILLAMANT.

Infinitely; I love to give Pain.

MIRABELL.

You wou'd affect a Cruelty which is not in your Nature; your true Vanity is in the Power of Pleaſing.

MILLAMANT.

O I aſk your Pardon for that——One's Cruelty is one's Power, and when one parts with one's Cruelty, one parts with one's Power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

MIRABELL.

Ay, ay, ſuffer your Cruelty to ruin the Object

Object of your Power, to deſtroy your Lover——And then how vain, how loſt a Thing you'll be? Nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handſome when you've loſt your Lover; your Beauty dies upon the Inſtant: For Beauty is the Lover's Gift; 'tis he beſtows your Charms—Your Glaſs is all a Cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the Looking-Glaſs mortifies, yet, after Commendation, can be flatter'd by it, and diſcover Beauties in it: For that reflects our Praiſes, rather than your Face.

MILLAMANT.

O the Vanity of theſe Men! *Fainall,* d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handſome! Now you muſt know, they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handſome. Beauty the Lover's Gift! — Lord, what is a Lover, that it can give? Why one makes Lovers as faſt as one pleaſes, and they live as long as one pleaſes, and they die as ſoon as one pleaſes: And then, if one pleaſes, one makes more.

WIT-

WITWOUD.

Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of Lovers, Madam, than of making ſo many Card-matches.

MILLAMANT.

One no more owes one's Beauty to a Lover, than one's Wit to an Echo: They can but reflect what we look and ſay; vain empty Things, if we are ſilent or unſeen, and want a Being.

MIRABELL.

Yet, to thoſe two vain empty Things, you owe two the greateſt Pleaſures of your Life.

MILLAMANT.

How ſo?

MIRABELL.

To your Lover you owe the Pleaſure of hearing yourſelves prais'd; and to an Echo the Pleaſure of hearing yourſelves talk.

WITWOUD.

But I know a Lady that loves talking ſo inceſſantly, ſhe won't give an Echo fair Play; ſhe has that everlaſting Rotation of Tongue,

Tongue, that an Echo muſt wait 'till ſhe dies, before it can catch her laſt Words.

MILLAMANT.

O Fiction! *Fainall*, let us leave theſe Men.

MIRABELL.

Draw off *Witwoud*. [*Aſide to Mrs.* Fainall.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Immediately. I have a Word or two for Mr. *Witwoud*.

SCENE V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MINCING.

MIRABELL.

I Wou'd beg a little private Audience too——You had the Tyranny to deny me laſt Night; tho' you knew I came to impart a Secret to you that concern'd my Love.

MILLAMANT.

You ſaw I was engag'd.

MIRABELL.

Unkind. You had the Leiſure to entertain a Herd of Fools; Things who viſit you

you from their exceſſive Idleneſs; beſtowing on your Eaſineſs that Time which is the Incumbrance of their Lives. How can you find Delight in ſuch Society? It is impoſſible they ſhou'd admire you, they are not capable: Or if they were, it ſhou'd be to you as a Mortification; for ſure to pleaſe a Fool is ſome Degree of Folly.

MILLAMANT.

I pleaſe myſelf — Beſides, ſometimes to converſe with Fools is for my Health.

MIRABELL.

Your Health! Is there a worſe Diſeaſe than the Converſation of Fools?

MILLAMANT.

Yes, the Vapors: Fools are Phyſic for it, next to *Aſſa-fœtida*.

MIRABELL.

You are not in a Courſe of Fools?

MILLAMANT.

Mirabell, if you perſiſt in this offenſive Freedom — you'll diſpleaſe me—I think I muſt reſolve, after all, not to have you— We ſhan't agree.

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

Not in our Phyſic, it may be.

MILLAMANT.

And yet our Diſtemper, in all Likelihood, will be the ſame; for we ſhall be ſick of one another. I ſhan't endure to be reprimanded, nor inſtructed; 'tis ſo dull to act always by Advice, and ſo tedious to be told of one's Faults—I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell*—I'm reſolv'd—I think—You may go——Ha! ha! ha! What wou'd you give, that you cou'd help loving me?

MIRABELL.

I wou'd give Something that you did not know I cou'd not help it.

MILLAMANT.

Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you ſay to me?

MIRABELL.

I ſay, that a Man may as ſoon make a Friend by his Wit, or a Fortune by his Honeſty, as win a Woman with Plain-dealing and Sincerity.

MILLA-

MILLAMANT.

Sententious *Mirabell!* Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wiſe Face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the Child in an old Tapeſtry Hanging.

MIRABELL.

You are merry, Madam, but I would perſuade you for a Moment to be ſerious.

MILLAMANT.

What, with that Face? No, if you keep your Countenance, 'tis impoſſible I ſhou'd hold mine. Well, after all, there is Something very moving in a Love-ſick Face. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, I won't laugh, don't be peeviſh—Heigh-ho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a Watch-light. Well, *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me, woo me now—Nay, if you are ſo tedious, fare you well;—I ſee they are walking away.

MIRABELL.

Can you not find in the Variety of your Diſpoſition one Moment—

MILLAMANT.

To hear you tell me *Foible*'s marry'd, and your Plot like to ſpeed—No. MI-

MIRABELL.

But how you came to know it—

MILLAMANT.

Without the Help of the Devil, you can't imagine; unleſs ſhe ſhould tell me herſelf. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave to you to conſider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

SCENE VI.

MIRABELL *alone.*

I Have Something more—Gone—Think of you! To think of a Whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a Whirlwind, were a Caſe of more ſteady Contemplation; a very Tranquillity of Mind and Manſion. A Fellow that lives in a Windmill, has not a more whimſical Dwelling than the Heart of a Man that is lodg'd in a Woman. There is no Point of the Compaſs to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not

turn'd; and by one as well as another; for Motion, not Method, is their Occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in Love, is to be made wiſe from the Dictates of Reaſon, and yet perſevere to play the Fool by the Force of Inſtinct.— O here come my Pair of Turtles— What, billing ſo ſweetly! Is not *Valentine*'s Day over with you yet?

SCENE VII.

[*To him*] WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

MIRABELL.

SIRRAH, *Waitwell*, why ſure you think you were marry'd for your own Recreation, and not for my Conveniency.

WAITWELL.

Your Pardon, Sir. With Submiſſion, we have, indeed, been ſolacing in lawful Delights; but ſtill with an Eye to Buſineſs, Sir. I have inſtructed her as well as I could. If ſhe can take your Direc-

tions

tions as readily as my Inſtructions, Sir, your Affairs are in a proſperous Way.

MIRABELL.

Give you Joy, Mrs. *Foible.*

FOIBLE.

O-las, Sir, I'm ſo aſham'd — I'm afraid my Lady has been in a Thouſand Inquietudes for me. But I proteſt, Sir, I made as much Haſte as I could.

WAITWELL.

That ſhe did indeed, Sir. It was my Fault that ſhe did not make more.

MIRABELL.

That I believe.

FOIBLE.

But I told my Lady as you inſtructed me, Sir. That I had a Proſpect of ſeeing Sir *Rowland* your Uncle; and that I wou'd put her Ladyſhip's Picture in my Pocket to ſhow him; which I'll be ſure to ſay has made him ſo enamour'd of her Beauty, that he burns with Impatience to lie at her Ladyſhip's Feet, and worſhip the Original.

MIRABELL.

Excellent *Foible!* Matrimony has made you eloquent in Love.

WAITWELL.

I think ſhe has profited, Sir. I think ſo.

FOIBLE.

You have ſeen Madam *Millamant,* Sir?

MIRABELL.

Yes.

FOIBLE.

I told her, Sir, becauſe I did not know that you might find an Opportunity, ſhe had ſo much Company laſt Night.

MIRABELL.

Your Diligence will merit more—In the mean Time— [*Gives Money.*

FOIBLE.

O dear Sir, your humble Servant.

WAITWELL.

Spouſe.

MIRABELL.

Stand off, Sir, not a Peny —— Go on and proſper, *Foible*——The Leaſe ſhall be made

made good and the Farm ſtock'd, if we ſucceed.

FOIBLE.

I don't queſtion your Generoſity, Sir: And you need not doubt of Succeſs. If you have no more Commands, Sir, I'll be gone; I'm ſure my Lady is at her Toilet, and can't dreſs 'till I come.—O Dear, I'm ſure that [*Looking out.*] 'was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a Maſk; if ſhe has ſeen me with you I'm ſure ſhe'll tell my Lady. I'll make Haſte home and prevent her. Your Servant, Sir. B'w'y *Waitwell.*

SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, WAITWELL.

WAITWELL.

SIR *Rowland,* if you pleaſe. The Jade's ſo pert upon her Preferment, ſhe forgets herſelf.

MIRABELL.

Come, Sir, will you endeavour to for-

get yourſelf—and transform into Sir *Rowland.*

WAITWELL.

Why, Sir, it will be impoſſible I ſhou'd remember myſelf—Marry'd, knighted and attended all in one Day! 'Tis enough to make any Man forget himſelf. The Difficulty will be how to recover my Acquaintance and Familiarity with my former Self; and fall from my Transformation to a Reformation into *Waitwell.* Nay, I ſhan't be quite the ſame *Waitwell* neither—for now I remember me, I'm marry'd, and can't be my own Man again.

Ay, there's my Grief; that's the ſad Change of Life;
To loſe my Title, and yet keep my Wife.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady WISHFORT's *House.*

Lady WISHFORT *at her Toilet,* PEG *waiting.*

Lady WISHFORT.

MERCIFUL! no News of *Foible* yet?

PEG.

No, Madam.

Lady WISHFORT.

I have no more Patience—If I have not fretted myſelf 'till I am pale again, there's no Veracity in me. Fetch me the Red—the Red, do you hear, Sweet-heart? An errant Aſh Color, as I'm a Perſon. Look you how this Wench ſtirs! Why doſt thou not fetch me a little Red? Didſt thou not hear me, Mopus?

PEG.

The red Ratafia, does your Ladyſhip mean, or the Cherry-Brandy?

Lady WISHFORT.

Ratafia, Fool? No, Fool. Not the Ratafia, Fool — Grant me Patience! I mean the *Spaniſh* Paper, Idiot; Complexion, Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint, doſt thou underſtand that, Changeling, dangling thy Hands like Bobbins before thee? Why doſt thou not ſtir, Puppet? thou wooden Thing upon Wires.

PEG.

Lord, Madam, your Ladyſhip is ſo impatient—I cannot come at the Paint, Madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carry'd the Key with her.

Lady WISHFORT.

A Pox take you both — Fetch me the Cherry-Brandy then.

SCENE II.

Lady WISHFORT.

I'M as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmſick*, the Curate's Wife, that's always breeding — Wench, come, come, Wench,

Wench, what art thou doing? Sipping? Taſting? Save thee, doſt thou not know the Bottle?

SCENE III.

Lady WISHFORT, PEG *with a Bottle and* China *Cup.*

PEG.

MADAM, I was looking for a Cup.

Lady WISHFORT.

A Cup, ſave thee, and what a Cup haſt thou brought! Doſt thou take me for a Fairy, to drink out of an Acorn? Why didſt thou not bring thy Thimble? Haſt thou ne'er a Braſs Thimble clinking in thy Pocket with a Bit of Nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.—So—again. See who that is—[*One knocks.*] Set down the Bottle firſt. Here, here, under the Table—What, wou'dſt thou go with the Bottle in thy Hand like a Tapſter. As I'm a Perſon, this Wench has liv'd in an

Inn upon the Road, before ſhe came to me, like *Maritornes* the *Aſturian* in *Don Quixote*. No *Foible* yet?

PEG.

No, Madam, Mrs. *Marwood*.

Lady WISHFORT.

O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in, good *Marwood*.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I'M ſurpris'd to find your Ladyſhip in *deſhabillé* at this Time of Day.

Lady WISHFORT.

Foible's a loſt Thing; has been abroad ſince Morning, and never heard of ſince.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I ſaw her but now, as I came maſk'd through the Park, in Conference with *Mirabell*.

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

With *Mirabell!* You call my Blood into my Face, with mentioning that Traitor. She durſt not have the Confidence. I ſent her to negotiate an Affair, in which, if I'm detected, I'm undone. If that wheedling Villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh, my dear Friend, I'm a Wretch of Wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

O Madam, you cannot ſuſpect Mrs. *Foible*'s Integrity.

Lady WISHFORT.

O, he carries Poiſon in his Tongue that wou'd corrupt Integrity itſelf. If ſhe has given him an Opportunity, ſhe has as good as put her Integrity into his Hands. Ah, dear *Marwood*, what's Integrity to an Opportunity?—Hark! I hear her— Dear Friend, retire into my Cloſet, that I may examine her with more Freedom—You'll pardon me, dear Friend, I can make bold with you——There are Books over the Chimney—*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short*

View

View of the Stage, with *Bunyan*'s Works, to entertain you.—Go, you Thing, and ſend her in. [*To* Peg.

SCENE V.

Lady WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

Lady WISHFORT.

O *Foible,* where haſt thou been? what haſt thou been doing?

FOIBLE.

Madam, I have ſeen the Party.

Lady WISHFORT.

But what haſt thou done?

FOIBLE.

Nay, 'tis your Ladyſhip has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a Man ſo enamour'd—ſo tranſported! Well, if worſhipping of Pictures be a Sin—Poor Sir *Rowland,* I ſay.

Lady WISHFORT.

The Miniature has been counted like—But haſt thou not betray'd me, *Foible?* Haſt thou

thou not detected me to that faithleſs *Mirabell?*—What hadſt thou to do with him in the Park? Anſwer me, has he got Nothing out of thee?

FOIBLE.

So, the Devil has been beforehand with me: What ſhall I ſay?—Alas, Madam, cou'd I help it, if I met that confident Thing? Was I in Fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your Ladyſhip's Account, I'm ſure you wou'd not ſuſpect my Fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worſt, I cou'd have born: But he had a Fling at your Ladyſhip too; and then I cou'd not hold: But i'Faith I gave him his own.

Lady WISHFORT.

Me! What did the filthy Fellow ſay?

FOIBLE.

O Madam, 'tis a Shame to ſay what he ſaid——With his Taunts and his Fleers, toſſing up his Noſe. Humh (ſays he) what you are a hatching ſome Plot (ſays he) you are ſo early abroad, or catering (ſays he) ferreting

ferreting for ſome diſbanded Officer, I warrant—Half Pay is but thin Subſiſtence (ſays he)—Well, what Penſion does your Lady propoſe? Let me ſee (ſays he) what, ſhe muſt come down pretty deep now, ſhe's ſuperannuated (ſays he) and——

Lady WISHFORT.

Ods my Life, I'll have him—I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poiſon'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a Drawer to have him poiſon'd in his Wine. I'll ſend for *Robin* from *Locket*'s—immediately.

FOIBLE.

Poiſon him! Poiſoning's too good for him. Starve him, Madam, ſtarve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him diſinherited. O you wou'd bleſs yourſelf, to hear what he ſaid.

Lady WISHFORT.

A Villain! ſuperannuated!

FOIBLE.

Humh (ſays he) I hear you are laying Deſigns againſt me too (ſays he) and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my Uncle; (he does not

not ſuſpect a Word of your Ladyſhip;) but (ſays he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (ſays he) I'll hamper you for that (ſays he) you and your old Frippery too (ſays he) I'll handle you—

Lady WISHFORT.

Audacious Villain! Handle me! Wou'd he durſt—Frippery! old Frippery! Was there ever ſuch a foul-mouth'd Fellow? I'll be marry'd to-Morrow, I'll be contracted to Night.

FOIBLE.

The ſooner the better, Madam.

Lady WISHFORT.

Will Sir *Rowland* be here, ſay'ſt thou? When, *Foible?*

FOIBLE.

Incontinently, Madam. No new Sheriff's Wife expects the Return of her Huſband after Knighthood, with that Impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear Hour of kiſſing your Ladyſhip's Hand after Dinner.

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

Frippery! ſuperannuated Frippery! I'll Frippery the Villain; I'll reduce him to Frippery and Rags: A Tatterdemalion — I hope to ſee him hung with Tatters, like a *Long-Lane* Penthouſe, or a Gibbet-Thief. A ſlander-mouth'd Railer: I warrant the Spendthrift Prodigal's in Debt as much as the Million Lottery, or the whole Court upon a Birth-Day. I'll ſpoil his Credit with his Tailor. Yes, he ſhall have my Niece with her Fortune, he ſhall.

FOIBLE.

He! I hope to ſee him lodge in *Ludgate* firſt, and angle into *Black-Friars* for Braſs Farthings, with an old Mitten.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ay, dear *Foible;* thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of all Patience. I ſhall never recompoſe my Features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any Oeconomy of Face. This Wretch has fretted me that I am abſolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible*.

FOIBLE.

FOIBLE.

Your Ladyſhip has frown'd a little too raſhly, indeed Madam. There are ſome Cracks diſcernible in the white Varniſh.

Lady WISHFORT.

Let me ſee the Glaſs—Cracks, ſay'ſt thou? Why I am arrantly flay'd—I look like an old peel'd Wall. Thou muſt repair me, *Foible,* before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I ſhall never keep up to my Picture.

FOIBLE.

I warrant you, Madam; a little Art once made your Picture like you; and now a little of the ſame Art muſt make you like your Picture. Your Picture muſt fit for you, Madam.

Lady WISHFORT.

But art thou ſure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? Or will he not fail when he does come? Will he be importunate, *Foible,* and puſh? For if he ſhou'd not be importunate—I ſhall never break Decorums—I ſhall die with Confuſion, if I am forc'd to advance—Oh no, I can never ad-

vance——I ſhall ſwoon if he ſhould expect Advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put a Lady to the Neceſſity of breaking her Forms. I won't be too coy neither.—I won't give him Deſpair—but a little Diſdain is not amiſs; a little Scorn is alluring.

FOIBLE.

A little Scorn becomes your Ladyſhip.

Lady WISHFORT.

Yes, but Tenderneſs becomes me beſt—A Sort of a Dyingneſs—You ſee that Picture has a Sort of a—Ha, *Foible?* A Swimmingneſs in the Eyes——Yes, I'll look ſo—My Niece affects it; but ſhe wants Features. Is Sir *Rowland* handſome? Let my Toilet be remov'd——I'll dreſs above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* here. Is he handſome? Don't anſwer me. I won't know: I'll be ſurpris'd. I'll be taken by Surpriſe.

FOIBLE.

By Storm, Madam. Sir *Rowland's* a briſk Man

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a briſk Man. I ſhall ſave Decorums if Sir *Rowland* importunes. I have a mortal Terror at the Apprehenſion of offending againſt Decorums. O I'm glad he's a briſk Man. Let my Things be remov'd, good *Foible*.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. FAINALL.

O *Foible*, I have been in a Fright, leſt I ſhou'd come too late. That Devil, *Marwood*, ſaw you in the Park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will diſcover it to my Lady.

FOIBLE.

Diſcover what, Madam?

Mrs. FAINALL.

Nay, nay, put not on that ſtrange Face. I am privy to the whole Deſign, and know that *Waitwell*, to whom thou wert this Morning marry'd, is to perſonate *Mirabell*'s Uncle

cle, and as ſuch, winning my Lady, to involve her in thoſe Difficulties from which *Mirabell* only muſt releaſe her, by his making his Conditions to have my Couſin and her Fortune left to her own Diſpoſal.

FOIBLE.

O dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. It was not my Confidence in your Ladyſhip that was deficient; but I thought the former good Correſpondence between your Ladyſhip and Mr. *Mirabell,* might have hinder'd his communicating this Secret.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Dear *Foible,* forget that.

FOIBLE.

O dear Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is ſuch a ſweet winning Gentleman—But your Ladyſhip is the Pattern of Generoſity.—Sweet Lady, to be ſo good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot chooſe but be grateful. I find your Ladyſhip has his Heart ſtill. Now, Madam, I can ſafely tell your Ladyſhip our Succeſs. Mrs. *Marwood* had told my Lady; but I warrant I manag'd myſelf. I turn'd it all for

for the better. I told my Lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid Things to his Charge, I'll vow; and my Lady is ſo incens'd, that ſhe'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* to Night, ſhe ſays——I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for aſking for, as they ſay of a *Welſh* Maidenhead.

Mrs. FAINALL.

O rare *Foible!*

FOIBLE.

Madam, I beg your Ladyſhip to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his Succeſs. I would be ſeen as little as poſſible to ſpeak to him—beſides, I believe Madam *Marwood* watches me.—She has a Month's Mind; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her.—[*Calls.*] *John*—remove my Lady's Toilet. Madam, your Servant. My Lady is ſo impatient, I fear ſhe'll come for me, if I ſtay.

Mrs. FAINALL.

I'll go with you up the back Stairs, leſt I ſhou'd meet her.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. MARWOOD *alone.*

INDEED, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a Go-between of this Importance? Yes, I ſhall watch you. Why this Wench is the *Paſſe-par-tout,* a very Maſter-Key to every Body's ſtrong Box. My Friend *Fainall,* have you carry'd it ſo ſwimmingly? I thought there was Something in it; but it ſeems it's over with you. Your Loathing is not from a Want of Appetite then, but from a Surfeit. Elſe you could never be ſo cool, to fall from a Principal to be an Aſſiſtant; to procure for him! A Pattern of Generoſity, that I confeſs. Well, Mr. *Fainall,* you have met with your Match. —— O Man, Man! Woman, Woman! The Devil's an Aſs: If I were a Painter I would draw him like an Idiot, a Driveller with a Bib and Bells. Man ſhou'd have his Head and

and Horns, and Woman the Reſt of him. Poor ſimple Fiend! Madam *Marwood* has a Month's Mind, but he can't abide her—'Twere better for him you had not been his Confeſſor in that Affair; without you could have kept his Counſel cloſer. I ſhall not prove another Pattern of Generoſity—he has not oblig'd me to that with thoſe Exceſſes of himſelf; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good Lady, panting ripe; with a Heart full of Hope, and a Head full of Care, like any Chymiſt upon the Day of Projection.

SCENE VIII.

[*To her*] *Lady* WISHFORT.

Lady WISHFORT.

O Dear *Marwood*, what ſhall I ſay for this rude Forgetfulneſs——But my dear Friend is all Goodneſs.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

No Apologies, dear Madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

Lady WISHFORT.

As I'm a Perſon, I am in a very Chaos to think I ſhou'd ſo forget myſelf——But I have ſuch an Olio of Affairs, really I know not what to do—[*Calls*]—*Foible*—I expect my Nephew Sir *Wilfull* ev'ry Moment too:—Why *Foible*—He means to travel for Improvement.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Methinks Sir *Wilfull* ſhou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his Years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

Lady WISHFORT.

O he's in leſs Danger of being ſpoil'd by his Travels—I am againſt my Nephew's marrying too young. It will be Time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd Diſcretion to chooſe for himſelf.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Methinks Mrs. *Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit Match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a Thing very uſual with young Gentlemen.

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

I promiſe you I have thought on't—— And ſince 'tis your Judgment, I'll think on't again. I aſſure you I will; I value your Judgment extremely. On my Word, I'll propoſe it.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] FOIBLE.

Lady WISHFORT.

COME, come, *Foible* — I had forgot my Nephew will be here before Dinner — I muſt make Haſte.

FOIBLE.

Mr. *Witwoud* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your Ladyſhip.

Lady WISHFORT.

O Dear, I can't appear 'till I am dreſs'd. Dear *Marwood*, ſhall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable Haſte. Dear Friend, excuſe me.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Mrs. MARWOOD, MILLAMANT, MINCING.

MILLAMANT.

SURE never any Thing was ſo unbred as that odious Man.—*Marwood,* your Servant.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

You have a Color, what's the Matter?

MILLAMANT.

That horrid Fellow *Petulant* has provok'd me into a Flame—I have broke my Fan—*Mincing,* lend me yours;—Is not all the Powder out of my Hair?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

No. What has he done?

MILLAMANT.

Nay, he has done Nothing; he has only talk'd—Nay, he has ſaid Nothing, neither; but he has contradicted every Thing that has

has been ſaid. For my Part, I thought *Witwoud* and he wou'd have quarrelled.

MINCING.

I vow, Mem, I thought once they wou'd have fit.

MILLAMANT.

Well, 'tis a lamentable Thing, I ſwear, that one has not the Liberty of chooſing one's Acquaintance as one does one's Clothes.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

If we had that Liberty, we ſhou'd be as weary of one Set of Acquaintance, tho' never ſo good, as we are of one Suit, tho' never ſo fine. A Fool and a *Doily* Stuff wou'd now and then find Days of Grace, and be worn for Variety.

MILLAMANT.

I could conſent to wear 'em, if they wou'd wear alike; but Fools never wear out—They are ſuch *Drap-de-berry* Things! Without one cou'd give 'em to one's Chamber Maid after a Day or two.

Mrs.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

'Twere better ſo indeed. Or what think you of the Play-Houſe? A fine gay gloſſy Fool ſhou'd be given there, like a new maſking Habit after the Maſqūerade is over, and we have done with the Diſguiſe. For a Fool's Viſit is always a Diſguiſe; and never admitted by a Woman of Wit, but to blind her Affair with a Lover of Senſe. If you wou'd but appear barefac'd now, and own *Mirabell;* you might as eaſily put off *Petulant* and *Witwoud,* as your Hood and Scarf. And indeed 'tis Time, for the Town has found it: The Secret is grown too big for the Pretence: 'Tis like Mrs. *Primly*'s great Belly; ſhe may lace it down before, but it burniſhes on her Hips. Indeed, *Millamant,* you can no more conceal it, than my Lady *Strammel* can her Face, that goodly Face, which, in Defiance of her Rheniſh-Wine Tea, will not be comprehended in a Maſk.

MILLAMANT.

I'll take my Death, *Marwood,* you are more

more cenſorious than a decay'd Beauty, or a diſcarded Toaſt. *Mincing*, tell the Men they may come up. My Aunt is not dreſſing here; their Folly is leſs provoking than your Malice.

SCENE XI.

MILLAMANT, MARWOOD.

MILLAMANT.

THE Town has found it. What has it found? That *Mirabell* loves me is no more a Secret, than it is a Secret that you diſcover'd it to my Aunt, or than the Reaſon why you diſcover'd it is a Secret.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

You are nettled.

MILLAMANT.

You're miſtaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Indeed, my Dear, you'll tear another Fan, if you don't mitigate thoſe violent Airs.

MIL-

MILLAMANT.

O ſilly! Ha! ha! ha! I cou'd laugh immoderately. Poor *Mirabell!* His Conſtancy to me has quite deſtroy'd his Complaiſance for all the World beſide. I ſwear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be ſo coy——If I had the Vanity to think he wou'd obey me, I wou'd command him to ſhow more Gallantry.—'Tis hardly well bred to be ſo particular on one Hand, and ſo inſenſible on the other. But I deſpair to prevail, and ſo let him follow his own Way. Ha! ha! ha! Pardon me, dear Creature, I muſt laugh, ha! ha! ha! tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. MARWOOD.

What pity 'tis, ſo much fine Rallery, and deliver'd with ſo ſignificant Geſture, ſhou'd be ſo unhappily directed to miſcarry.

MILLAMANT.

Hæ? Dear Creature, I aſk your Pardon—I ſwear I did not mind you.

Mrs.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think it a Thing impoſſible, when I ſhall tell him by telling you —

MILLAMANT.

O dear, what? For it is the ſame Thing, if I hear it — Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. MARWOOD.

That I deteſt him, hate him, Madam.

MILLAMANT.

O Madam, why ſo do I — And yet the Creature loves me, ha! ha! ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it — I am a Sibyl if I am not amaz'd to think what he can ſee in me. I'll take my Death, I think you are handſomer—and within a Year or two as young.—If you cou'd but ſtay for me, I ſhou'd overtake you — But that cannot be —— Well, that Thought makes me melancholic—Now I'll be ſad.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Your merry Note may be chang'd ſooner than you think.

MIL-

MILLAMANT.

D'ye ſay ſo? Then I'm reſolv'd I'll have a Song to keep up my Spirits.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] MINCING.

MINCING.

THE Gentlemen ſtay but to comb, Madam; and will wait on you.

MILLAMANT.

Deſire Mrs.—that is in the next Room, to ſing the Song I wou'd have learnt Yeſterday. You ſhall hear it, Madam—Not that there's any great Matter in it — But 'tis agreeable to my Humor.

SONG.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

LOVE's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A ſickly Flame, which, if not fed, expires;
And feeding, waſtes in Self-conſuming Fires.

II. *'Tis*

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties ſigh'd in vain.

III.

Then I alone the Conqueſt prize,
When I inſult a Rival's Eyes:
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I ſee
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SCENE XIII.

[*To them.*] PETULANT, WITWOUD.

MILLAMANT.

IS your Animoſity compos'd, Gentlemen?

WITWOUD.

Rallery, Rallery, Madam, we have no Animoſity——We hit off a little Wit now and then, but no Animoſity——The falling out of Wits is like the falling out of Lovers—We agree in the main, like Treble and Baſe. Ha, *Petulant!*

PETULANT.

Ay, in the main—But when I have a Humor to contradict—

WITWOUD.

Ay, when he has a Humor to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my Cue. Then we contradict one another like two Battle-dores; for Contradictions beget one another like *Jews.*

PETULANT.

If he ſays Black's Black—If I have a Humor to ſay 'tis Blue—Let that paſs—All's one for that. If I have a Humor to prove it, it muſt be granted.

WITWOUD.

Not poſitively muſt—But it may——It may.

PETULANT.

Yes, it poſitively muſt, upon Proof poſitive.

WITWOUD.

Ay, upon Proof poſitive it muſt; but upon Proof preſumptive it only may. That's a Logical Diſtinction now, Madam.

Mrs.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I perceive your Debates are of Importance, and very learnedly handled.

PETULANT.

Importance is one Thing, and Learning's another; but a Debate's a Debate, that I aſſert.

WITWOUD.

Petulant's an Enemy to Learning; he relies altogether on his Parts.

PETULANT.

No, I'm no Enemy to Learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

That's a Sign indeed its no Enemy to you.

PETULANT.

No, no, it's no Enemy to any Body, but them that have it.

MILLAMANT.

Well, an illiterate Man's my Averſion, I wonder at the Impudence of any illiterate Man, to offer to make Love.

WITWOUD.

That I confeſs I wonder at too.

MILLAMANT.

Ah! to marry an Ignorant! that can hardly Read or Write.

PETULANT.

Why ſhou'd a Man be any further from being marry'd, tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd. The Ordinary's paid for ſetting the *Pſalm,* and the Pariſh-Prieſt for reading the Ceremony. And for the reſt which is to follow in both Caſes, a Man may do it without Book — So all's one for that.

MILLAMANT.

D'ye hear the Creature? Lord, here's Company, I'll be gone.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD *in a riding Dreſs,* *Mrs.* MARWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, FOOTMAN.

WITWOUD.

IN the Name of *Bartlemew* and his Fair, what have we here?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

'Tis your Brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

WITWOUD.

Not I — Yes, I think it is he — I've almoſt forgot him; I have not ſeen him ſince the Revolution.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, my Lady's dreſſing. Here's Company; if you pleaſe to walk in, in the mean Time.

Sir WILFULL.

Dreſſing! What, it's but Morning here

I warrant with you in *London;* we ſhou'd count it towards Afternoon in our Parts, down in *Shropſhire*—Why then, belike my Aunt han't din'd yet—Ha, Friend?

FOOTMAN.

Your Aunt, Sir?

Sir WILFULL.

My Aunt, Sir, yes my Aunt, Sir, and your Lady, Sir; your Lady is my Aunt, Sir —— Why, what do'ſt thou not know me, Friend? Why then ſend ſome Body hither that does. How long haſt thou liv'd with thy Lady, Fellow, ha?

FOOTMAN.

A Week, Sir; longer than any Body in the Houſe, except my Lady's Woman.

Sir WILFULL.

Why then belike thou doſt not know thy Lady, if thou ſee'ſt her, ha, Friend?

FOOTMAN.

Why truly Sir, I cannot ſafely ſwear to her Face in a Morning, before ſhe is dreſs'd. 'Tis like I may give a ſhrewd gueſs at her by this Time.

Sir

Sir WILFULL.

Well, prithee try what thou can'ſt do; if thou can'ſt not gueſs, enquire her out, do'ſt hear, Fellow? And tell her, her Nephew, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud,* is in the Houſe.

FOOTMAN.

I ſhall, Sir.

Sir WILFULL.

Hold ye, hear me, Friend; a Word with you in your Ear, prithee who are theſe Gallants?

FOOTMAN.

Really, Sir, I can't tell; here comes ſo many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

SCENE XV.

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Sir WILFULL.

ONS, this Fellow knows leſs than a Starling; I don't think a'knows his own Name.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Mr. *Witwoud,* your Brother is not behind Hand in Forgetfulneſs——I fancy he has forgot you too.

WITWOUD.

I hope ſo—The Devil take him that remembers firſt, I ſay.

Sir WILFULL.

Save you Gentlemen and Lady.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

For Shame, Mr. *Witwoud;* why won't you ſpeak to him?—And you, Sir.

WITWOUD.

Petulant, ſpeak.

PETULANT.

And you, Sir.

Sir WILFULL.

No Offence, I hope. [*Salutes* Marwood.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

No ſure, Sir.

WITWOUD.

This is a vile Dog, I ſee that already. No Offence! Ha! ha! ha! to him; to him, *Petulant,* ſmoke him.

PETU-

PETULANT.

It ſeems as if you had come a Journey, Sir; hem, hem. [*Surveying him round.*

Sir WILFULL.

Very likely, Sir, that it may ſeem ſo.

PETULANT.

No Offence, I hope, Sir.

WITWOUD.

Smoke the Boots, the Boots; *Petulant*, the Boots; Ha! ha! ha!

Sir WILFULL.

May be not, Sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, Sir.

PETULANT.

Sir, I preſume upon the Information of your Boots.

Sir WILFULL.

Why, tis like you may, Sir: If you are not ſatisfy'd with the Information of my Boots, Sir, if you will ſtep to the Stable, you may enquire further of my Horſe, Sir.

PETULANT.

Your Horſe, Sir! Your Horſe is an Aſs, Sir!

Sir

Sir WILFULL.

Do you ſpeak by Way of Offence, Sir?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

The Gentleman's merry, that's all, Sir— 'Slife, we ſhall have a Quarrel betwixt an Horſe and an Aſs, before they find one another out. You muſt not take any Thing amiſs from your Friends, Sir. You are among your Friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it — If I am not miſtaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwoud.*

Sir WILFULL.

Right, Lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwoud,* ſo I write myſelf; no Offence to any Body, I hope; and Nephew to the Lady *Wiſhfort* of this Manſion.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Don't you know this Gentleman, Sir?

Sir WILFULL.

Hum! What, ſure 'tis not — Yea by'r Lady, but 'tis — 'Sheart I know not whether 'tis or no — Yea, but 'tis, by the *Rekin.* Brother *Antony!* What *Tony,* i'Faith! What do'ſt thou not know me? By'r Lady nor

nor I thee, thou art ſo Becravated, and ſo Beperriwig'd—'Sheart, why do'ſt not ſpeak? Art thou o'erjoy'd?

WITWOUD.

Odſo, Brother, is it you? Your Servant, Brother.

Sir WILFULL.

Your Servant! Why yours, Sir. Your Servant again—'Sheart, and your Friend and Servant to that—And a—*(puff)* and a Flap Dragoon for your Service, Sir: And a Hare's Foot, and a Hare's Scut for your Service, Sir; an you be ſo cold and ſo courtly!

WITWOUD.

No Offence, I hope, Brother.

Sir WILFULL.

'Sheart, Sir, but there is, and much Offence.—A Pox, is this your Inns o'Court Breeding, not to know your Friends and your Relations, your Elders, and your Betters?

WITWOUD.

Why, Brother *Wilfull* of *Salop*, you may be

be as ſhort as a *Shrewſbury* Cake, if you pleaſe. But I tell you 'tis not modiſh to know Relations in Town. You think you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers ſlabber and kiſs one another when they meet; like a Call of Serjeants—'Tis not the Faſhion here; 'tis not indeed, dear Brother.

Sir WILFULL.

The Faſhion's a Fool; and you're a Fop, dear Brother. 'Sheart, I've ſuſpected this—By'r Lady I conjectur'd you were a Fop, ſince you began to change Stile of your Letters, and write on a Scrap of Paper gilt round the Edges, no bigger than a *Subpæna*. I might expect this when you left off Honor'd Brother; and hoping you are in good Health, and ſo forth—To begin with a Rat me, Knight, I'm ſo ſick of a laſt Night's Debauch—Od's Heart, and then tell a familiar Tale of a Cock and a Bull, and a Whore and a Bottle, and ſo conclude—You cou'd write News before you were out of your Time, when you liv'd with

with honeſt *Pimple-Noſe*, the Attorney of *Furnival*'s Inn — You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your Friends round the *Rekin*. We could have Gazettes then, and *Dawks*'s Letter, and the Weekly Bill, 'till of late Days.

PETULANT.

'Slife, *Witwoud*, were you ever an Attorney's Clerk? Of the Family of the *Furnivals*. Ha! ha! ha!

WITWOUD,

Ay, ay, but that was but for a While. Not long, not long; pſhaw, I was not in my own Power then. An Orphan, and this Fellow was my Guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to conſent to that Man to come to *London*. He had the Diſpoſal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound 'Prentice to a Felt-maker in *Shrewſbury*; this Fellow would have bound me to a Maker of Felts.

Sir WILFULL.

'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a Maker of Fops; where, I ſuppoſe, you have

have ſerv'd your Time; and now you may ſet up for yourſelf.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

You intend to travel, Sir, as I'm inform'd.

Sir WILFULL.

Belike I may, Madam. I may chance to ſail upon the Salt Seas, if my Mind hold.

PETULANT.

And the Wind ſerve.

Sir WILFULL.

Serve or not ſerve, I ſhan't aſk Licenſe of you, Sir; nor the Weather-Cock your Companion. I direct my Diſcourſe to the Lady, Sir; 'Tis like my Aunt may have told you, Madam—Yes, I have ſettl'd my Concerns, I may ſay now, and am minded to ſee Foreign Parts. If an how that the Peace holds, whereby that is Taxes abate.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I thought you had deſigned for *France* at all Adventures.

Sir

Sir WILFULL.

I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am ſomewhat dainty in making a Reſolution,—becauſe when I make it I keep it, I don't ſtand ſhill I, ſhall I, then; if I ſay't, I'll do't: But I have Thoughts to tarry a ſmall Matter in Town, to learn ſomewhat of your *Lingo* firſt, before I croſs the Seas. I'd gladly have a Spice of your *French,* as they ſay, whereby to hold Diſcourſe in Foreign Countries.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Here's an Academy in Town for that Uſe.

Sir WILFULL.

There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

No Doubt you will return very much improv'd.

WITWOUD.

Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch* Skipper from a Whale-fiſhing.

SCENE

SCENE XVI.

[*To them*] *Lady* WISHFORT, FAINALL.

Lady WISHFORT.

NEPHEW, you are welcome.

Sir WILFULL.

Aunt, your Servant.

FAINALL.

Sir *Wilfull,* your moſt faithful Servant.

Sir WILFULL.

Couſin *Fainall,* give me your Hand.

Lady WISHFORT.

Couſin *Witwoud,* your Servant; Mr. *Petulant,* your Servant — Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any Thing after your Journey, Nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almoſt ready.

Sir WILFULL.

I'm very well I thank you, Aunt—— However, I thank you for your courteous Offer. 'Sheart I was afraid you wou'd have been in the Faſhion too, and have remem-

remember'd to have forgot your Relations. Here's your Couſin *Tony*, belike, I mayn't call him Brother for fear of Offence.

Lady WISHFORT.

O he's a Rallier, Nephew—My Couſin's a Wit: And your great Wits always rally their beſt Friends to chooſe. When you have been Abroad, Nephew, you'll underſtand Rallery better.

[Fainall *and Mrs.* Marwood *talk apart.*

Sir WILFULL.

Why then let him hold his Tongue in the mean Time; and rail when that Day comes.

SCENE XVII.

[*To them*] MINCING.

MINCING.

MEM, I am come to acquaint your La'ſhip that Dinner is impatient.

Sir WILFULL.

Impatient? Why then belike it won't

ſtay 'till I pull off my Boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a Pair of Slippers?—My Man's with his Horſes, I warrant.

Lady WISHFORT.

Fy, fy, Nephew, you wou'd not pull off your Boots here—Go down into the Hall—Dinner ſhall ſtay for you—My Nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, Madam,—Gentlemen will you walk? *Marwood?*

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I'll follow you, Madam,—Before Sir *Wilfull* is ready.

SCENE XVIII.

Mrs. MARWOOD, FAINALL.

FAINALL.

WHY then *Foible*'s a Bawd, an Errant, Rank, Match-making Bawd. And I it ſeems am a Huſband, a Rank-Huſband; and my Wife a very Errant, Rank-Wife,—all in the *Way of the World.* 'Sdeath!

to

to be a Cuckold by Anticipation, a Cuckold in Embrio! Sure I was born with budding Antlers like a young Satyr, or a Citizen's Child. 'Sdeath, to be out-witted, to be out-jilted—out-matrimony'd,—. If I had kept my Speed like a Stag, 'twere ſomewhat, — but to crawl after, with my Horns like a Snail, and be out-ſtripp'd by my Wife—'tis ſcurvy Wedlock.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Then ſhake it off, you have often wiſh'd for an Opportunity to part; — and now you have it. But firſt prevent their Plot, — the Half of *Millamant*'s Fortune is too conſiderable to be parted with, to a Foe, to *Mirabell*.

FAINALL.

Damn him, that had been mine—had you not made that fond Diſcovery— That had been forfeited, had they been married. My Wife had added Luſtre to my Horns, by that Encreaſe of Fortune. I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with Gold, tho' my Fore-

head had been furniſh'd like a Deputy-Lieutenant's Hall.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

They may prove a Cap of Maintenance to you ſtill, if you can away with your Wife. And ſhe's no worſe than when you had her — I dare ſwear ſhe had given up her Game, before ſhe was marry'd.

FAINALL.

Hum! That may be —

Mrs. MARWOOD.

You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected; why ſhould you not keep her longer than you intended?

FAINALL.

The Means, the Means.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Diſcover to my Lady your Wife's Conduct; threaten to part with her—My Lady loves her, and will come to any Compoſition to ſave her Reputation. Take the Opportunity of breaking it, juſt upon the Diſcovery of this Impoſture. My Lady will

will be enrag'd beyond Bounds, and ſacrifice Niece, and Fortune, and all at that Conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if ſhe ſhou'd flag in her Part, I will not fail to prompt her.

FAINALL.

Faith this has an Appearance.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I'm ſorry I hinted to my Lady to endeavour a Match between *Millamant* and Sir *Wilfull,* that may be an Obſtacle.

FAINALL.

O for that Matter leave me to manage him; I'll diſable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane:* After Dinner, I'll ſet his Hand in.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Well, how do you ſtand affected towards your Lady?

FAINALL.

Why Faith I'm thinking of it.—Let me ſee—I am marry'd already; ſo that's over—My Wife has play'd the Jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never lov'd her,

or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this Time — Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; ſo there's an End of Jealouſy. Weary of her, I am and ſhall be—No, there's no End of that; No, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my Repoſe. Now for my Reputation, — As to my own, I marry'd not for it; ſo that's out of the Queſtion.— And as to my Part in my Wife's — Why ſhe had parted with her's before; ſo bringing none to me, ſhe can take none from me; 'tis againſt all Rule of Play, that I ſhould loſe to one, who has not wherewithal to ſtake.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Beſides you forget, Marriage is honorable.

FAINALL.

Hum! Faith and that's well thought on. Marriage is honorable, as you ſay; and if ſo, wherefore ſhould Cuckoldom be a Diſcredit, being deriv'd from ſo honorable a Root?

Mrs.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Nay, I know not; if the Root be honorable, why not the Branches?

FAINALL.

So, ſo, why this Point's clear. — Well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I will contrive a Letter, which ſhall be deliver'd to my Lady at the Time when that Raſcal who is to act Sir *Rowland* is with her. It ſhall come as from an unknown Hand — for the leſs I appear to know of the Truth, the better I can play the Incendiary. Beſides, I wou'd not have *Foible* provok'd if I could help it,—becauſe you know ſhe knows ſome Paſſages—Nay, I expect all will come out——But let the Mine be ſprung firſt, and then I care not if I am diſcover'd.

FAINALL.

If the Worſt come to the Worſt, — I'll turn my Wife to Graſs—I have already a Deed of Settlement of the beſt Part of her

Eſtate; which I wheedl'd out of her; and that you ſhall partake at leaſt.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I hope you are convinc'd that I hate *Mirabell* now: You'll be no more jealous?

FAINALL.

Jealous, no, — by this Kiſs — let Huſbands be jealous; but let the Lover ſtill believe: Or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his Pleaſure, and prepare the Joy that follows, when he proves his Miſtreſs true. But let Huſbands Doubts convert to endleſs Jealouſy; or if they have Belief, let it corrupt to Superſtition, and blind Credulity. I am ſingle, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the Badge, but I'll diſown the Order. And ſince I take my Leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common Motto to their common Creſt.

All Huſbands muſt, or Pain, or Shame, endure;
The Wiſe too jealous are, Fools too ſecure.

End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[SCENE *Continues.*]

Lady WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

Lady WISHFORT.

IS Sir *Rowland* coming, ſay'ſt thou; *Foible?* and are Things in Order.

FOIBLE.

Yes, Madam. I have put Wax-Lights in the Sconces; and plac'd the Footmen in a Row in the Hall, in their beſt Liveries, with the Coachman and Poſtilion to fill up the Equipage.

Lady WISHFORT.

Have you pulvill'd the Coachman and Poſtilion, that they may not ſtink of the Stable, when Sir *Rowland* comes by?

FOIBLE.

Yes, Madam.

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

And are the Dancers and the Muſic ready, that he may be entertain'd in all Points with Correſpondence to his Paſſion?

FOIBLE.

All is ready, Madam,

Lady WISHFORT.

And——well——and how do I look, *Foible?*

FOIBLE.

Moſt killing well, Madam.

Lady WISHFORT.

Well, and how ſhall I receive him? In what Figure ſhall I give his Heart the firſt Impreſſion. There is a great Deal in the firſt Impreſſion. Shall I ſit?—No, I won't ſit——I'll walk——ay, I'll walk from the Door upon his Entrance; and then turn full upon him——No, that will be too ſudden. I'll lie—ay, I'll lie down—I'll receive him in my little Dreſſing-Room, there's a Couch——Yes, yes, I'll give the firſt Impreſſion on a Couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one Elbow; with one

one Foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful Way——Yes——and then as ſoon as he appears, ſtart, ay, ſtart and be ſurpris'd, and riſe to meet him in a pretty Diſorder—Yes—O, Nothing is more alluring than a Levee from a Couch in ſome Confuſion—It ſhews the Foot to Advantage, and furniſhes with Bluſhes, and recompoſing Airs beyond Compariſon. Hark! There's a Coach.

FOIBLE.

'Tis he, Madam.

Lady WISHFORT.

O Dear, has my Nephew made his Addreſſes to *Millamant?* I order'd him.

FOIBLE.

Sir *Wilfull* is ſet in to Drinking, Madam, in the Parlor.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ods my Life, I'll ſend him to her. Call her down, *Foible;* bring her hither. I'll ſend him as I go——When they are together, then come to me *Foible,* that I may not be too long alone with Sir *Rowland.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL, FOIBLE.

FOIBLE.

MADAM, I ſtay'd here, to tell your Ladyſhip that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half Hour for an Opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my Lady's Orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at Leiſure?

MILLAMANT.

No—What wou'd the dear Man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuſe myſelf, ——bid him come another Time.

There never yet was Woman made,
Nor ſhall, but to be curs'd.

[*Repeating and walking about.*

That's hard!

Mrs. FAINALL.

You are very fond of Sir *John Suckling* to Day, *Millamant*, and the Poets.

MIL-

MILLAMANT.

He? Ay, and filthy Verſes—So I am.

FOIBLE.

Sir *Wilfull* is coming, Madam. Shall I ſend Mr. *Mirabell* away?

MILLAMANT.

Ay, if you pleaſe, *Foible*, ſend him away,—Or ſend him hither;—juſt as you will, Dear *Foible*.——I think I'll ſee him——Shall I? Ay, let the Wretch come.

Thyrſis, *a Youth of the inſpir'd Train.* [*repeating.*

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull*—Thou haſt Philoſophy to undergo a Fool, thou art marry'd and haſt Patience——I would confer with my own Thoughts.

Mrs. FAINALL.

I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your Proxy in this Affair; but I have Buſineſs of my own.

SCENE

SCENE III.

[*To them.*] *Sir* WILFULL.

Mrs. FAINALL.

O Sir *Wilfull*; you are come at the Critical Inſtant. There's your Miſtreſs up to the Ears in Love and Contemplation, purſue your Point, now or never.

Sir WILFULL.

Yes; my Aunt will have it ſo,—I would gladly have been encourag'd with a Bottle or two, becauſe I'm ſomewhat wary at firſt, before I am acquainted;—But I hope, after a Time, I ſhall break my Mind—that is upon further Acquaintance—So for the preſent Couſin, I'll take my Leave—If ſo be you'll be ſo kind to make my Excuſe, I'll return to my Company—

This while Millaman *walks about repeating to herſelf.*

Mrs.

Mrs. FAINALL.

O fy, Sir *Wilfull!* What, you muſt not be daunted.

Sir WILFULL.

Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not ſo much for that—for if ſo be that I ſet on't, I'll do't. But only for the Preſent, 'tis ſufficient 'till furthur Acquaintance, that's all—your Servant.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Nay, I'll ſwear you ſhall never loſe ſo favorable an Opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the Door.

SCENE IV.

Sir WILFULL, MILLAMANT.

Sir WILFULL.

NAY, nay Couſin,—I have forgot my Gloves,—What d'ye do? 'Sheart a'has lock'd the Door indeed, I think—Nay, Couſin, *Fainall*, open the Door—Pſhaw, what a Vixon

Vixon Trick is this?—Nay, now a'has ſeen me too—Couſin, I made bold to paſs thro' as it were—I think this Door's inchanted—

MILLAMANT. [*repeating.*]

I prithee ſpare me, gentle Boy,
Preſs me no more for that ſlight Toy.

Sir WILFULL.

Anan? Couſin, your Servant.

MILLAMANT.

—*That fooliſh Trifle of a Heart*——Sir *Wilfull.*

Sir WILFULL.

Yes,—your Servant. No Offence I hope, Couſin.

MILLAMANT [*repeating.*

I ſwear it will not do its Part,
Tho' thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy Power and Art.

Natural, eaſy *Suckling!*

Sir WILFULL.

Anan? *Suckling?* No ſuch Suckling neither, Couſin, nor Stripling: I thank Heaven, I'm no Minor.

MILLAMANT.

Ah Ruſtic, ruder than *Gothic.*

Sir

Sir WILFULL.

Well, well, I ſhall underſtand your *Lingo* one of theſe Days, Couſin, in the mean While I muſt anſwer in plain *Engliſh*.

MILLAMANT.

Have you any Buſineſs with me, Sir *Wilfull?*

Sir WILFULL.

Not at preſent, Couſin,—Yes, I made bold to ſee, to come and know if that how you were diſpos'd to fetch a Walk this Evening, if ſo be that I might not be troubleſome, I would have fought a Walk with you.

MILLAMANT.

A Walk? What then?

Sir WILFULL.

Nay, Nothing—Only for the Walk's Sake, that's all—

MILLAMANT.

I nauſeate Walking; 'tis a Country Diverſion, I loath the Country, and every Thing that relates to it.

Sir WILFULL.

Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may—Here are Choice of Paſtimes here in Town, as Plays and the like, that muſt be confeſs'd indeed.—

MILLAMANT.

Ah l'etourdie! I hate the Town too.

Sir WILFULL.

Dear Heart, that's much—Hah! that you ſhould hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are ſome can't reliſh the Town, and others can't away with the Country,—'tis like you may be one of thoſe, Couſin.

MILLAMANT.

Ha! ha! ha! Yes, 'tis like I may.—— You have Nothing further to ſay to me?

Sir WILFULL.

Not at preſent, Couſin.—'Tis like when I have an Opportunity to be more private, —I may break my Mind in ſome Meaſure —I conjecture you partly gueſs—However that's as Time ſhall try,——But ſpare to ſpeak and ſpare to ſpeed, as they ſay.

MIL-

MILLAMANT.

If it is of no great Importance, Sir *Wilfull,* you will oblige me to leave me: I have juſt now a little Buſineſs.——

Sir WILFULL.

Enough, enough, Couſin: Yes, yes, all a Caſe—When you're diſpos'd. Now's as well as another Time; and another Time as well as now. All's one for that,—Yes, yes, if your Concerns call you, there's no Haſte; it will keep cold, as they ſay—Couſin, your Servant.——I think this Door's lock'd.

MILLAMANT.

You may go this Way, Sir.

Sir WILFULL.

Your Servant, then with your Leave I'll return to my Company.

MILLAMANT.

Ay, ay, ha! ha! ha!

Like Phœbus *ſung the no leſs am'rous Boy.*

SCENE V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL.

MIRABELL.

LIKE Daphne *ſhe, as Lovely and as Coy.* Do you lock yourſelf up from me, to make my Search more curious? Or is this pretty Artifice contriv'd, to ſignify that here the Chace muſt end, and my Purſuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further?—

MILLAMANT.

Vanity! No—I'll fly and be follow'd to the laſt Moment, tho' I am upon the very Verge of Matrimony, I expect you ſhould ſollicit me as much as if I were wavering at the Grate of a Monaſtery, with one Foot over the Threſhold. I'll be ſollicited to the very laſt, nay, and afterwards.

MIRABELL.

What, after the laſt?

MIL-

MILLAMANT.

O, I ſhould think I was poor and had Nothing to beſtow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious Eaſe; and freed from the agreeable Fatigues of Solicitation.

MIRABELL.

But do not you know, that when Favours are conferr'd upon inſtant and tedious Sollicitation, that they diminiſh in their Value, and that both the Giver loſes the Grace, and the Receiver leſſens his Pleaſure?

MILLAMANT.

It may be in Things of common Application; but never ſure in Love. O, I hate a Lover, that can dare to think he draws a Moment's Air, independent on the Bounty of his Miſtreſs. There is not ſo impudent a Thing in Nature, as the ſaucy Look of an aſſured Man, confident of Succeſs. The Pedantic Arrogance of a very Huſband, has not ſo pragmatical an Air. Ah! I'll never marry, unleſs I am firſt made ſure of my Will and Pleaſure.

MIRABELL.

Would you have 'em both before Marriage? Or will you be contented with the firſt now, and ſtay for the other 'till after Grace?

MILLAMANT.

Ah don't be impertinent——My dear Liberty, ſhall I leave thee? My faithful Solitude, my darling Contemplation, muſt I bid you then adieu? Ay-h adieu—— My Morning Thoughts, agreeable Wakings, indolent Slumbers, ye *douceurs,* ye *Someils du Matin,* adieu——I can't do't, 'tis more than impoſſible—Poſitively, *Mirabell,* I'll lie a-bed in a Morning as long as I pleaſe.

MIRABELL.

Then I'll get up in a Morning as early as I pleaſe.

MILLAMANT.

Ah! Idle Creature, get up when you will——And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd Names after I'm marry'd; poſitively I won't be call'd Names.

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

Names!

MILLAMANT.

Ay, as Wife, Spouſe, my Dear, Joy, Jewel, Love, Sweet-heart, and the reſt of that nauſeous Cant, in which Men and their Wives are ſo fulſomly familiar,—— I ſhall never bear that——Good *Mirabell,* don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiſs before Folks, like my Lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis:* Nor go to *Hide-Park* together the firſt *Sunday* in a new Chariot, to provoke Eyes and Whiſpers: And then never be ſeen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the firſt Week, and aſham'd of one another ever after. Let us never viſit together, nor go to a Play together, but let us be very ſtrange and well bred: Let us be as ſtrange as if we had been marry'd a great While; and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

MIRABELL.

Have you any more Conditions to of-

fer? Hitherto your Demands are pretty reaſonable.

MILLAMANT.

Trifles,——As Liberty to pay and receive Viſits to and from whom I pleaſe; to write and receive Letters, without Interrogatories or wry Faces on your Part; to wear what I pleaſe; and chooſe Converſation with Regard only to my own Taſte; to have no Obligation upon me to converſe with Wits that I don't like, becauſe they are your Acquaintance; or to be intimate with Fools, becauſe they may be your Relations. Come to Dinner when I pleaſe, dine in my Dreſſing-Room when I'm out of Humor, without giving a Reaſon. To have my Cloſet inviolate; to be ſole Empreſs of my Tea-Table, which you muſt never preſume to approach without firſt aſking Leave. And laſtly, wherever I am, you ſhall always knock at the Door before you come in. Theſe Articles ſubſcrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little

tle longer, I may by Degrees dwindle into a Wife.

MIRABELL.

Your Bill of Fare is Something advanc'd in this latter Account. Well, have I Liberty to offer Conditions——That when you are dwindled into a Wife, I may not be beyond Meaſure enlarg'd into a Huſband.

MILLAMANT.

You have free Leave, propoſe your utmoſt, ſpeak and ſpare not.

MIRABELL.

I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your Acquaintance be general; that you admit no ſworn Confident, or Intimate of your own Sex; no ſhe Friend to ſcreen her Affairs under your Countenance, and tempt you to make Trial of a mutual Secrecy. No Decoy-Duck to wheedle you a *Fop-ſcrambling* to the Play in a Maſk ——Then bring you home in a pretended Fright, when you think you ſhall be found out—And rail at me for miſſing the Play,

and

and diſappointing the Frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my Conſtancy.

MILLAMANT.

Deteſtable *Imprimis!* I go to the Play in a Maſk!

MIRABELL.

Item, I Article, that you continue to like your own Face, as long as I ſhall: And while it paſſes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which End, together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Maſks for the Night, made of Oil'd-ſkins and I know not what ——Hogs Bones, Hares Gall, Pig Water, and the Marrow of a roaſted Cat. In ſhort, I forbid all Commerce with the Gentlewoman in *what-d' ye-call-it* Court. *Item,* I ſhut my Doors againſt all Bawds with Baſkets, and Peny-worths of *Muſlin, China, Fans, Atlaſſes,* &c.——*Item,* when you ſhall be Breeding——

MILLAMANT.

Ah! Name it not.

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

Which may be preſum'd, with a Bleſſing on our Endeavours!

MILLAMANT.

Odious Endeavours!

MIRABELL.

I denounce againſt all ſtraight lacing, ſqueezing for a Shape, 'till you mould my Boy's Head like a Sugar-loaf; and inſtead of a Man-Child, make me Father to a Crooked-billet. Laſtly, to the Dominion of the *Tea-Table* I ſubmit.—But with *Proviſo*, that you exceed not in your Province; but reſtrain yourſelf to native and ſimple *Tea-Table* Drinks, as *Tea*, *Chocolate*, and *Coffee*. As likewiſe to genuine and authoriz'd *Tea-Table* Talk——Such as mending of Faſhions, ſpoiling Reputations, railing at abſent Friends, and ſo forth——But that on no Account you encroach upon the Mens Prerogative, and preſume to drink Healths, or toaſt Fellows; for Prevention of which, I baniſh all *Foreign Forces*, all Auxiliaries to the *Tea-Table*, as *Orange-Brandy*,

Brandy, all *Anniſeed, Cinamon, Citron* and *Barbadoes-Waters*, together with *Ratafia*—and the moſt noble Spirit of *Clary*.——But for *Couſlip-Wine, Poppy-Water*, and all *Dormice*, thoſe I allow.—— Theſe *Proviſos* admitted, in other Things I may prove a tractable and complying Huſband.

MILLAMANT.

O horrid *Proviſos!* filthy ſtrong Waters! I toaſt Fellows, odious Men! I hate your odious *Proviſos*.

MIRABELL.

Then we're agreed. Shall I kiſs your Hand upon the Contract? and here comes one to be a Witneſs to the ſealing of the Deed.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FAINALL.

MILLAMANT.

FAINALL, what ſhall I do? Shall I have him? I think I muſt have him.

Mrs.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Ay, ay, take him, take him; what ſhou'd you do?

MILLAMANT.

Well then—I'll take my Death I'm in a horrid Fright—*Fainall,* I ſhall never ſay it—Well—I think—I'll endure you.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him ſo in plain Terms: For I am ſure you have a Mind to him.

MILLAMANT.

Are you? I think I have—and the horrid Man looks as if he thought ſo too—Well, you ridiculous Thing you, I'll have you—I won't be kiſs'd, nor I won't be thank'd——Here kiſs my Hand tho'—So, hold your Tongue now, don't ſay a Word.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Mirabell, there's a Neceſſity for your Obedience;——You have neither Time to talk nor ſtay. My Mother is coming; and in my Conſcience if ſhe ſhou'd ſee you, wou'd fall into Fits, and may be not recover

cover Time enough to return to Sir *Rowland;* who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair Way to ſucceed. Therefore ſpare your Ecſtacies for another Occaſion, and ſlip down the back Stairs, where *Foible* waits to conſult you.

MILLAMANT.

Ay, go, go. In the mean Time I ſuppoſe you have ſaid Something to pleaſe me.

MIRABELL.

I am all Obedience.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mrs. FAINALL.

YONDER Sir *Wilfull*'s drunk; and ſo noiſy that my Mother has been forc'd to leave Sir *Rowland* to appeaſe him; but he anſwers her only with Singing and Drinking—What they may have done by this Time I know not; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

MILLA-

MILLAMANT.

Well, if *Mirabell* ſhould not make a good Huſband, I am a loſt Thing; — for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. FAINALL.

So it ſeems; for you mind not what's ſaid to you. — If you doubt him, you had beſt take up with Sir *Wilfull*.

MILLAMANT.

How can you name that ſuperannuated Lubber? foh!

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] WITWOUD *from drinking*.

Mrs. FAINALL.

SO, is the Fray made up, that you have left 'em?

WITWOUD.

Left 'em? I could ſtay no longer — I have laugh'd like ten Chriſt'nings — I am tipſy with laughing — If I had ſtaid any longer I ſhould have burſt, — I muſt have been

been let out and piec'd in the Sides like an unſiz'd Camlet—Yes, yes, the Fray is compos'd; my Lady came in like a *Noli Proſequi,* and ſtopt the Proceedings.

MILLAMANT.

What was the Diſpute?

WITWOUD.

That's the Jeſt; there was no Diſpute. They could neither of 'em ſpeak for Rage; and ſo fell a ſputt'ring at one another like two roaſting Apples.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] PETULANT *Drunk.*

WITWOUD.

NOW, *Petulant?* all's over, all's well? Gad, my Head begins to whim it about — Why doſt thou not ſpeak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a Fiſh.

PETULANT.

Look you, Mrs. *Millamant* — if you can love me, dear Nymph — ſay it — and that's the

the Concluſion — paſs on, or paſs off, — that's all.

WITWOUD.

Thou haſt utter'd *Volumes, Folios,* in leſs than *Decimo Sexto,* my dear *Lacedæmonian.* Sirrah, *Petulant,* thou art an Epitomiſer of Words.

PETULANT.

Witwoud——You are an Annihilator of Senſe.

WITWOUD.

Thou art a Retailer of Phraſes; and doſt deal in Remnants of Remnants, like a Maker of Pincuſhions—thou art, in Truth, (metaphorically ſpeaking) a Speaker of Short-hand.

PETULANT.

Thou art (without a Figure) juſt one Half of an Aſs, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy Half Brother, is the Reſt—A *Gemini* of Aſſes ſplit, would make juſt Four of you.

WITWOUD.

Thou doſt bite, my dear Muſtard-ſeed; kiſs me for that.

PETULANT.

Stand off—I'll kiſs no more Males,—I have kiſs'd your Twin yonder in a Humor of Reconciliation, 'till he *(hiccup)* riſe upon my Stomach like a Radiſh.

MILLAMANT.

Eh! filthy Creature——what was the Quarrel?

PETULANT.

There was no Quarrel——there might have been a Quarrel.

WITWOUD.

If there had been Words enow between 'em to have expreſs'd Provocation, they had gone together by the Ears, like a Pair of Caſtanets.

PETULANT.

You were the Quarrel.

MILLAMANT.

Me!

PETULANT.

If I have a Humor to quarrel, I can make leſs Matters conclude Premiſes, — If you are not handſome, what then; if I have a Humor

Humor to prove it? — If I ſhall have my Reward, ſay ſo; if not, fight for your Face the next Time yourſelf—I'll go ſleep.

WITWOUD.

Do, wrap thyſelf up like a Woodlouſe, and dream Revenge —— And hear me, if thou canſt learn to write by to Morrow Morning, pen me a Challenge—I'll carry it for thee.

PETULANT.

Carry your Miſtreſs's Monkey a Spider, —go flay Dogs, and read Romances—I'll go to Bed to my Maid.

Mrs. FAINALL.

He's horridly drunk—How came you all in this Pickle?

WITWOUD.

A Plot, a Plot, to get rid of the Knight, —Your Huſband's Advice; but he ſneak'd off.

SCENE X.

Sir WILFULL *drunk, Lady* WISHFORT, WITWOUD, MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Lady WISHFORT.

OUT upon't, out upon't, at Years of Diſcretion, and comport yourſelf at this Rantipole Rate!

Sir WILFULL.

No Offence, Aunt.

Lady WISHFORT.

Offence? As I'm a Perſon, I'm aſham'd of you — Fogh! how you ſtink of Wine! D'ye think my Niece will ever endure ſuch a *Borachio?* You're an abſolute *Borachio.*

Sir WILFULL.

Borachio!

Lady WISHFORT.

At a Time when you ſhou'd commence an Amour, and put your beſt Foot foremoſt——

Sir

Sir WILFULL.

'Sheart, an you grutch me your Liquor, make a Bill — Give me more Drink, and take my Purſe.

Sings. *Prithee fill me the Glaſs*
'Till it laugh in my Face,
With Ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a Laſs
Is an ignorant Aſs,
For a Bumper has not its Fellow.

But if you wou'd have me marry my Couſin,—ſay the Word, and I'll do't—*Wilfull* will do't, that's the Word — *Wilfull* will do't, that's my Creſt—my Motto I have forgot.

Lady WISHFORT.

My Nephew's a little overtaken, Couſin —but 'tis with drinking your Health — O' my Word you are oblig'd to him—

Sir WILFULL.

In Vino Veritas, Aunt:—If I drunk your Health to Day, Couſin,—I am a *Borachio*.

But if you have a Mind to be marry'd, ſay the Word, and ſend for the Piper, *Wilfull* will do't. If not, duſt it away, and let's have t'other Round —— *Tony*, Ods-heart where's *Tony*?——*Tony*'s an honeſt Fellow, but he ſpits after a Bumper, and that's a Fault.

Sings. *We'll drink and we'll never ha' done, Boys,*
Put the Glaſs then around with the Sun, Boys,
Let Apollo's *Example invite us;*
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
And that makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.

The Sun's a good Pimple, an honeſt Soaker, he has a Cellar at your *Antipodes*: If I travel, Aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes* —your *Antipodes* are a good raſcally Sort of topſy turvy Fellows—If I had a Bumper I'd ſtand upon my Head and drink a Health to 'em—A Match or no Match, Couſin, with the hard Name?—Aunt, *Wilfull*

full will do't. If ſhe has her Maidenhead, let her look to't; if ſhe has not, let her keep her own Counſel in the mean Time, and cry out at the nine Months End.

MILLAMANT.

Your Pardon, Madam, I can ſtay no longer — Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful. Egh! how he ſmells! I ſhall be overcome if I ſtay. Come, Couſin.

SCENE XI.

Lady WISHFORT, *Sir* WILFULL WITWOUD, WITWOUD, FOIBLE.

Lady WISHFORT.

SMELLS! he would poiſon a Tallow-Chandler and his Family. Beaſtly Creature, I know not what to do with him. — Travel, quoth-a! ay travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks* — for thou art not fit to live in a Chriſtian Common-wealth, thou beaſtly Pagan.

Sir WILFULL.

Turks! no; no *Turks,* Aunt: Your *Turks* are Infidels, and believe not in the Grape. Your *Mahometan,* your *Muſſulman* is a dry Stinkard—No Offence, Aunt. My Map ſays that your *Turk* is not ſo honeſt a Man as your Chriſtian——I cannot find by the Map that your *Mufti* is Orthodox—— Whereby it is a plain Caſe, that Orthodox is a hard Word, Aunt, and *(hiccup) Greek* for Claret.

Sings. *To drink is a Chriſtian Diverſion,*
Unknown to the Turk *or the* Perſian:
Let Mahometan *Fools*
Live by Heatheniſh Rules,
And be damn'd over Tea-Cups and Coffee.
But let Britiſh *Lads ſing,*
Crown a Health to the King,
And a Fig for your Sultan *and* Sophi.

Ah, *Tony!* [Foible *whiſpers Lady* Wiſhfort.

Lady WISHFORT.

Sir *Rowland* impatient? Good lack! what

what ſhall I do with this beaſtly Tumbril? — Go lie down and ſleep, you Sot — Or as I'm a Perſon, I'll have you baſtinado'd with Broomſticks. Call up the Wenches with Broomſticks.

Sir WILFULL.

Ahey? Wenches, where are the Wenches?

Lady WISHFORT.

Dear Couſin *Witwoud,* get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an Affair of Moment that invades me with ſome Precipitation—You will oblige me to all Futurity.

WITWOUD.

Come, Knight — Pox on him, I don't know what to ſay to him — Will you go to a Cock-match?

Sir WILFULL.

With a Wench, *Tony?* Is ſhe a Shake-bag, Sirrah? Let me bite your Cheek for that.

WITWOUD.

Horrible! He has a Breath like a Bag-pipe — Ay, ay, come will you march, my *Salopian?*

Sir

Sir WILFULL.

Lead on, little *Tony*——I'll follow thee my *Anthony*, my *Tantony*; Sirrah thou ſhalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll be thy *Pig*.

—— *And a Fig for your* Sultan *and* Sophi.

Lady WISHFORT.

This will never do. It will never make a Match.—— At leaſt before he has been abroad.

SCENE XII.

Lady WISHFORT, WAITWELL *diſguiſed as for Sir* ROWLAND.

Lady WISHFORT.

DEAR Sir *Rowland*, I am confounded with Confuſion at the Retroſpection of my own Rudeneſs, —I have more Pardons to aſk than the *Pope* diſtributes in the Year of *Jubilee*. But I hope where there is likely to be ſo near an Alliance,——we may

may unbend the Severity of *Decorums*—and diſpenſe with a little Ceremony.

WAITWELL.

My Impatience, Madam, is the Effect of my Tranſport;—and 'till I have the Poſſeſſion of your adorable Perſon, I am tantalis'd on the Rack; and do but hang, Madam, on the Tenter of Expectation.

Lady WISHFORT.

You have Exceſs of Gallantry, Sir *Rowland*; and preſs Things to a Concluſion, with a moſt prevailing Vehemence.—But a Day or two for Decency of Marriage —

WAITWELL.

For Decency of Funeral, Madam. The Delay will break my Heart——or if that ſhould fail, I ſhall be poiſon'd. My Nephew will get an Inkling of my Deſigns, and poiſon me,——and I would willingly ſtarve him before I die — I would gladly go out of the World with that Satisfaction. —That would be ſome Comfort to me, if I could but live ſo long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural Viper.

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

Is he ſo unnatural, ſay you? Truly I would contribute much both to the ſaving of your Life, and the Accompliſhment of your Revenge—Not that I reſpect myſelf; tho' he has been a perfidious Wretch to me.

WAITWELL.

Perfidious to you!

Lady WISHFORT.

O Sir *Rowland,* the Hours that he has dy'd away at my Feet, the Tears that he has ſhed, the Oaths that he has ſworn, the Palpitations that he has felt, the Trances and the Tremblings, the Ardors and the Ecſtaſies, the Kneelings and the Riſings, the Heart-heavings and the Hand-gripings, the Pangs and the pathetic Regards of his proteſting Eyes! Oh no Memory can regiſter.

WAITWELL.

What, my Rival! Is the Rebel my Rival? A'dies.

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

No, don't kill him at once, Sir *Rowland,* ſtarve him gradually Inch by Inch.

WAITWELL.

I'll do't. In three Weeks he ſhall be bare-foot; in a Month out at Knees with begging an Alms,—he ſhall ſtarve upward and upward, 'till he has Nothing living but his Head, and then go out in a Stink like a Candle's End upon a Saveall.

Lady WISHFORT.

Well, Sir *Rowland,* you have the Way,—You are no Novice in the Labyrinth of Love—You have the Clew—But as I am a Perſon, Sir *Rowland,* you muſt not attribute my yielding to any ſiniſter Appetite, or Indigeſtion of Widowhood; nor impute my Complacency to any Lethargy of Continence —— I hope you do not think me prone to any Iteration of Nuptials. —

WAITWELL.

Far be it from me —

Lady WISHFORT.

If you do, I proteſt I muſt recede — or think

think that I have made a Proſtitution of Decorums, but in the Vehemence of Compaſſion, and to ſave the Life of a Perſon of ſo much Importance —

WAITWELL.

I eſteem it ſo ——

Lady WISHFORT.

Or elſe you wrong my Condeſcenſion —

WAITWELL.

I do not, I do not —

Lady WISHFORT.

Indeed you do.

WAITWELL.

I do not, fair Shrine of Virtue.

Lady WISHFORT.

If you think the leaſt Scruple of Carnality was an Ingredient —

WAITWELL.

Dear Madam, no. You are all *Camphire* and *Frankincenſe*, all *Chaſtity* and *Odor*.

Lady WISHFORT.

Or that ——

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] FOIBLE.

FOIBLE.

MADAM, the Dancers are ready, and there's one with a Letter, who muſt deliver it into your own Hands.

Lady WISHFORT.

Sir *Rowland,* will you give me Leave? Think favorably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a Perſon who would ſuffer Racks in Honor's Cauſe, dear Sir *Rowland,* and will wait on you inceſſantly.

SCENE XIV.

WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

WAITWELL.

FY, fy!——What a Slavery have I undergone; Spouſe, haſt thou any *Cordial?* I want *Spirits.*

FOIBLE.

FOIBLE.

What a waſhy Rogue art thou, to pant thus for a Quarter of an Hour's lying and ſwearing to a fine Lady?

WAITWELL.

O, ſhe is the Antidote to Deſire. Spouſe, thou wilt fare the worſe for't —— I ſhall have no Appetite to Iteration of Nuptials —— this eight and forty Hours—By this Hand, I'd rather be a Chairman in the Dog-days — than act Sir *Rowland* 'till this Time to Morrow.

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] *Lady* WISHFORT, *with a Letter.*

Lady WISHFORT.

CALL in the Dancers;—Sir *Rowland*, we'll ſit, if you pleaſe, and ſee the Entertainment. [*Dance.*

Now, with your Permiſſion, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruſe my Letter—I would open it in your Preſence, becauſe I would not make you

you uneaſy. If it ſhould make you uneaſy I would burn it — ſpeak if it does — but you may ſee, the Superſcription is like a Woman's Hand.

FOIBLE.

By Heav'n! Mrs. *Marwood*'s. I know it. ——My Heart aches——get it from her. [*To him.*

WAITWELL.

A Woman's Hand? No, Madam, that's no Woman's Hand, I ſee that already. That's Somebody whoſe Throat muſt be cut.

Lady WISHFORT.

Nay, Sir *Rowland*, ſince you give me a Proof of your Paſſion by your Jealouſy, I promiſe you I'll make a Return, by a frank Communication — You ſhall ſee it — we'll open it together — look you here.

[Reads.]—*Madam, though unknown to you,* [Look you there, 'tis from no Body that I know.]—*I have that Honor for your Character, that I think myſelf oblig'd to let you know you*

are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland *is a Cheat and a Raſcal* ——

Oh Heav'ns! what's this?

FOIBLE.

Unfortunate, all's ruin'd!

WAITWELL.

How, how! let me ſee, let me ſee—— [Reading] *A Raſcal and diſguis'd, and ſuborn'd for that Impoſture*—O Villany! O Villany! —— *by the Contrivance of* ——

Lady WISHFORT.

I ſhall faint, I ſhall die, oh!

FOIBLE.

Say 'tis your Nephew's Hand—Quickly, his Plot, ſwear it, ſwear it.— [*To him.*

WAITWELL.

Here's a Villain! Madam, don't you perceive it, don't you ſee it?

Lady WISHFORT.

Too well, too well. I have ſeen too much.

WAITWELL.

I told you at firſt I knew the Hand.—A Woman's Hand! The Raſcal writes a Sort

Sort of a large Hand; your *Roman* Hand—I ſaw there was a Throat to be cut preſently. If he were my Son, as he is my Nephew, I'd piſtol him—.

FOIBLE.

O Treachery! But are you ſure, Sir *Rowland,* it is his Writing?

WAITWELL.

Sure? Am I here? do I live? do I love this Pearl of *India?* I have twenty Letters in my Pocket from him, in the ſame Character.

Lady WISHFORT.

How?

FOIBLE.

O what Luck it is, Sir *Rowland,* that you were preſent at this Juncture! This was the Buſineſs that brought Mr. *Mirabell* diſguis'd to Madam *Millamant* this Afternoon. I thought Something was contriving, when he ſtole by me and would have hid his Face.

Lady WISHFORT.

How, how!—I heard the Villain was in

the Houſe indeed; and now I remember, my Niece went away abruptly, when Sir *Wilfull* was to have made his Addreſſes.

FOIBLE.

Then, then, Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her in her Chamber; but I would not tell your Ladyſhip, to diſcompoſe you when you were to receive Sir *Rowland.*

WAITWELL.

Enough, his Date is ſhort.

FOIBLE.

No, good Sir *Rowland,* don't incur the Law.

WAITWELL.

Law! I care not for Law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good Cauſe — My Lady ſhall be ſatisfy'd of my Truth and Innocence, tho' it coſt me my Life.

Lady WISHFORT.

No, dear Sir *Rowland,* don't fight; if you ſhould be kill'd I muſt never ſhow my Face; or hang'd——O conſider my Reputation, Sir *Rowland* — No, you ſhan't fight, — I'll go in and examine my Niece; I'll make her

her confeſs. I conjure you, Sir *Rowland*, by all your Love, not to fight.

WAITWELL.

I am charm'd, Madam, I obey. But ſome Proof you muſt let me give you; — I'll go for a black Box, which contains the Writings of my whole Eſtate, and deliver that into your Hands.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ay, dear Sir *Rowland*, that will be ſome Comfort, bring the black Box.

WAITWELL.

And may I preſume to bring a Contract to be ſign'd this Night? May I hope ſo far.

Lady WISHFORT.

Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy Diſcovery.

WAITWELL.

Dead or alive, I'll come — and married we will be in Spite of Treachery; ay, and get an Heir that ſhall defeat the laſt

remaining Glimpſe of Hope in my abandon'd Nephew. Come, my Buxom Widow;

Ere long you ſhall ſubſtantial Proof receive
That I'm an arrant Knight ——

FOIBLE.

Or arrant Knave.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Lady WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

Lady WISHFORT.

OUT of my Houſe, out of my Houſe, thou *Viper,* thou *Serpent,* that I have foſter'd; thou boſom Traitreſs, that I rais'd from Nothing—Begone, begone, begone, go, go,—That I took from waſhing of old Gauſe and weaving of dead Hair, with a bleak blue Noſe, over a Chafing-Diſh of ſtarv'd Embers, and Dining behind a Traverſe Rag, in a Shop no bigger than a Bird-Cage,—go, go, ſtarve again, do, do.

FOIBLE.

Dear Madam, I'll beg Pardon on my Knees.

Lady WISHFORT.

Away, out, out, go ſet up for yourſelf

again—do, drive a Trade, do, with your Three-peny-worth of ſmall Ware, flaunting upon a Packthread, under a Brandy-Seller's Bulk, or againſt a dead Wall by a Ballad-Monger. Go, hang out an old *Friſoneer-Gorget,* with a Yard of Yellow *Colberteen* again; do; an old gnaw'd Maſk, two Rows of Pins and a Child's Fiddle; a Glaſs Necklace with the Beads broken, and a quilted Night-Cap with one Ear. Go, go, drive a Trade——Theſe were your Commodities, you treacherous Trull, this was the Merchandiſe you dealt in, when I took you into my Houſe, plac'd you next myſelf, and made you Governante of my whole Family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your Neſt?

FOIBLE.

No, no, dear Madam. Do but hear me, have but a Moment's Patience—I'll confeſs all. Mr. *Mirabell* ſeduc'd me; I am not the firſt that he has wheedled with his diſſembling Tongue: Your Ladyſhip's own Wiſdom has been deluded by him, then how

ſhould

ſhould I, a poor Ignorant, defend myſelf? O Madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he aſſur'd me your Ladyſhip ſhould come to no Damage—— Or elſe the Wealth of the *Indies* ſhould not have brib'd me to conſpire againſt ſo Good, ſo Sweet, ſo Kind a Lady as you have been to me.

Lady WISHFORT.

No Damage! What, to betray me, and marry me to a Caſt-Serving-Man; to make me a Receptacle, an Hoſpital for a decay'd Pimp? No Damage! O thou frontleſs Impudence, more than a big-belly'd Actreſs!

FOIBLE.

Pray do but hear me, Madam; he could not marry your Ladyſhip, Madam——No indeed his Marriage was to have been void in Law; for he was marry'd to me firſt, to ſecure your Ladyſhip. He could not have bedded your Ladyſhip; for if he had conſummated with your Ladyſhip, he muſt have run the Riſk of the Law, and been put upon his Clergy——Yes indeed, I enquir'd

quir'd of the Law in that Caſe before I would meddle or make.

Lady WISHFORT.

What, then I have been your Property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it ſeems,—while you were catering for *Mirabell;* I have been Broker for you? What, have you made a paſſive Bawd of me?—This exceeds all Precedent; I am brought to fine Uſes, to become a Botcher of ſecond-hand Marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews!* I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baſte you together, you and your *Philander.* I'll *Duke's-Place* you, as I am a Perſon. Your Turtle is in Cuſtody already: You ſhall coo in the ſame Cage, if there be a Conſtable or Warrant in the Pariſh.

FOIBLE.

O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd!——a Bride! ay I ſhall be a *Bridewell*-Bride. Oh!

SCENE

SCENE II.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. FAINALL.

POOR *Foible,* what's the Matter?

FOIBLE.

O Madam, my Lady's gone for a Conſtable; I ſhall be had to a Juſtice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat Hemp; poor *Waitwell*'s gone to Priſon already.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Have a good Heart, *Foible; Mirabell*'s gone to give Security for him. This is all *Marwood*'s and my Huſband's doing.

FOIBLE.

Yes, yes; I know it, Madam, ſhe was in my Lady's Cloſet, and overheard all that you ſaid to me before Dinner. She ſent the Letter to my Lady; and that miſſing Effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this Plot to arreſt *Waitwell,* when he pretended to go for the

the Papers; and in the mean Time Mr. *Marwood* declar'd all to my Lady.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Was there no Mention made of me in the Letter?——My Mother does not ſuſpect my being in the Confederacy? I fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' ſhe has told my Huſband.

FOIBLE.

Yes, Madam; but my Lady did not ſee that Part: We ſtifled the Letter before ſhe read ſo far. Has that miſchievous Devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your Ladyſhip then?

Mrs. FAINALL.

Ay, all's out, my Affair with *Mirabell*, every Thing diſcover'd. This is the laſt Day of our living together, that's my Comfort.

FOIBLE.

Indeed, Madam, and ſo 'tis a Comfort if you knew all,——he has been even with your Ladyſhip; which I could have told you long enough ſince, but I love to keep Peace and Quietneſs by my good Will:

I had rather bring Friends together, than ſet 'em at Diſtance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their Parents thought for.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Say'ſt thou ſo, *Foible?* Canſt thou prove this?

FOIBLE.

I can take my Oath of it, Madam, ſo can Mrs. *Mincing;* we have had many a fair Word from Madam *Marwood,* to conceal Something that paſſed in our Chamber one Evening when you were at *Hyde-Park;*—and we were thought to have gone a Walking: But we went up unawares,—tho' we were ſworn to Secrecy too; Madam *Marwood* took a Book and ſwore us upon it: But it was but a Book of Poems——So long as it was not a Bible-Oath, we may break it with a ſafe Conſcience.

Mrs. FAINALL.

This Diſcovery is the moſt opportune Thing I cou'd wiſh. Now *Mincing?*

SCENE

SCENE III.

[*To them*] MINCING.

MINCING.

MY Lady wou'd ſpeak with Mrs. *Foible*, Mem. Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has ſet your Spouſe at Liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide yourſelf in my Lady's Cloſet, 'till my old Lady's Anger is abated. O, my old Lady is in a perilous Paſſion, at Something Mr. *Fainall* has ſaid; he ſwears, and my old Lady cries. There's a fearful Hurricane, I vow. He ſays, Mem, how that he'll have my Lady's Fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Does your Lady or *Mirabell* know that?

MINCING.

Yes, Mem, they have ſent me to ſee if Sir *Wilfull* be ſober, and to bring him to them. My Lady is reſolved to have him,

I think, rather than loſe ſuch a vaſt Sum as ſix Thouſand Pound. O, come Mrs. *Foible,* I hear my old Lady.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Foible, you muſt tell *Mincing,* that ſhe muſt prepare to vouch when I call her.

FOIBLE.

Yes, yes, Madam.

MINCING.

O yes, Mem, I'll vouch any Thing for your Ladyſhip's Service, be what it will.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. FAINALL, *Lady* WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Lady WISHFORT.

O My dear Friend, how can I enumerate the Benefits that I have receiv'd from your Goodneſs? To you I owe the timely Diſcovery of the falſe Vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the Detection of the Impoſtor Sir *Rowland.* And now you

are

are become an Interceſſor with my Son-in-Law, to ſave the Honor of my Houſe, and compound for the Frailties of my Daughter. Well, Friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad World, or elſe I would retire to Deſerts and Solitudes; and feed harmleſs Sheep by Groves and purling Streams. Dear *Marwood,* let us leave the World, and retire by ourſelves and be Shepherdeſſes.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Let us firſt diſpatch the Affair in Hand, Madam. We ſhall have Leiſure to think of Retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the Treaty.

Lady WISHFORT.

O Daughter, Daughter, is it poſſible thou ſhouldſt be my Child, Bone of my Bone, and Fleſh of my Fleſh, and as I may ſay, another Me, and yet tranſgreſs the moſt minute Particle of ſevere Virtue? Is it poſſible you ſhould lean aſide to Iniquity, who have been caſt in the direct Mould of Virtue? I have not only been a Mould, but a Pattern

Pattern for you, and a Model for you, after you were brought into the World.

Mrs. FAINALL.

I don't underſtand your Ladyſhip.

Lady WISHFORT.

Not underſtand! Why have you not been Naught? Have you not been ſophiſticated? Not underſtand! Here I am ruin'd to compound for your Caprices and your Cuckoldoms. I muſt pawn my Plate and my Jewels, and ruin my Niece, and all little enough—

Mrs. FAINALL.

I am wrong'd and abus'd, and ſo are you. 'Tis a falſe Accuſation, as falſe as Hell, as falſe as your Friend there, ay, or your Friend's Friend, my falſe Huſband.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

My Friend, Mrs. *Fainall?* Your Huſband my Friend! what do you mean?

Mrs. FAINALL.

I know what I mean, Madam, and ſo do you; and ſo ſhall the World at a Time convenient.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I am ſorry to ſee you ſo paſſionate, Madam. More Temper would look more like Innocence. But I have done. I am ſorry my Zeal to ſerve your Ladyſhip and Family, ſhould admit of Miſconſtruction, or make me liable to Affronts. You will pardon me, Madam, if I meddle no more with an Affair, in which I am not perſonally concern'd.

Lady WISHFORT.

O dear Friend, I am ſo aſham'd that you ſhould meet with ſuch Returns;—— You ought to aſk Pardon on your Knees, ungrateful Creature; ſhe deſerves more from you, than all your Life can accompliſh—O don't leave me deſtitute in this Perplexity;—No, ſtick to me, my good Genius.

Mrs. FAINALL.

I tell you, Madam, you're abus'd—— Stick to you! ay, like a Leach, to ſuck your beſt Blood—ſhe'll drop off when ſhe's full. Madam, you ſhan't pawn a Bodkin,

nor

nor part with a Braſs Counter, in Compoſition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their Aſperſions: I know my own Innocence, and dare ſtand a Trial.

SCENE V.

Lady WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Lady WISHFORT.

WHY, if ſhe ſhould be innocent, if ſhe ſhould be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think;—and I promiſe you, her Education has been unexceptionable—I may ſay it; for I chiefly made it my own Care to initiate her very Infancy in the Rudiments of Virtue, and to impreſs upon her tender Years a young Odium and Averſion to the very Sight of Men,—ay, Friend, ſhe would ha' ſhriek'd if ſhe had but ſeen a Man, 'till ſhe was in her Teens. As I'm a Perſon 'tis true—She was never ſuffer'd to play with a Male Child, tho' but in Coats: Nay, her very

Babies were of the *Feminine Gender*, — O, ſhe never look'd a Man in the Face but her own Father, or the Chaplain, and him we made a Shift to put upon her for a Woman, by the Help of his long Garments, and his ſleek Face; 'till ſhe was going in her Fifteen.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

'Twas much ſhe ſhould be deceiv'd ſo long.

Lady WISHFORT.

I warrant you, or ſhe would never have born to have been catechis'd by him; and have heard his long Lectures againſt Singing and Dancing, and ſuch Debaucheries; and going to filthy Plays; and prophane Muſic-Meetings, where the lewd Trebles ſqueak Nothing but Bawdy, and the Baſes roar Blaſphemy. O, ſhe would have ſwoon'd at the Sight or Name of an obſcene Play-Book — and can I think after all this, that my Daughter can be naught? What, a Whore? And thought it Excommunication to ſet her Foot within the

Door

Door of a Playhouſe. O dear Friend, I can't believe it, no, no; as ſhe ſays, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Prove it, Madam? What, and have your Name proſtituted in a public Court; yours and your Daughter's Reputation worry'd at the Bar by a Pack of bawling Lawyers? To be uſher'd in with an *O Yes* of Scandal; and have your Caſe open'd by an old fumbling Leacher in a Quoif like a Man Midwife, to bring your Daughter's Infamy to Light; to be a Theme for legal Punſters, and Quibblers by the Statute; and become a Jeſt, againſt a Rule of Court, where there is no Precedent for a Jeſt in any Record; not even in *Dooms-Day-Book:* To diſcompoſe the Gravity of the Bench, and provoke naughty Interrogatories in more naughty Law *Latin;* while the good Judge, tickled with the Proceeding, ſimpers under a gray Beard, and figes off and on his Cuſhion, as if he had ſwallow'd *Cantharides,* or ſat upon *Cow-Itch.*

Lady WISHFORT.

O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. MARWOOD.

And then to have my young Revellers of the *Temple* take Notes, like Prentices at a Conventicle; and after talk it over again in Commons, or before Drawers in an Eating-Houſe.

Lady WISHFORT.

Worſe and worſe.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Nay this is Nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it muſt after this be conſign'd by the Short-hand Writers to the public Preſs; and from thence be transferr'd to the Hands, nay into the Throats and Lungs of Hawkers, with Voices more licentious than the loud Flounder-Man's: And this you muſt hear 'till you are ſtunn'd; nay, you muſt hear Nothing elſe for ſome Days.

Lady WISHFORT.

O, 'tis inſupportable. No, no, dear Friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay,

I'll

I'll compound. I'll give up all, myſelf and my all, my Niece and her all,—any Thing, every Thing for Compoſition.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Nay, Madam, I adviſe Nothing, I only lay before you, as a Friend, the Inconveniences which perhaps you have overſeen. Here comes Mr. *Fainall*; if he will be ſatisfy'd to huddle up all in Silence, I ſhall be glad. You muſt think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

SCENE VI.

FAINALL, *Lady* WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Lady WISHFORT.

AY, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood:* No, no, I do not doubt it.

FAINALL.

Well, Madam; I have ſuffer'd myſelf to be overcome by the Importunity of this Lady your Friend; and am content you

ſhall enjoy your own proper Eſtate during Life; on Condition you oblige yourſelf never to marry, under ſuch Penalty as I think convenient.

Lady WISHFORT.

Never to marry?

FAINALL.

No more Sir *Rowlands*, — the next Impoſture may not be ſo timely detected.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

That Condition, I dare anſwer, my Lady will conſent to, without Difficulty; ſhe has already but too much experienc'd the Perfidiouſneſs of Men. Beſides, Madam, when we retire to our Paſtoral Solitude, we ſhall bid adieu to all other Thoughts.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ay, that's true; but in Caſe of Neceſſity; as of Health, or ſome ſuch Emergency——

FAINALL.

O, if you are preſcrib'd Marriage, you ſhall be conſider'd; I will only reſerve to myſelf

myſelf the Power to chooſe for you. If your Phyſic be wholeſome, it matters not who is your Apothecary. Next, my Wife ſhall ſettle on me the Remainder of her Fortune, not made over already; and for her Maintenance depend entirely on my Diſcretion.

Lady WISHFORT.

This is moſt inhumanly ſavage; exceeding the Barbarity of a *Muſcovite* Huſband.

FAINALL.

I learn'd it from his *Czariſh* Majeſty's Retinue, in a Winter Evening's Conference over Brandy and Pepper, amongſt other Secrets of Matrimony and Policy, as they are at preſent practis'd in the Northern Hemiſphere. But this muſt be agreed unto, and that poſitively. Laſtly, I will be endow'd, in Right of my Wife, with that ſix Thouſand Pound, which is the Moiety of Mrs. *Millamant*'s Fortune in your Poſſeſſion; and which ſhe has forfeited (as will appear by the laſt Will and Teſtament of your deceas'd Huſband, Sir *Jonathan Wiſhfort*)

Wiſhfort) by her Diſobedience in contracting herſelf againſt your Conſent or Knowledge; and by refuſing the offer'd Match with Sir *Wilfull Witwoud,* which you, like a careful Aunt, had provided for her.

Lady WISHFORT.

My Nephew was *non Compos*; and could not make his Addreſſes.

FAINALL.

I come to make Demands—I'll hear no Objections.

Lady WISHFORT.

You will grant me Time to conſider?

FAINALL.

Yes, while the Inſtrument is drawing, to which you muſt ſet your Hand 'till more ſufficient Deeds can be perfected; which I will take Care ſhall be done with all poſſible Speed. In the mean While I will go for the ſaid Inſtrument, and 'till my Return you may balance this Matter in your own Diſcretion.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lady WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Lady WISHFORT.

THIS Inſolence is beyond all Precedent, all Parallel; muſt I be ſubject to this mercileſs Villain?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

'Tis ſevere indeed, Madam, that you ſhou'd ſmart for your Daughter's Wantonneſs.

Lady WISHFORT.

'Twas againſt my Conſent that ſhe marry'd this Barbarian, but ſhe wou'd have him, tho' her Year was not out.—Ah! her firſt Huſband, my Son *Languiſh*, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my Choice, this is hers; ſhe is match'd now with a Witneſs——I ſhall be mad, dear Friend; is there no Comfort for me? Muſt I live to be confiſcated at this Rebel-Rate? —Here come two more of my *Egyptian* Plagues too.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] MILLAMANT, *Sir* WILFULL.

Sir WILFULL.

AUNT, your Servant.

Lady WISHFORT.

Out, *Caterpillar*, call not me Aunt; I know thee not.

Sir WILFULL.

I confeſs I have been a little in Diſguiſe, as they ſay,—'Sheart! and I'm ſorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I have committed no Offence, Aunt—and if I did I am willing to make Satisfaction; and what can a Man ſay fairer? If I have broke any Thing, I'll pay for't, an it coſt a Pound. And ſo let that content for what's paſt, and make no more Words. For what's to come, to pleaſure you I'm willing to marry my Couſin. So pray let's all be Friends, ſhe and I are agreed upon the Matter before a Witneſs.

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

How's this, dear Niece? Have I any Comfort? Can this be true?

MILLAMANT.

I am content to be a Sacrifice to your Repoſe, Madam; and to convince you that I had no Hand in the Plot, as you were miſinform'd, I have laid my Commands on *Mirabell* to come in Perſon, and be a Witneſs that I give my Hand to this Flower of *Knighthood*; and for the Contract that paſs'd between *Mirabell* and me, I have oblig'd him to make a Reſignation of it in your Ladyſhip's Preſence;—He is without, and waits your Leave for Admittance.

Lady WISHFORT.

Well, I'll ſwear I am Something reviv'd at this Teſtimony of your Obedience; but I cannot admit that Traitor,—I fear I cannot fortify myſelf to ſupport his Appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*; if I ſee him I fear I ſhall turn to Stone, and petrify inceſſantly.

MILLA-

MILLAMANT.

If you diſoblige him he may reſent your Refuſal, and inſiſt upon the Contract ſtill. Then 'tis the laſt Time he will be offenſive to you.

Lady WISHFORT.

Are you ſure it will be the laſt Time?—If I were ſure of that—ſhall I never ſee him again?

MILLAMANT.

Sir *Wilfull,* you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir WILFUEL.

'Sheart, the Gentleman's a civil Gentleman, Aunt, let him come in; why we are ſworn Brothers and Fellow-Travellers.—We are to be *Pylades* and *Oreſtes,* he and I—He is to be my Interpreter in Foreign Parts. He has been over Seas once already; and with *Proviſo* that I marry my Couſin, will croſs 'em once again, only to bear me Company.—'Sheart, I'll call him in;—an I ſet on't once, he ſhall come in; and ſee who'll hinder him.

[*Goes to the Door and hems.*

Mrs.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

This is precious Fooling, if it wou'd paſs; but I'll know the Bottom of it.

Lady WISHFORT.

O dear *Marwood*, you are not going?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Not far, Madam; I'll return immediately.

SCENE IX.

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, *Sir* WILFULL, MIRABELL.

Sir WILFULL.

LOOK up, Man, I'll ſtand by you; 'Sbud, an ſhe do frown, ſhe can't kill you;—Beſides—hark ye, ſhe dare not frown deſperately, becauſe her Face is none of her own; 'Sheart, an ſhe ſhou'd, her Forehead wou'd wrinkle like the Coat of a Cream Cheeſe; but Mum for that, Fellow-Traveller.

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

If a deep Senſe of the many Injuries I have offer'd to ſo good a Lady, with a ſincere Remorſe, and a hearty Contrition, can but obtain the leaſt Glance of Compaſſion, I am too happy. — Ah, Madam, there was a Time—But let it be forgotten —I confeſs I have deſervedly forfeited the high Place I once held, of ſighing at your Feet; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in Diſdain — I come not to plead for Favor; — Nay, not for Pardon; I am a Suppliant only for Pity—I am going where I never ſhall behold you more——

Sir WILFULL.

How, Fellow-Traveller?—You ſhall go by yourſelf then.

MIRABELL.

Let me be pitied firſt; and afterwards forgotten—I aſk no more.

Sir WILFULL.

By'r Lady, a very reaſonable Requeſt, and will coſt you Nothing, Aunt,—Come, come, forgive and forget, Aunt; why you muſt, an you are a Chriſtian. — MIRA-

MIRABELL.

Conſider, Madam, in Reality, you cou'd not receive much Prejudice; it was an innocent Device; tho' I confeſs it had a Face of Guiltineſs—it was at moſt an Artifice which Love contriv'd— And Errors which Love produces have ever been accounted Venial. At leaſt, think it is Puniſhment enough, that I have loſt what in my Heart I hold moſt dear; that to your cruel Indignation, I have offer'd up this Beauty, and with her my Peace and Quiet; nay, all my Hopes of future Comfort.

Sir WILFULL.

An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be *O' the Quorum,*—An it were not as good a Deed as to drink, to give her to him again,—I wou'd I might never take Shipping——Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I ſhall melt, I can tell you that. My Contract went no farther than a little Mouth-Glew, and that's hardly dry;—One doleful Sigh more from my Fellow-Traveller, and 'tis diſſolv'd.

Lady WISHFORT.

Well, Nephew, upon your Account—Ah, he has a falſe inſinuating Tongue—Well, Sir, I will ſtifle my juſt Reſentmen at my Nephew's Requeſt. —I will endeavour what I can to forget,—but on *Proviſo* that you reſign the Contract with my Niece immediately.

MIRABELL.

It is in Writing, and with Papers of Concern; but I have ſent my Servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all Acknowledgments for your tranſcendent Goodneſs.

Lady WISHFORT.

Oh, he has Witchcraft in his Eyes and Tongue; ——When I did not ſee him, I cou'd have brib'd a Villain to his Aſſaſſination; but his Appearance rakes the Embers which have ſo long lain ſmother'd in my Breaſt.— [*Aſide.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

[*To them*] FAINALL, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

FAINALL.

YOUR Date of Deliberation, Madam, is expired. Here is the Inſtrument, are you prepared to ſign?

Lady WISHFORT.

If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My Niece exerts a lawful Claim, having matched herſelf by my Direction to Sir *Wilfull.*

FAINALL.

That Sham is too groſs to paſs on me —tho' 'tis impoſed on you, Madam.

MILLAMANT.

Sir, I have given my Conſent.

MIRABELL.

And, Sir, I have reſigned my Pretenſions.

Sir WILFULL.

And, Sir, I aſſert my Right; and will

maintain it in Defiance of you, Sir, and of your Inſtrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an Inſtrument, Sir, I have an old Fox by my Thigh ſhall hack your Inſtrument of *Ram Vellum* to Shreds, Sir. It ſhall not be ſufficient for a *Mittimus* or a Tailor's Meaſure; therefore withdraw your Inſtrument, Sir, or by'r Lady I ſhall draw mine.

Lady WISHFORT.

Hold, Nephew, hold.

MILLAMANT.

Good Sir *Wilfull*, reſpite your Valor.

FAINALL.

Indeed! Are you provided of your Guard, with your ſingle Beef-eater there? But I'm prepared for you; and inſiſt upon my firſt Propoſal. You ſhall ſubmit your own Eſtate to my Management, and abſolutely make over my Wife's to my ſole Uſe; as purſuant to the Purport and Tenor of this other Covenant.—I ſuppoſe, Madam, your Conſent is not requiſite in this Caſe; nor, Mr. *Mirabell*, your Reſignation; nor, Sir *Wilfull*, your Right—You may

may draw your Fox if you pleaſe, Sir, and make a *Bear-Garden* Floriſh ſomewhere elſe. For here it will not avail. This, my Lady *Wiſhfort,* muſt be ſubſcrib'd, or your darling Daughter's turn'd adrift, like a leaky Hulk, to ſink or ſwim, as ſhe and the Current of this lewd Town can agree.

Lady WISHFORT.

Is there no Means, no Remedy, to ſtop my Ruin? Ungrateful Wretch! doſt thou not owe thy Being, thy Subſiſtence, to my Daughter's Fortune?

FAINALL.

I'll anſwer you when I have the Reſt of it in my Poſſeſſion.

MIRABELL.

But that you wou'd not accept of a Remedy from my Hands—I own I have not deſerv'd you ſhou'd owe any Obligation to me; or elſe perhaps I cou'd adviſe,—

Lady WISHFORT.

O what? what? to ſave me and my Child from Ruin, from Want, I'll forgive all that's paſt; nay, I'll conſent to any

Thing to come, to be deliver'd from this Tyranny.

MIRABELL.

Ay, Madam; but that is too late, my Reward is intercepted. You have diſpos'd of her, who only cou'd have made me a Compenſation for all my Services;—But be it as it may, I'm reſolv'd I'll ſerve you, you ſhall not be wrong'd in this Savage Manner.

Lady WISHFORT.

How! Dear Mr. *Mirabell*, can you be ſo generous at laſt? But it is not poſſible.—Hark ye, I'll break my Nephew's Match, you ſhall have my Niece yet, and all her Fortune; if you can but ſave me from this imminent Danger.

MIRABELL.

Will you? I take you at your Word. I aſk no more. I muſt have Leave for two Criminals to appear.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ay, ay, any Body, any Body.

MIRA-

MIRABELL.

Foible is one, and a Penitent.

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FAINALL, FOIBLE, MINCING.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

O My Shame! [Mirabell *and Lady go to Mrs.* Fainall *and* Foible] theſe corrupt Things are brought hither to expoſe me. [*To* Fainall.

FAINALL.

If it muſt all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World.* That ſhall not urge me to relinquiſh or abate one Tittle of my Terms, no, I will inſiſt the more.

FOIBLE.

Yes indeed, Madam, I'll take my Bible-Oath of it.

MINCING.

And ſo will I, Mem.

Lady WISHFORT.

O *Marwood, Marwood,* art thou falſe? my Friend deceive me? Haſt thou been a wicked Accomplice with that profligate Man?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Have you ſo much Ingratitude and Injuſtice, to give Credit, againſt your Friend, to the Aſperſions of two ſuch mercenary Trulls?

MINCING.

Mercenary, Mem! I ſcorn your Words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue Garret; by the ſame Token, you ſwore us to Secrecy upon *Meſſalina*'s Poems. Mercenary! No, if we wou'd have been mercenary, we ſhou'd have held our Tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us ſufficiently.

FAINALL.

Go, you are an inſignificant Thing.—Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. *Mirabell*'s Expedient? I'll be put off no longer——You, Thing, that was a

Wife,

Wife, ſhall ſmart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy Shame: Your Body ſhall be Naked as your Reputation.

Mrs. FAINALL.

I deſpiſe you, and defy your Malice—You have aſpers'd me wrongfully—I have proov'd your Falſehood——Go you and your treacherous——I will not name it, but ſtarve together—Periſh.

FAINALL.

Not while you are worth a Groat, indeed my Dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ah Mr. *Mirabell,* this is ſmall Comfort, the Detection of this Affair.

MIRABELL.

O in good Time—Your Leave for the other Offender and Penitent to appear, Madam.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

[To them] WAITWELL *with a Box of Writings.*

Lady WISHFORT.

O Sir *Rowland*—Well, Raſcal.

WAITWELL.

What your Ladyſhip pleaſes.—I have brought the Black-Box at laſt, Madam.

MIRABELL.

Give it me. Madam, you remember your Promiſe.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ay, dear Sir.

MIRABELL.

Where are the Gentlemen?

WAITWELL.

At Hand, Sir, rubbing their Eyes,—— juſt riſen from Sleep.

FAINALL.

'Sdeath, what's this to me? I'll not wait your private Concerns.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] PETULANT, WITWOUD.

PETULANT.

HOW now? what's the Matter? who's Hand's out?

WITWOUD.

Hey day! what, are you all got together, like Players at the End of the laſt Act?

MIRABELL.

You may remember, Gentlemen, I once requeſted your Hands as Witneſſes to a certain Parchment.

WITWOUD.

Ay, I do, my Hand I remember—*Petulant* ſet his Mark.

MIRABELL.

You wrong him, his Name is fairly written, as ſhall appear—You do not remember, Gentlemen, any Thing of what that Parchment contained— [*Undoing the Box.*

WITWOUD.

No. PETU-

PETULANT.

Not I. I writ, I read Nothing.

MIRABELL.

Very well, now you ſhall kno
dam, your Promiſe.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ay, ay, Sir, upon my Honor.

MIRABELL.

Mr. *Fainall,* it is now Time that you ſhou'd know, that your Lady, while ſhe was at her own Diſpoſal, and before you had by your Inſinuations wheedled her out of a pretended Settlement of the greateſt Part of her Fortune—

FAINALL.

Sir! pretended!

MIRABELL.

Yes, Sir. I ſay that this Lady, while a Widow, having, it ſeems, receiv'd ſome Cautions reſpecting your Inconſtancy and Tyranny of Temper, which from her own partial Opinion and Fondneſs of you ſhe cou'd never have ſuſpected—ſhe did, I ſay, by the wholeſome Advice of Friends and of

Sages

Sages learn'd in the Laws of this Land, deliver this ſame as her Act and Deed to me in Truſt, and to the Uſes within mention'd. You may read if you pleaſe—— [*Holding out the Parchment*] tho' perhaps what is written on the Back may ſerve your Occaſions.

FAINALL.

Very likely, Sir. What's here? Damnation!

[Reads.] *A Deed of Conveyance of the whole Eſtate real of* Arabella Languiſh, *Widow, in Truſt to* Edward Mirabell.

Confuſion!

MIRABELL.

Even ſo, Sir; 'tis *the Way of the World,* Sir; of the Widows of the World. I ſuppoſe this Deed may bear an elder Date than what you have obtain'd from your Lady.

FAINALL.

Perfidious Fiend! then thus I'll be reveng'd.— [*Offers to run at Mrs.* Fainall.

Sir WILFULL.

Hold, Sir, now you may make your

Bear-

Bear-Garden Floriſh ſomewhere elſe, Sir.

FAINALL.

Mirabell, you ſhall hear of this, Sir, Le ſure you ſhall.—Let me paſs, Oaf

Mrs. FAINALL.

Madam, you ſeem to ſtifle your Reſentment: You had better give it Vent.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Yes, it ſhall have Vent——and to your Confuſion, or I'll periſh in the Attempt.

SCENE *The Laſt.*

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, *Mrs.* FAINALL, *Sir* WILFULL, PETULANT, WITWOUD, FOIBLE, MINCING, WAITWELL.

Lady WISHFORT.

O Daughter, Daughter, 'tis plain thou haſt inherited thy Mother's Prudence.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Thank Mr. *Mirabell,* a cautious Friend, to whoſe Advice all is owing.

Lady

Lady WISHFORT.

Well, Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your Promiſe—and I muſt perform mine.—— Firſt, I pardon, for your Sake, Sir *Rowland* there and *Foible*—The next Thing is to break the Matter to my Nephew—and how to do that—

MIRABELL.

For that, Madam, give yourſelf no Trouble,—let me have your Conſent—Sir *Wilfull* is my Friend; he has had Compaſſion upon Lovers, and generouſly engag'd a Volunteer in this Action, for our Service; and now deſigns to proſecute his Travels.

Sir. WILFULL.

'Sheart, Aunt, I have no Mind to marry. My Couſin's a fine Lady, and the Gentleman loves her, and ſhe loves him, and they deſerve one another; my Reſolution is to ſee Foreign Parts—I have ſet on't—and when I'm ſet on't, I muſt do't. And if theſe two Gentlemen wou'd travel too, I think they may be ſpar'd.

PETU-

PETULANT.

For my Part, I ſay little—I think Things are beſt, off or on.

WITWOUD.

I'Gad, I underſtand Nothing o' the Matter,—I'm in a Maze yet, like a Dog in a Dancing-School.

Lady WISHFORT.

Well, Sir, take her, and with her all the Joy I can give you.

MILLAMANT.

Why does not the Man take me? Wou'd you have me give myſelf to you over again?

MIRABELL.

Ay, and over and over again; [*Kiſſes her Hand.*] I wou'd have you as often as poſſibly I can. Well, Heav'n grant I love you not too well, that's all my Fear.

Sir WILFULL.

'Sheart, you'll have Time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will toy now, let us have a Dance in the mean Time; that we who are not Lovers may have

have ſome other Employment, beſides looking on.

MIRABELL.

With all my Heart, dear Sir *Wilfull*. What ſhall we do for Muſic?

FOIBLE.

Sir, ſome that were provided for Sir *Rowland*'s Entertainment are yet within Call. [*A Dance*.

Lady WISHFORT.

As I am a Perſon I can hold out no longer;——I have waſted my Spirits ſo to Day already, that I am ready to ſink under the Fatigue; and I cannot but have ſome Fears upon me yet, that my Son *Fainall* will purſue ſome deſperate Courſe.

MIRABELL.

Madam, diſquiet not yourſelf on that Account; to my Knowledge, his Circumſtances are ſuch, he muſt of Force comply. For my Part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a Re-union: In the mean Time, Madam, [*To Mrs.* Fainall.] let me before theſe Witneſſes reſtore to you this Deed

of Truſt; it may be a Means, well manag'd, to make you live eaſily together.

From hence let thoſe be warn'd, who mean to wed,
Leſt mutual Falſehood ſtain the Bridal Bed:
For each Deceiver to his Coſt may find,
That Marriage Frauds too oft are paid in Kind.

[Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

AFTER our Epilogue *this Crowd diſmiſſes,*
I'm thinking how this Play'll be pull'd to Pieces.
But pray conſider, ere you doom its Fall,
How hard a Thing 'twou'd be to pleaſe you all.
There are ſome Critics ſo with Spleen diſeas'd,
They ſcarcely come inclining to be pleas'd:
And ſure he muſt have more than mortal Skill,
Who pleaſes any one againſt his Will.
Then, all bad Poets, we are ſure, are Foes,
And how their Number's ſwell'd, the Town well knows:
In Shoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the Pit;
Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit,
But that they have been damn'd for Want of Wit.
Since when, they, by their own Offences taught,
Set up for Spies on Plays, and finding Fault.

Others

EPILOGUE.

Others there are whoſe Malice we'd prevent;
Such, who watch Plays, with ſcurrilous Intent,
To mark out who by Characters *are meant.*
And tho' no perfect Likeneſs they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the Copy'd Face.
Theſe, with falſe Gloſſes feed their own Ill-nature,
And turn to Libel, *what was meant a* Satire.
May ſuch malicious Fops *this Fortune find,*
To think themſelves alone the Fools *deſign'd:*
If any are ſo arrogantly vain,
To think they ſingly *can ſupport a* Scene,
And furniſh Fool *enough to entertain.*
For well the Learn'd and the Judicious know,
That Satire *ſcorns to ſtoop ſo meanly low,*
As any one abſtracted Fop *to ſhow.*
For, as when Painters form a matchleſs Face,
They from each Fair one *catch ſome diff'rent Grace;*
And ſhining Features in one Portrait blend,
To which no ſingle Beauty muſt pretend:
So Poets oft do in one Piece expoſe
Whole Belles Aſſemblées *of* Coquettes *and* Beaux.

The End of the SECOND Volume.

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